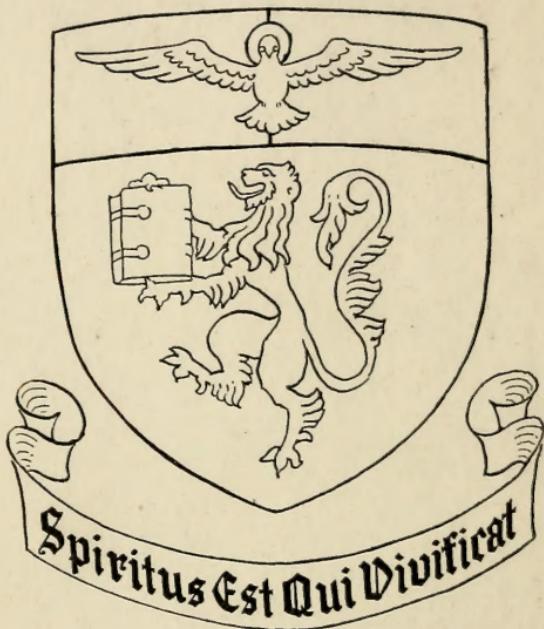


•Ex Libris
Duquesne University:

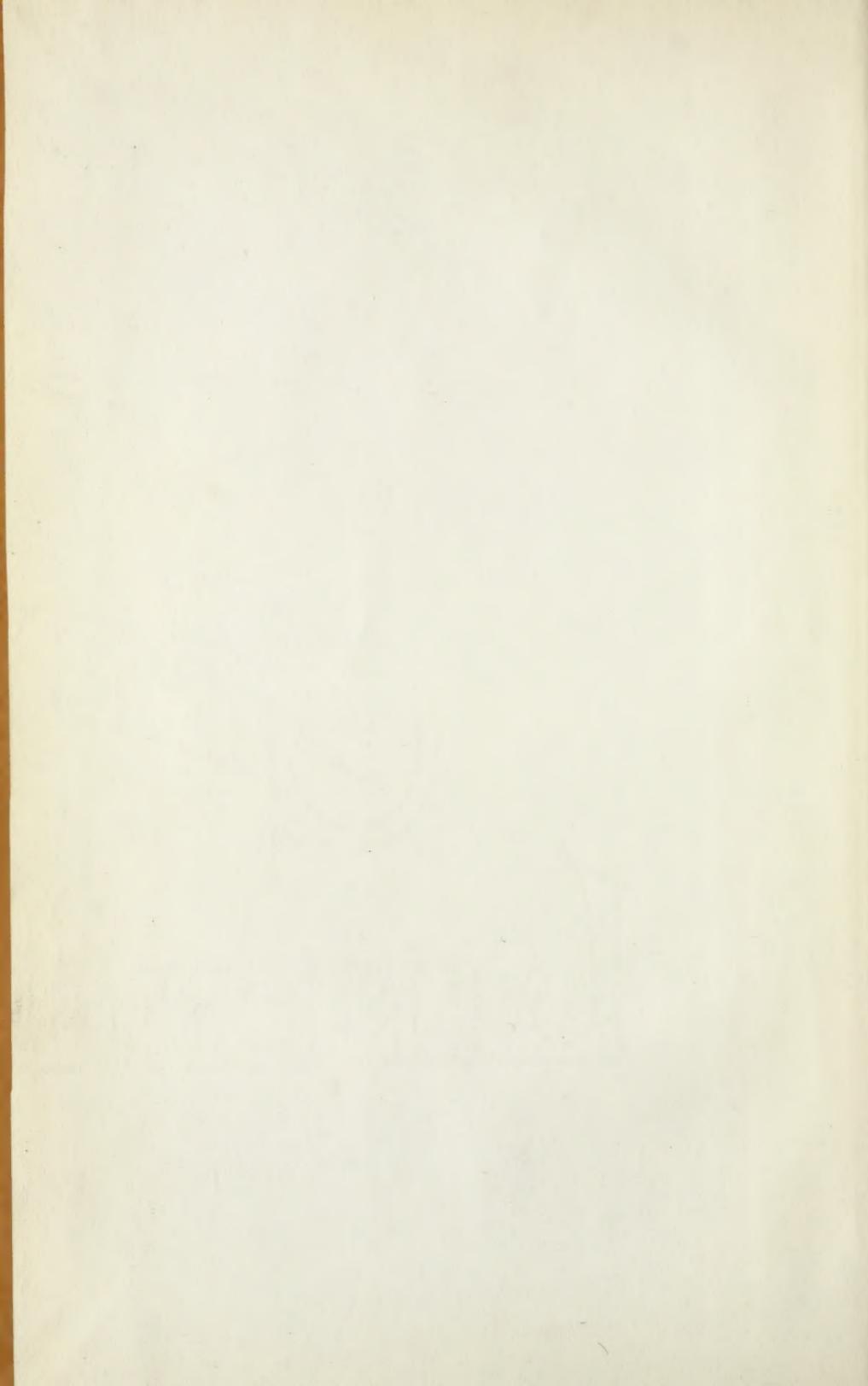


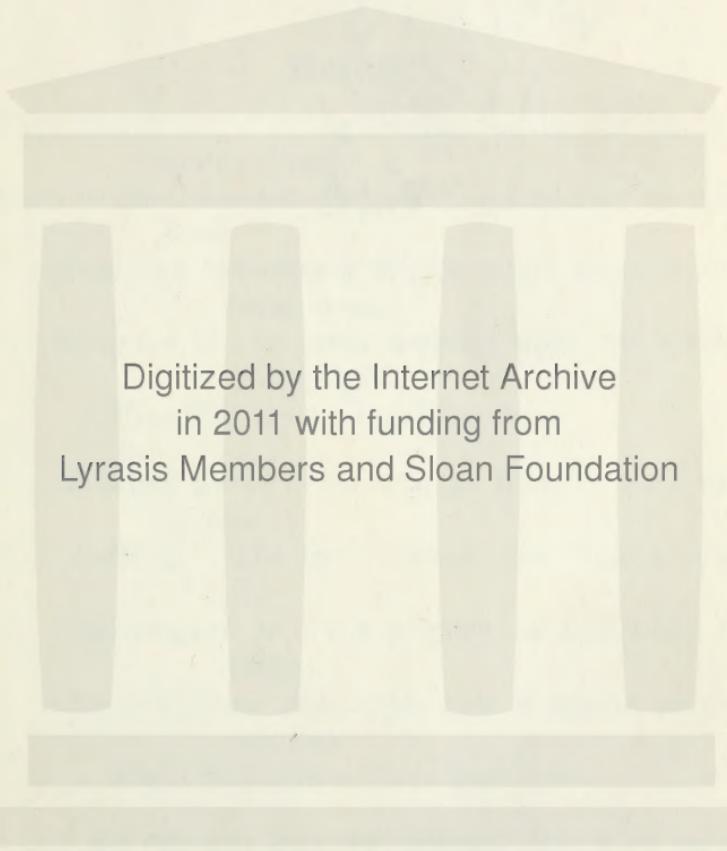
P 58

P 99

301-8

p. 322





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

r 378.05
II 946
v.15.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV. Pittsburg, Pa., October, 1908. No. 1.

Autumn.

When the sickle 's shrilly ringing ' midst the teeming stalks of corn,
When in hue the leaves are golden and the rosy chaplets lorn,
When the harvester is singing while he binds the laden sheaf,
When the breezes softly murmur while the birches bend in grief,
Then the autumn days have come.

Oh, ye happy flocks of robins, ye that flit from vale to vale,
Ever dwelling ' midst the blossoms, ever singing songs of hail,
Now prepare ye for a journey to a country far away,
Else misfortune will betide you if among us you will stay
When the autumn blasts have come.

"Pass the cup and glut the passions, let 's be happy while we may;
What avails the name of virtue since we live but for a day?
Still life's pleasures are delusive, and her joys are incomplete,
For, when autumn's blight approaches, then the summer's joys retreat."
Thus the heathen moral reads.

"Though the beauteous works of nature wither in the autumn's blast,
Still for us, earth's weary wanderers, when our summer time is past,
There 's a future summer gleaming fairer than the brightest dreams,
Where unceasing glories shimmer, where the sun forever beams."
Thus the Christian moral reads.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



K N E C H T S T E D E N. *

A Middle Age Abbey and a Modern Mission House.

Nearly an hour's walk from the town of Dormagen, about midway between Cologne and Neuss, are seen amongst many venerable poplars and lindens, and thickets of firs and hemlocks, the towers of a stately church. Delighted with the partial glimpses obtained through the giants of the forest that seem to keep a jealous guard over the hoary pile which saw them and perhaps generations of their ancestors grow and thrive, the traveler hastens to obtain a nearer view. A few steps more and the magnificent Premonstratensian Abbey Church of Knechtsteden, one of the finest specimens of Romanesque architecture of which the Rhineland can boast, comes full to view. The sight fills him with mingled feelings of wonder and holy awe. And well it may, for have not more than seven centuries come and gone since that noble structure was reared by holy men to the glory of God? Since the days of the first Hohenstaufen, the storms of war and heresy, the fury of

* The history of one of the monasteries recently opened in Germany by the Holy Ghost Fathers, written by an *alumnus*, may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

the destructive elements and of the still more destructive hands of godless men, have raged and roared around it and in it without being able to destroy it. The Sacrifice of the new covenant is still offered daily in the hallowed sanctuary, and men consecrated to God still wake the ancient echoes with their hymns of praise.

Perhaps a short sketch of the varying fortunes of the Church and Abbey of Knechtsteden will not prove altogether devoid of interest to the general reader, and will perhaps lure some tourist from the beaten track to spend a few hours under the hospitable roof of the Holy Ghost Fathers, who, in other ways and with other means, are continuing the work of the sons of St. Norbert. In a few simple words the chronicler recounts the foundation of the monastery. "In the year 1130," he writes, "Count Hugo of Sponheim, a noble and god-fearing man, dean of the metropolitan church and afterwards Archbishop of Cologne, laid the foundations of a monastery on his socage-farm about four leagues from Cologne, endowed it with revenues and, at the instance of Frederick I., Archbishop of Cologne, handed it over to the Premonstratensians. Hugh, Abbot of Premontré, accepted the gift and placed Heribert, a canon of Cologne, at the head of the new community." St. Norbert himself, at this time bishop of Magdeburg, selected the men who were to be the pioneers of his order on the Lower Rhine.

According to a very ancient legend, Knechtsteden owes its name to the following remarkable circumstance. A servant (*Ger. Knecht*) of the village of Dieplinghoven discovered one day a beautiful image of Our Lady of Sorrows in a lonely spot in the forest. With great reverence and joy he took the image to his cabin; but, strange to say, on the following day it had disappeared, and was found in the same lonely spot in the forest. Again he took it to his home, but again it disappeared and was discovered in the selfsame spot. On this, the servant took counsel with his master, and both came to the con-

clusion that it was the Virgin's wish that her image should be venerated where it had first been discovered. Accordingly, they built a rough little chapel of stone as a shrine for the miraculous picture. The peasants of the neighborhood called it *knechtstein* or *knechtsteden* (the servant's stone), and the name was afterwards transferred to the monastery erected there. Whatever we may think of the legend, the fact is that a very ancient sculptured image of the Mother of Sorrows has always been, and still is, venerated in the abbey church, and untold numbers of pilgrims have found consolation and aid at her beautiful shrine.

Shortly after the foundation of Knechtsteden, during Heribert's tenure of office, a pious priest of Cologne knocked at the portals of the humble monastery. The chronicle calls him Christianus, and informs us that he had been treasurer of the famous church, St. Andrew of Cologne. He was rich in this world's goods, but richer in virtue and learning. Inflamed with zeal for God's glory, he began with his own means the erection of the splendid abbey church in 1138. Christian was an architect of the highest ability, as he drew the plans for the new church and in person directed its construction. The tufaceous lime-stone which was used in the construction of the church, and which possesses the peculiar quality of becoming harder and more durable the longer it is exposed to the weather, was quarried in the Eifel, near Andernach, shipped to Zons by water, and conveyed from there with infinite trouble over the marshy, roadless country to Knechtsteden.

The good monk Christian was zealously aided in his grand undertaking by his pious sister Udalinda. Her whole fortune was cheerfully put at her brother's disposal, and, with her own hands, the chronicler tells us, she laid the corner-stone of the new church. After her holy death, her remains were interred in the right nave, and a beautiful monument was erected in her honor.

The new monastery grew and prospered. Scions of

the first families of the Rhineland renounced the world to don the white habit of the Premonstratensian. The wealth which they brought to the order was chiefly used in beautifying the interior of the church. The frescoes in the west apse, representing Christ as Judge of the world, surrounded by the four evangelists and the apostles, were probably executed about this time. They are of the highest importance for the study of the history of art.

On the death of the saintly Heribert in 1150, Christian was unanimously chosen to succeed him, but, unfortunately, he died in the course of the following year before his life-work had been completed. Under the third provost, Hermann, work on the church was for a time discontinued for lack of funds. But one day a rich prelate of Aix-la-Chapelle, Albert by name, asked to be admitted amongst the sons of St. Norbert. All his wealth was given to the monastery to be used in finishing the church. Albert, like Christian, was an architect, and superintended the building of the three magnificent towers—the crowning glory of the edifice. Five bells of most perfect workmanship were lodged in the belfry, where they pealed forth joyously or tolled mournfully or rang excitedly and discordantly, to suit the occasion, for six hundred years till the soldiers of the French Directory dragged them down and sold them for a song. The interior decoration of the church was carried out with great care and expense, as the still surviving, though disfigured, remnants attest. Especially pleasing is the alternation of simple pillars and pillars set about with columns, the whole harmoniously blended. The exterior is simple and even plain, with the exception of the eastern part, which, with the two lovely towers flanking the east choir, the projecting wings of the transept and the lofty octagonal tower rising superbly over the intersection, presents a most pleasing picture. When Cardinal Krementz entered the abbey church for the first time in 1896, he was so impressed with the interior, that

he expressed his opinion that it surpassed in beauty the famous church of Maria-Laach. Abbot Benzler, of Maria-Laach, when told of this, said: "His Eminence is quite right; the interior of Knechtsteden church is so harmoniously finished that it may be justly called a poem in stone." Thirty years the basilica had been building. Who can tell with what love those monks had hammered and chiseled and painted, striving to symbolize in stone and mortar the greatness of God, the beauty of His holy Church, to lift up men's hearts to their Creator by worshipping Him in a temple not altogether unworthy of His inaccessible splendors? Far and wide the lovely towers are seen, and with an irresistible appeal draw heart and mind upward, heavenward. Albert was of great use to the infant community in other respects also. From Pope Adrian IV. he obtained exemption from the tithe, and from Frederick Barbarossa a document in which that mighty emperor guaranteed to abbey and church his special protection. Albert died in 1170 and was buried before the high altar of the church he had just completed. So great were his services to Knechtsteden that he is styled its second founder. He is also very probably the much sought for *Albertus Aquensis*, whose work: *Chronicon Hierosolymitanum de Bello Sacro* is the chief source for the history of the first crusade. Contemporary with the architect monk, Albert, there lived in Knechtsteden another Albert, a lay-brother and goldsmith by profession, who by his wonderful skill and industry earned enough money to add a much-needed wing, the *Dormitorium*, to the monastery. Two wealthy citizens of Cologne, Puttke and Harpennus, furnished the means to build the refectory, the workshops and the provision houses (1181). Thus after forty years of incessant labor, the monastery of Knechtsteden stood completed. Hermann died in the same year. During his provostship the famous ecstatica and authoress, St. Hildegard, interested herself in the work of the monks of Knechtsteden. Hermann addressed a letter to her

asking for her advice and her prayers. The saint's answer is very beautiful and consoling (cf. Migne, S. Hildeg. *Opera Omnia*, col. 313 and 314, in which both letters are given in full).

For well-nigh two hundred years Knechtsteden enjoyed a period of splendor and activity. The number of the inmates and the possessions of the monastery grew rapidly. In 1216, Knechtsteden was canonically raised to the dignity of an abbey, thus gaining in importance and influence in the archdiocese and the empire. Of the half hundred monks who made up the community, over half were constantly engaged in external ministry. From Frater Petrus Richartz's *Catalogus Religiosorum Monasterii Knechstadii* we learn that nearly every religious spent some years in fulfilling the duties of pastor, vicar or chaplain. Just as the holy founder, St. Norbert, extended the sphere of his labors beyond the cloister walls, preaching, catechising and administering the sacraments, so were his spiritual sons to join the active to the contemplative life and save their own souls by helping to save the souls of others. Frater Petrus mentions some twenty parishes in the Rhineland and in Westphalia in which monks from Knechtsteden were stationed as pastors or curates.

Centuries of turmoil and war and devastation followed on the years of peace. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Knechtsteden hovered on the verge of ruin. Henry of Schlickum was abbot of Knechtsteden (1447-1474) when Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the neighboring town of Neuss, with an army of sixty thousand men. The notorious Condottiere, the Count of Campo Basso, ravaged the country about Neuss with his wild Italian soldateska, and robbed and plundered the monasteries and churches. Knechtsteden was not spared. Abbot Henry was obliged to seek refuge in Cologne with his whole community. The cloister and church were completely sacked and partly burned.

Abbot Henry died in exile and lies buried in the church of St. Maximin.

Better days, however, dawned for the archdiocese and for Knechtsteden. Indescribable was the joy in Neuss and the surrounding country when, on July 22, 1475, the cannon on the walls of the besieged city ceased to roar and the papal legate and the imperial councillors appeared before the gates of the city, to announce that peace had been concluded. For forty-eight weeks the brave citizens had lived under arms. The wild hordes of the bold Burgundian had not been their only foe; hunger and her train had been enemies equally formidable and their blows more fatal. Fifty-six times the Duke attempted to storm the walls and fifty-six times he was repelled with heavy losses. Twelve thousand of his mercenaries remained on the field when he withdrew into Flanders.

With Charles's departure, the new abbot, Ludger of Monheim (1474-1490), began the restoration of the abbey and the church. After two years of uninterrupted labor Knechtsteden was ready to welcome back her scattered sons, and the old life of prayer and preaching was resumed. Of Ludger's successor, Nicholas, the chronicle relates that, while on his way to the General Chapter of his order, he was seized by the lawless retainers of the robber-knight of Hoengen, confined in the castle-dungeon, horribly maltreated and released from captivity only by the kinder hand of death (1507).

The influence exercised by Knechtsteden on ecclesiastical and political affairs (in those days they were identical) in the archdiocese is seen to its fullest extent during the worst period of the so-called Reformation. The Premonstratensians exerted all their efforts, not only to protect their own monastery in those lawless times, but also to save the country at large to the Catholic faith. It was indeed the period of the greatest and most beneficent activity of the order, on which the annalists dwell with a just pride. Far and near on journeys and in

exile, on the battle-field and in the camp, we meet the white-robed monk, preaching, administering the sacraments, strengthening the wavering, reclaiming the fallen, thinking of others first, of himself last. One man especially, mighty in word and deed, deserves a foremost place amongst those who did much to preserve the faith in the Electorate of Cologne, Abbot Aegidius of Huns-hoven (1573-1599). When the elector-archbishop of Cologne, Gebhard Truchses, fell away from the faith, the whole archdiocese hung on the verge of apostasy. The fury of Gebhard's hirelings from the Palatinate was especially directed against the monasteries. These however, found a worthy champion in Abbot Aegidius. Preaching was of little avail in those turbulent times. The rebels had to be met with their own weapons. With the funds of the abbey, Aegidius enlisted a considerable body of troops and more than once, like the electors of the Middle Ages, placed himself in person at their head to protect Knechtsteden and its dependencies. To Duke Frederick of Saxony he advanced 25,000 Reichsthalers to prosecute the war against the deposed archbishop. He also founded and endowed a hospital to receive the victims of the pest—that ghastly follower in the wake of war. Whilst ministering to the sick, Aegidius was himself stricken by the fell disease and died a holy death October 15, 1599. He was buried before the altar of St. Anne in the abbey church.

The story of the next two hundred years is quickly told. It was a period of uninterrupted tranquility and prosperity. The heart-rending scenes of the Thirty Years' War were chiefly enacted in other parts of Germany, and during the wars of Louis XIV., the elector of Cologne was allied with the French king. Peter Gillrath, abbot from 1666 to 1678, brought Knechtsteden to the zenith of its glory. He enlarged the existing buildings, built the infirmary, the prelacy, and the still existing beautifully-vaulted sacristy, and erected marble altars in the church. Of his successors, two deserve

mention for their learning which made their names familiar beyond the walls of Knechtsteden and the arch-diocese of Cologne: Arnold Brewer (1706-1728), the founder of the abbey library, and, according to the chronicle, one of the most learned canonists of his time; and Leonard Jansen (1728-1754), who wrote a moral theology which went through four editions during the life-time of the author. He was beloved by all the country round for his great charity to the poor and the sick. A beautiful cross, bearing the image of the Crucified, erected by him at the entrance of the forest, still invites the peasant of the neighborhood and the visitor from afar, to kneel down and repeat the prayer inscribed on it by Abbot Jansen: "*Per signum crucis, adiuva nos, Jesu!*" "By the sign of the Cross, help us, O Jesus!"

Under Abbot Hendel (1780-1805) Knechtsteden was to meet the fate of so many monasteries of the Rhineland. In October, 1794, the French troops occupied the left bank of the Rhine. The monks of Knechtsteden fled to Cologne, and the abbey was left to be the spoil of the soldiery. Not even the House of God was spared. The high altar was torn down and burned, the magnificent organ was hurled from the loft, and the pipes converted into bullets; the bells were dragged from the belfry and sold; the iron on the walls and the lead from the roofing were torn away; the very stones of the pavement were carried off or barbarously demolished. In the following year an attempt was made by the abbot and twelve monks to reoccupy their old home. They were not left long undisturbed. A decree of Napoleon dated September 7, 1802, declared monastery and lands the property of the French government. The monks were forthwith expelled, church and monastery closed and sealed up, until the public sale should determine the future possessor. Through the energetic action of one of the monks, Wigand Kayser, a native of Cologne, who made a personal appeal to Napoleon, the church was exempted

from confiscation, and assigned as auxiliary church to the parishes of Straberg and Hackenbroich. At the public auction which took place in Aix-la-Chapelle, January 5, 1810, Canon Kayser and a school-friend bought what remained of the monastery possessions for 77,000 francs. An agreement was made by the buyers, by which Canon Kayser was to retain complete possession of the monastery and lands till his death, when they should fall to the family of his friend.

Canon Kayser set to work immediately to restore the church which he loved as the apple of his eye, and which was, as it were, his dwelling place until his death in 1842. The older inhabitants of the neighboring villages still speak with love and grateful veneration of the "last monk of Knechtsteden;" of his love for the House of God, of his great charity, of the many feasts he used to prepare for the children and the bright new two-pfennig pieces he used to distribute amongst them on his name-day; of the king he once entertained at the monastery, and of his edifying death.

After changing hands several times, Knechtsteden was about to become an insane asylum, when a terrible conflagration, started by the carelessness of a servant, converted all into a heap of ruins (June 7, 1869). The church alone, which had so long resisted the "powers of time's and tempest's march," proudly defied the rage of the flames. Blackened and scarred, roofless and windowless and desolate, it still stood out boldly against the clear summer sky. For two years the sacred edifice was helplessly left to the mercy of the elements and must have soon become their prey had not a relative of Canon Kayser undertaken the task of restoration. Emperor William donated 5,000 thalers; art-lovers of Cologne and Neuss generously followed this lead, and, on Trinity Sunday, 1890, the church was dedicated and opened for divine service. Soon after this Belgian Benedictines made an attempt to buy the ruins and the lands of Knechtsteden, but the Prussian minister of worship

refused his sanction, and it was not until five years later that a purchaser was found. On February 12, 1895, Father Amandus Acker, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, obtained permission to establish a branch house of the order in Knechtsteden with a view to preparing missionaries for East Africa. In order to admit the Holy Ghost Fathers into Germany, a portion of the iniquitous Jesuit Law of 1872 had to be repealed. But nothing daunted Father Acker: during his eighteen years of missionary life in Africa he had learned to look difficulties in the face and conquer them. And thus in our days the ancient Premonstratensian abbey has become the *Mission House of Knechtsteden*. Phoenix-like, it arose out of the shapeless ruins more beautiful than ever. An association was formed in Cologne and other cities under the presidency of Cardinal Krementz, to raise the necessary funds, and, on February 20, 1896, the Mission House was solemnly opened in presence of a countless throng of visitors from all parts of the Rhineland. Since then two bishops for East Africa have been consecrated within her walls, scores of lay-brothers have been trained to aid the missionaries in their arduous labors, five young priests have already gone forth to spread the light of the gospel, and others are eagerly waiting to follow in their foot-steps. As a mark of recognition of his services, the German emperor has decorated Father Acker with the Order of the Red Eagle, and has promised to pay a visit to Knechtsteden in the near future.

The community consists of nearly two hundred members—Fathers, Brothers and Scholastics, and provision is made for a hundred more. No doubt St. Norbert and Heribert and the other holy monks of old Knechtsteden rejoice that their work still goes on, though passed to other hands. For, just as long ago the Premonstratensians went forth in their white habits from the Rhenish monasteries to preach the gospel to the still pagan inhabitants of the northern provinces of the empire, so, in our own days, the Fathers of the Holy

Ghost set out in their black habits to struggle with the powers of darkness for the possession of the souls of the benighted descendants of Cham. The same God who protected and blessed the work of the sons of St. Norbert, will bless and protect the sons of the Venerable Libermann.

*“Duc me, nec sine me sine Te, Deus optime, duci:
Nam sine Te pereo, Te Duce, fausta gero.”*

(Epitaph on ABBOT HILGEE, 1619).



The Angel of the Ship.

Didst see her flitting, like a vision, past—
A dream of white, with eyes as black as jet?
A butterfly could not more dainty be—
More like a bird, unconscious of the net!

Is it, perhaps,—in earthly mould expressed—
The Guardian Angel of our gallant ship,
That flits about, on wings that never rest
And watcheth us with eyes that never sleep?

If not, methinks, another angel fair
Hath graced the precincts of our ocean home,
Wherein, beneath our Captain's watchful care,
With trustful hearts o'er trackless paths we roam.

Hail to thee, then, thou dainty, winsome maid,
Cheering the transient guests that cross the deep,
As if some spirit from above had strayed
Into our midst, to guard this mighty ship!

Cheerful, and bright, and gentle—little maid—
Be always thus, and thou shalt be repaid;
There's one at least, shall wish thee well—and dare
To utter this, his earnest, heartfelt prayer:

That in the one, great, final, happy port,
To which through life, by varied paths we tend,
Both you and I may reach our heavenly Court,
And meet, where shall be meeting without end!



Return of a Former Member of the Faculty.

When, some six years ago, the voice of obedience called the Rev. P. A. McDermott away to the distant shores of Western Africa, the younger students at least amongst us cherished the hope that we might see him once more and finish our course of studies under his experienced direction. That hope has been gratified. The severe climate of Southern Nigeria, a country bordering on the equator; the strain of missionary labors, and the privations incidental to the founding and perfecting of Christianizing establishments in a heathen land, began to tell upon his health, and, last Fall, he was taken to the hospital at Old Calabar until he should recuperate sufficiently to return to Europe. Considerations of health and the vacancy in his old chair of philosophy, decided the Rt. Rev. Father General to accede to the requests forwarded to him from the United States, and to reappoint him to the American province. Accordingly he arrived in our midst on the thirteenth of September, and was warmly welcomed by the members of the Faculty, the student body, and his numerous friends outside the college walls.

I.

As might naturally be expected, the reporters and correspondents from the Pittsburg daily press did not fail to put in an appearance, and extract from the returned African voyager some interesting and varied material for several articles descriptive of his rare experiences. It could not therefore be surprising if the

members of the BULLETIN staff, as well as the members of the Senior and Junior classes, should, on their part, indulge in the luxury of an interview, so as to record some of the impressions communicated by the genial senior professor within the privileged sanctum of the BULLETIN office.

What strikes him on his return to this country and to this city is the appearance of steady and continued progress, in spite of recent panics and vast failures in the money market. The eastern part of the State has vastly improved in its general aspect of cultivation and prosperity. This is more especially true of the suburbs of the larger towns and cities. As for Pittsburg itself, he had to admit that it was still, as much as ever, the same old smoky city of former days, even as it was before the introduction of the natural gas. In this connection he was glad to testify to the world-wide popularity of this great old city as the perfect type of American progress and hard-working, go-ahead spirit. Everywhere, even in Africa, among those, white or black, who have read of the United States and its history or institutions, Pittsburg is a familiar name.

"One day," said the father, "I was examining a school in Lancashire, and when mention had been made of the Ohio river and Pittsburg, one of the small boys in the class drew my attention to a full-page picture of our old City at the Point, which was given in their Class Reader. It was evidently a recent one and an excellent one, for it showed forth the new sky-scrapers, as well as the Pittsburg College itself on the Bluff."

In his opinion, however, there are several indications of a lack of local pride with regard to the cleanliness of our down-town streets, and the general appearance and comfort of our public conveyances, as compared with those of European or even our own Eastern cities. Little advance has apparently been made in the street cars and in the perfection of the road-beds. A great many old land-marks that have always been blots upon

the beauty of our streets, are still to be seen as of years gone by. Yet this may, to a great extent, be owing to the depression consequent upon the recent bad times, or to the influences of the present lengthened and extraordinary spell of hot weather, and other causes

But the most gratifying of all subjects for his observant eye, was the magnificent increase in the number of students attending the Pittsburg College itself, of whose staff he was proud to become once more a member. Since his departure for distant missionary lands, the University of Pittsburg had been inaugurated, and the Technical Institute had been established. Yet, with all this, the attendance at the Pittsburg College had been almost doubled, the staff had been greatly strengthened and augmented, while the curriculum had been vastly enlarged. All this was clear evidence of a progress and a popularity which could only give to the members of the Faculty, as well as to the parents, present students and *alumni*, the greatest possible grounds for gratification.

J. T. McMAHON, '09.

II.

The most natural question of all that could be put to such an experienced traveler as Father McDermott, and one that elicited a most interesting response, was that relating to the actual state of things in the Dark Continent itself from which he had but so recently come. To what extent is it still unexplored? Is the white man getting acclimated? What are its chief resources? its minerals? its food-products? Are the natives becoming amenable to progress and education? These were some of the hundred forms in which were embodied the request for genuine and specific information about Africa and its inhabitants.

The country itself, said Father McDermott, has been for a long time difficult of access from various causes which are now happily and rapidly disappearing. The coast line is fringed by a most treacherous surf, and the mouths of the great rivers, such as the Niger, the Congo,

the Zambezi, and a hundred other streams by which the country is penetrated, are practically closed to the larger vessels by a series of sand-bars, many of which are constantly shifting, thus making it a difficult task to open regular channels to the upper waters and to the inner country. And when, at length, the trader or the skipper made his way inland, and settled down to develop commercial relations with the native, he found himself face to face with a hundred obstacles—the unfriendly and ever treacherous disposition of the native chiefs, taught by a long and sad experience not to trust to the White Man—the continual fighting among the petty tribes—the fever-laden character of the swampy places, in which, along the low-lying banks and marshes of the vast rivers, he was obliged to reside.

But when new and safe channels were discovered or dredged; when roads were built into the interior; when petty intertribal warfare was banished forever by the stern repression of the European governing powers that took over the administration of the various provinces; when the White Man found the opportunity, and had the courage, to explore the elevated districts of the interior, and discovered, to his great surprise, some of the most magnificent stretches of land and scenery that his eye ever dwelt upon; when he began to import, or to raise upon the spot, the food materials that suited European taste; then Africa took on a far different aspect and character from what it had hitherto presented to the White Man's eyes. He found wonderful resources on every side, either in the shape of minerals or palm-oil or rubber, or precious timber of every kind. He could grow coffee, cocoa, even cotton, to an extent that would justify a large expenditure.

It is true, the climate is still a disagreeable factor to be counted with by the European. Dry, hot weather from October to June—torrential and frequent rains from June to October—these are about the only variations of season in the tropical climate close to the equator. But

even this difficulty is being met by experience and a wise discretion on the part of the European that settles down to a prolonged sojourn in Africa, and fewer deaths, and a much smaller percentage of fever cases, are now being reported.

In regard to the question of education and progress amongst the natives, many interesting statements were elicited, but, as I have already overstepped the limits of space allotted to me, I shall reserve them for a future issue.

J. J. MILLARD, '09.



The Writer's Opportunities.

In a country that publishes millions of magazines per month, not to mention the innumerable daily papers printed within its domains, there surely is a place for the writer who is able to discuss, in an interesting manner, the subjects treated in these publications. That the United States is made up of a great reading public is well verified by its numerous publications: we have magazines, devoted principally to short stories; those devoted to political and government news; magazines and periodicals containing local and foreign news of interest to the public; and publications covering the domain of science, literature and art. In fact, throughout the country, magazines are published appertaining to every conceivable subject of interest to humanity. Never in our history has there been such demand for publications as at the present time. Notwithstanding this increased demand, the quality of the publications is not lessened in the least. Certainly, some publications that tend to lower rather than to elevate society have existed and shall continue to exist as long as they are tolerated by the reading public, yet these are few.

Owing to this wide circulation of desirable printed matter, our foremost writers are receiving immense

salaries that heretofore went to the manufacturing interests of the country. The ambitious young man who is desirous of becoming a successful writer is encouraged on all sides; he is in great demand. But, as in commerce, finance, and law, so also in literature; the great prizes are for the few. The compensation of a writer depends on his reputation or the fame he has attained by previous works and the length and value of the article or book written. A popular writer averages from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, according to the character and amount of his work. Some writers are employed by newspapers at a fixed salary per year, while others are paid for their articles as soon as they are ready for publication. The successful writer has compensations other than money; he is subject to no master; his time of employment is not regulated by any business concern; and he has a certain satisfaction in his work which is beyond that of most professions. Most successful writers are of the opinion that the great end of life is not simply to eat, drink, get a living and make money; these are essential, but the life of thought, imagination, and reflection, is in reality the higher and nobler of the two.

Politics offer a wide field for the ambitious writer. But in order to enter this field, as a writer, one must possess a vast knowledge of existing conditions; to be successful, he must possess unassailable facts and always adhere to impartiality and the "square deal." The field is a wide one it is true, and the requirements are many; nevertheless, the rewards and the consciousness of doing a public good are in proportion to the sacrifices. Among the most successful writers of this kind are Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, William Hard, Charles E. Russell, and Will Irwin. Such writers have been termed "muck-rakers," because of their exposing the wrongs of political leaders, factions and individuals; nevertheless, in this greedy and dishonest age, an age of political corruption, the true patriot often applauds the "muck-raker."

Fiction, also, offers great inducements to the writer. Fiction can not be kept entirely out of any magazine which depends on the general public for its existence. I say the general public, because many magazines are devoted to science, art, political news, etc., which are read by those who are especially interested in the subjects contained therein; it is immaterial to the scientific man if his many scientific papers and magazines are entirely devoid of fiction. Years ago a large proportion of our novels was imported; Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, and Stanley Weyman assisted materially in supplying the American public with romantic tales and novels. But times have changed; the works of our native authors are not only read and appreciated by the American people, but are also in great demand in the romance-loving countries of Europe. How may the aspiring young man become a successful writer of fiction? Many and varied are the treatises that have been written on the art of successful story writing; however, they fail to relieve the author of unremitting labor. He may try as he pleases and yet meet with failure, though he should by no means become discouraged, ever remembering that old and true saying, "failure is the only high-road to success."

J. T. McMAHON, '09.

CARDS OF SYMPATHY.

The students desire to convey to Professor T. J. Dehey, through the medium of the BULLETIN, the expression of their sincere condolence in the death of his father.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the mother of our fellow-student and companion, James L. Harrigan; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

GEORGE P. ANGEL
GRATTAN M. DUGAN
JOHN P. EGAN.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. McGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. M. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

The New Scholastic Year.

With this issue of the BULLETIN we find ourselves suddenly launched upon the untried sea of college journalism. We are fully aware of the many responsibilities, the ups and downs, that are to be met with in the course of a year, but we earnestly hope, with the co-operation of the student body, to surmount all difficulties and continue the onward march of success that has characterized the history of the BULLETIN in years gone by. We shall endeavor to make the year a notable one as regards the BULLETIN by upholding the high intellectual standard our monthly publication has attained.

The scholastic year began Wednesday, September 2,

with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost.

It was gratifying to the Faculty, as well as the old students, to observe the large number of new comers who assisted at this opening ceremony, and to find therein a proof that the record attendance of last year will be maintained. This shows clearly that the college is more than upholding its claims upon popular favor and esteem.

During the first few days of college life, it is always interesting to study the various types of students that make up the school population, and contribute to establish its scholastic character. With us, this year, it is a matter for justifiable pride, as it has been a subject of universal comment, that the present class of students are, to all appearances, a fine, serious, gentlemanly body of young men, who make a very good impression both by their general deportment and by their evident ambition to attain success in their studies and general college work.

J. T. McM.



A Short Story Contest.

The directors of the *Extension Magazine* are to be congratulated on their decision to offer prizes for the best short stories forwarded to their office. We have no doubt that these prizes of \$100, \$50 and \$25, will stimulate many Catholics who have the talent to tell stories and the ingenuity to invent them. The encouragement given and the reward held out may be counted on to develop popular writers whose advent in the field of fiction will benefit the entire Catholic press.

The widest latitude is granted in the writing of stories for the contest. They may deal with any phase of life: they may be serious or humorous; but they should be good, bright, clever, with "go" in them, with men and women who do things and say things and

think things, that any normal, healthy human being might do or say or think.

The narrative form of story is not the most desirable: the best form is that in which the characters themselves "work out" the story; to succeed in this, the art of character building must be thoroughly studied and mastered.

We welcome the offer of the *Extension Magazine*. We hope that many of our readers will seize the opportunity it presents, to develop a taste and acquire a facility for writing that which is so much demanded by our reading public—an interesting short story.

The rules that are to govern the contest may be seen posted up in the College bulletin board.

H. J. M.



The Departure of Rev. Father John Griffin.

Scarcely have we begun to chronicle the return of Father P. A. McDermott from his missionary labors in the West African Coast, to his old post in the college, than, by a strange and unexpected coincidence, we learn, almost as we go to press, that dear Father John Griffin, the oldest of our professors, has, after an uninterrupted sojourn of twenty-seven years within the College walls, been called to take up the onerous duties of Superior at the Principal house of the Order, in Cornwells, near Philadelphia. Fathers Griffin and McDermott were professed together twenty-seven years ago, and thus began, at the same time, their respective professional careers in the Academic arena—and while Father McDermott was teaching Philosophy in Paris until 1885, Father John Griffin entered at once, in our "Catholic College" of Pittsburg, upon the duties which he continued so faithfully and so successfully to fulfil for more than a quarter of a century.

Who, indeed, among the old students and *alumni* of the College, has not known Father Griffin as professor,

either of modern languages, or of mathematics, or of ancient classics, but especially as treasurer and professor of music? In fact, there is scarcely an old inhabitant of Greater Pittsburg that has not been familiar with his name or person in one or other of these capacities. And it would be difficult for any one to say in which of them he excelled; for he entered, heart and soul, into every function, with a brilliancy of talent which neither his humble disposition nor his quiet and simple character could ever efface.

As treasurer of the college for many years, he was in no small degree responsible for the magnificent results which it was the proud privilege of the Very Rev. President to announce publicly at the recent Commencement Exercises, namely, that the college was at length completely out of debt, in spite of the heavy expenses and important additions to both building and staff within the last few years.

As a composer, a performer, an orchestral director, his reputation was second to none in this city, as the very large number of his pupils in every department of music can well testify. Whether at the piano or with the violin, or on the organ, he was equally at home; and in vocal music, whether for individual voices, or for the development of the largest choirs, in plain song or in ordinary chant, he was an accomplished master and leader. Indefatigable patience, indomitable perseverance, a childlike simplicity, absolute devotedness characterized all the stages of his work from the first day he entered the college until the morning on which he left. And while the most accomplished artist who came in contact with him recognized instinctively the musical genius he possessed, the humblest beginner could not but admire the complete absence of all pretensions to be anything above the ordinary level.

But to speak of him in relation to any one function, or even to the collective sum of the varied functions which he filled at different times during that long period,

would be to bring his merits and his work within a groove too narrow and material. His name, his figure and his memory will always come back to us, and will forever remain with us, as the embodiment of the noblest traditions that can hallow the person of a priest of God, and a self-sacrificing teacher of youth. To the exact fulfillment of his daily duties as a humble religious, he added an untiring zeal for the spiritual welfare of others, not only within the college, among the students whom he guided and the brothers whom he directed, but outside the college precincts, in the diocese, where he helped every priest that needed assistance, where he preached so many missions and retreats, and where, especially, he labored so devotedly and so successfully, among the poor, neglected colored people of the city.

In his departure from our midst we have lost a father, a professor, a model; even the diocese of Pittsburgh has lost a zealous and faithful worker in the vineyard; and the city has lost a noted contributor to its artistic progress, to its prosperity, and to all its higher interests, with which Father Griffin had been so intimately bound and identified for so many years.

We can but wish him every success in his new sphere, in the apostolic school of Cornwells, of which he now becomes Superior, and where he will have a wide field and abundant opportunity for the exercise of his rare and varied talents.

P. A. M.



Additions to the Faculty.

In addition to the Rev. P. A. McDermott already mentioned, we welcome back to the college the Rev. P. J. Fullen and the Rev. J. A. Baumgartner. During their absence these two young clergymen pursued a course of studies in the University of Friburg, Switzerland, and in the theological seminary at Paris.

Mr. E. N. McGuigan, having finished his novitiate

and the post-graduate course conducted by the Holy Ghost Fathers at Ferndale, Conn., has returned as teacher and assistant disciplinarian. The older students knew him well and favorably for his prowess on the gridiron, diamond, and gymnastic apparatus.

Dr. J. J. Quinn has assumed charge of the Scientific and Engineering Department. His life has been devoted to the study and teaching of Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing and the Sciences. He is eminently qualified to conduct his pupils along the flowery path of knowledge.

Mr. Francis J. Hannon, a graduate of Syracuse University, N. Y., is an enthusiastic professor of Elocution. Possessing a rich, sympathetic voice, easy and graceful stage presence and an artistic temperament, he has already got into touch with the pupils of his several classes, and expects most satisfactory results for the college entertainments on Sunday evenings and in the Alvin at the end of the year.

H. J. M.



A THLETICS.

Review of the Baseball Season.

Always in the foremost ranks of baseball clubs, our team of last season established a most enviable record. Amongst the noteworthy teams it defeated may be mentioned Johnstown, of the Tri-State League; Wheeling, of the Central League; and Grove City College, which claimed the Inter-Scholastic Championship. The college broke even with the Beaver Valley aggregation, composed of minor league stars; each team sustaining at the hands of the other its only defeat of the season.

Only thirteen games were played: several had to be cancelled with college teams owing to rain.

The record follows:—

P. C., 7; Allegheny Lyceum, 6.

“ 11; Johnstown, 10.

- " 2; Wheeling, 1.
- " 10; Grove City College, 0.
- " 7; University of Pittsburg, 6.
- " 1; Beaver Valley, 2.
- " 5; E. Pittsburg Ex-Collegians, 3.
- " 13; California Normal, 5.
- " 4; Beaver Valley, 2.
- " 14; Victoria, A. C., 4.
- " 6; McKeesport Usher Club, 0.
- " 6; E. Pittsburg Ex-Collegians, 0.
- " 8; W. E. Lyceum, 3.

Football.

Now that the baseball season is a thing of the past, and that the football season is approaching, speculation is busy as to what kind of teams will represent the college on the gridiron during the coming Fall. It may be safely said that the best traditions of former years will be maintained, and that the young men selected to don the college uniforms will be of a character to reflect credit upon the institution they represent and upon themselves as gentlemen who know how to behave as such both on the field and off it.

The pigskin chasers practise daily. The Freshman team, a lively lot, managed by Grattan Dugan and captained by Charles Kaylor, will be represented by Creighton, Dompka, Dugan, Fedigan, Habrowski, Kaylor, McGuire, Moorhead, Muldowney, O'Connor, Strako, Telerski and Wilson.

The following Juniors are out for the Championship in their class: Blundon, Curran, Doris, Fisher, Giles, Haggerty (Captain), Joyce, Ley, Linnerman, Maroney, Ryan, Skarry and A. Szabo (Manager).

These Minims will endeavor to maintain their record of unbroken victories: Carroll, Devlin, Doyle, Gallagher, Gilday, Kist, McCrory, Moorhead, Snyder (Captain), Sullivan (Manager), D. Szabo, Wackermann.

The highly competent Mr. McGuigan proves an admirable coach. Under his skilfull direction winning teams will be evolved.

E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.



An Excellent Almanac.

We extend to the "St. Michael's Almanac" a hearty welcome to our sanctum. As usual, the Almanac is replete with much useful information, and is greatly enhanced by its exquisite productions of verse and prose. The colored frontispiece of the Good Shepherd and its numerous illustrations are no small factors in adding to its value and attractiveness. We earnestly recommend it to our readers, who, by their subscriptions, will thus become partakers in the glorious work of imparting a technical education to poor boys.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



ALUMNI NOTES.

WE welcome back from Rome the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., '03. In the Eternal City he made a brilliant record, and we confidently cherish the hope that his ministrations in the diocese of Pittsburg will be the source to him of much happiness, to God of much glory, and to the people of much spiritual advantage.

THE young priests of the class of '05, and ordained in June last, have all received appointments in the diocese: Rev. A. A. Bejenkowski, at Footdale, Pa.; Rev. C. M. Keane, at St. Michael's, Homestead; Rev. J. M. Kilgallen, at St. Francis', McKee's Rocks; Rev. W. F. Merz, at Connellsville; and Rev. T. F. O'Shea, at St. Brendan's, Braddock.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO was ordained for the diocese of Indianapolis.

THE Rev. Michael Sheehy, S. J., celebrated his first Mass in St. Patrick's, and paid a visit to the college before his return to Woodstock, Md.

WE have not heard from all of the '08 graduates yet. We hope, in an early issue of the BULLETIN, to be able to account for those that fail to obtain a mention this month.

B. G. MCGUIGAN and J. A. Gwyer have entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; M. J. Brennan has taken up the study of theology in St. Vincent's, and John Mayer has registered at St. Meinrad's, Ill.

J. F. CARROLL, C. L. McCambridge and J. A. Rossenbach are now making their novitiate in the Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Conn.

T. F. RYAN and F. J. Toohill are qualifying for the profession of engineering.

THOMAS L. HOWARD and Frank M. Howard graduated last June in Lafayette College, the former as electrical engineer, the latter as mining engineer.

FRANK PIETRCZYKI has for several months filled the position of Inspector of Charities and Corrections.

DR. JAMES McLAUGHLIN, recently graduated from Georgetown Medical College, is on the Staff of the Mercy Hospital.

DR. C. McDERMID, of the same class as Dr. McLaughlin, has commenced his duties as an intern in St. Francis' Hospital.

J. J. MILLARD, '09.



JUST JOTTINGS.

WHY Gumball? Ask Creighton.

I WONDER what those Sophomores mean when they speak of the Irish Thoroughbred.

LIPINSKI was almost elected president of his class. There are 16 in his class and he needed only eight votes besides his own.

THE Count says, "Soho leads the world." But he doesn't mention in what.

WE should be careful how we pronounce names. I heard one boy referred to as "Donkey," but discovered that Clarence Dompka was met. Give him the benefit of the doubt, boys!

WE need not worry; the four new junior boarders weigh almost as much as Butler (Araminta Brown).

THE two Lock(e)s are in good working order.

THE surprise of the season: Broderick is out for the Freshman team. Don't worry Pat; if you lose your wind, we'll use the oxygen pump on you.

DANNY SULLIVAN wishes to deny the statement made some days ago, that he was traded to Cleveland for a broken bat; he says that he was traded for a bat bag.

JAMES HAWKES spent his vacation in preparing a new play which he has now completed. He calls it "Willie's Triumph." The story is woven about Willie's attempt to take out his father's glass eye to play marbles. Gilbert is to be the calcium light, as he is desirous of shining.

SINCE Western University of Penna. has changed its name, if we take the letters for it, it's all U. P. with W. U. P. Their play will sound better "On the Upland" than "In Wupland."

HAZELWOOD has eight representatives at the College this year. Dugan thinks that's going some for the "Skidoo" Ward of this city.

CAN a Sardine-box?

No! But a Tomato-can.

Now, who'd a thunk it?

HAWKS.—Why does a chicken lay in the day time?

GILBERT.—I don't know.

HAWKS.—Because it 's a rooster at night.

WITH acknowledgments to the *Boston Transcript*:

Tell me not in merry accents,
That I have an unthatched roof;
'Tis the hairy head that lacks sense—
Baldness is of thought a proof.

Hair is vulgar, hair is useless,
And to brush and comb a bore,
Making life but dull and juiceless;
I need brush and comb no more.

Not for wise men matted hair is,
Black or brown or red is fair;
Let the savage of the prairies
Waste his time in raising hair!

Life is short and hairs are numbered,
And, though flies are hardly borne,
Still at night I've always slumbered,
When a nightcap I have worn.

In the world's broad field of battle,
Who'd be at the barber's call,
Listening to his tiresome tattle?
Better bare as billiard-ball!

Fear no future, bald-head brother,
You were bald in infant days;
Wisely were you told by mother,
"Brain it is, not hair, that pays."

Lives of great men all remind us
That our smooth and polished pates
Leave all hairy heads behind us—
Let us thank the favoring fates!

Footprints of old Time's fleet walking
No one sees on our smooth crowns;
Mind no more the idle talking
Made by anxious mop-head clowns.

Let us, then, O hairless brother,
Proudly through life's pathway roll;
We remember that dear mother—
Earth is barren at the pole.

GRATTAN V. DUGAN, '11.

PITTSBURG COLLEGE

OF THE HOLY GHOST,

BLUFF AND COOPER STREETS.

Conducted by Members of The Holy Ghost Order.

Comprises Five Departments of Studies.

THE COLLEGIATE—

imparts thorough instruction in Sacred Scripture, Church History, Modern History, all the branches of Philosophy, Latin, Greek and English Languages and Literatures, Oratory, Rhetoric, Mechanics, Calculus, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Solid and Analytical Geometry.

THE ACADEMIC—

leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

THE COMMERCIAL—

gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Bookkeeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

THE SCIENTIFIC—

is well equipped with Chemical and Mechanical apparatus. The course comprises Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany and Geology.

THE GRAMMAR—

prepares pupils for the Academic, the Commercial or the Scientific Course.

EMINENTLY QUALIFIED INSTRUCTORS
give lessons in
VOCAL MUSIC,

THE ORGAN, PIANO, VIOLIN
And Other Wind and String Instruments.

Instruction is given in all the Departments, without extra charge, in German, French, Polish, Spanish, Italian, and Gymnastics.

A special campus affords the students abundant opportunities for wholesome recreation.

REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.,
President.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV. Pittsburgh, Pa., November, 1908. No. 2.

From Stain They Are Not Free.

There is reason, there is beauty,
 In that pious Christian law
Which reminds us of the duty
 Oft toward parted souls to draw
Our attention, and consider
 What their hard lot now may be,
How they suffer torments bitter
 Since from stain they are not free.

If there entered grim death's portal
 One who dearly has loved you,
Oh, then think that he was mortal
 And for sin receives his due.
“ From this dungeon, where I'm helpless
 By thy prayers, oh, free me, friend ! ”
Thus he hails thee from the darkness
 Whilst with hope his sorrows blend.

Happy he who always cherished
 A devotion for the dead,
When his mortal frame has perished
 And before the throne he's led.
Then the spirits which he rescued,
 At the throne of God will plead:
“ Since he fostered mercy, so should
 Mercy also be his meed.”

C. A. MAYER, '09.

Father McDermott's Lecture.

In returning from his prolonged missionary sojourn in the wilds of Africa, Rev. Father P. A. McDermott brought with him not only an unlimited fund of stories descriptive of his varied experiences and adventures, but also a large assortment of stereopticon slides illustrative of African scenes and customs. These views he consented, at the earnest request of the Faculty and Students, to exhibit on Sunday evening, October 11th, in the College Hall—and, consequently, a very large audience of students and their friends assembled, to greet the lecturer, and to enjoy the rare treat which he had prepared for them on that occasion.

He began by paying a grateful tribute to his many old and loyal friends in Pittsburg, who still remembered him, and expressed his deep and sincere satisfaction at returning to his old home, in this city, in spite of an ardent desire to be once more with his dear Africans of the "Dark Continent."

After introducing us to the good ship, "Bonny," which brought him out on his first journey to Africa, he pictured to us the varied life on board, during those long and dreary weeks that intervene from Liverpool, the starting point, to the mouth of the Niger, as well as the interesting sights to be met with on the way to the Coast, especially in the charming scenery of Madeira and the Canary Islands. Thus we stopped with him at Funchal, the capital and chief harbor of Madeira, and thence went on to Teneriffe, whose snow-clad peak of 12,180 feet stands out so prominently from a great distance. Particularly beautiful was a view of the clouds rolling beneath the peak, from which the picture had been taken. But the most interesting of all the groups of islands which we passed was Grand Canary, whose capital, Las Palmas, gave occasion for some splendid pictures—such as those of its bright terraces, of its broad harbor, its towering mountains, its thick banana groves.

Soon we reached the great Continent itself at its most westerly point, Cape Verde, where lies the capital and metropolis of all the French possessions on the West African Coast—Dakar, flanked by the little Island of Goree, where the Fathers of the Holy Ghost established over 60 years ago one of the first missionary stations for the evangelization of the Dark Continent.

From this Senegalese port, we passed on to Bathurst, at the mouth of the Gambia River, which is the first of the English-speaking colonies on the coast, and the first of the British possessions in West Africa. We then call at Sierra Leone, or Freetown, to view the famous old slave mart. For the rest of our journey down the coast, we scarcely ever lose sight of land, and we have a good opportunity to study the outlines of Liberia, where we pick up the famous Kroo-boys, and of the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Ashanti, and the Slave Coast, where our ocean trip comes to an end at the mouth of the great Niger River.

Here, by the aid of some good snap-shots, we were enabled to appreciate the difficulties experienced by the traveler in getting transferred from the big ocean liner to the smaller steamers or launches that ascend the river—and by a rapid succession of clear and excellent views, we were carried up the broad bosom of the Niger, past the crocodiles, and hippopotami; past the mangrove swamps, and native villages, until we reached the first piece of elevated ground—a beautiful plateau at Onitsha, on which the Fathers have established chapels, schools, workshops, and thriving hamlets of native Christians. From here the lecturer carried us up to the land of the Mahometan, the Hausas, and the fierce Fulani, of Northern Nigeria, where the British Government has built up a vast colonial empire, rich in every kind of natural resources and especially suitable for the growth and development of cotton, of which, in its various stages, we are enabled to see some very good pictures. The great natural highways, and means of transit and

communication, being the rivers, we were treated to some splendid views showing the rich vegetation along the river banks, as well as the magnificent vistas of river scenery that ever and anon break in upon the traveler as he gradually reaches the upper waters.

The lecturer then went on to show types of the people, their habitations, their manners and customs, including a very remarkable and amusing series of pictures, showing the kings and chiefs of the country, and even the peculiar styles of hairdressing adopted by the women. Some gruesome pictures of the human sacrifices that took place some few years ago, during the great Benin Expedition, were shown, as were also various views of the Ju-Ju or Fetish Rites of the natives, which take place at the foot of the great bombax (cotton) trees round which the natives gather for their ceremonies and dances.

The varied phases of the White Man's life—as agent for commercial companies, or as official of the Government in the political or military administration of the country—were portrayed in a most instructive fashion by a series of views that spoke more eloquently of conditions to be met with in those uncivilized but interesting countries, than any verbal description could tell.

The good work of the missionaries was illustrated by pictures of the schools, in which the fathers and brothers are sacrificing themselves to educate the natives; of the hospitals in which both nuns and missionaries are doing such heroic work among the sick, the poor and the lepers; and of the farms, fields and workshops, where the natives are being taught the principles and practice of agriculture, as well as trades of many kinds, that contribute most effectively to their ultimate civilization.

The easy and conversational manner of the Rev. Lecturer, with his many stories and allusions to personal incidents along the route, or in connection with the various chiefs, kings and personages depicted on the screen, gave the lecture a vivid freshness and actuality

that made it most interesting and absorbing from beginning to end.

The evening's entertainment was opened and closed with a lively morceau by the College orchestra, while Master H. Wilhelm rendered, in his usual artistic style, a beautiful selection on the violin.

J. A. McGLADE, '10.



Christianity, and Its Relation to Human Endeavor.

Genesis reveals to us that an act of the Divine Will brought this world with all its wonders into being. The creation of this world was indeed but a small part of the Creator's plan, but to those who inhabit the earth, this world of ours has the most interest because we know it better, and can learn more about it than we can conjecture concerning those other systems included in the divine plan. Creation in its varied forms triumphed on earth in the creating of man gifted with those wonderful powers that distinguish him from the beast, and raise him high above all other created things of earth.

Man, despite his wonderful gifts, has wasted his energies on objects very little worthy of his attainment. Some early eastern philosophers denoted the forces of good and evil by name, and aimed at a solution of the problem determining man's purpose of existence here and his final end. The greater part of mankind, unheedful then as now, lived their lives with little thought and less concern. There were those who mastered the secrets of nature only to hold power over their fellows and to victimize them. Such knowledge sometimes made a man a priest among his people, sometimes merely a seer or magician; and if not a king in name, he was often times the power behind the throne. He shared the fortunes and the dangers that all favorites know and

must meet. Astronomers became astrologers and soothsayers; chemists became alchemists and what we now-a-days call "quacks." All science, all knowledge, was prostituted to selfishness. The policy of man towards his neighbor was of an unsympathetic character. Men, generally speaking, rarely found a high motive to urge them on in their endeavors. But if so many men were mean and low, there were as well some who were inspired to do good, and to aim at the betterment of the race. And this of course was the act of God's special providence for special purposes. The heart of man should have been inclined to charity, and the aim of his endeavors should have been so directed.

In the history of the world a chosen man had founded a chosen race. This chosen nation had received direct from God commandments requiring an all-embracing charity, commands which had been imprinted on the heart of every man from the beginning of his existence, to become more appreciated as he grew in years.

This chosen nation had kept intact the records of Revelation; it had kept intact a record of its dealings with its neighbors and with its God. It treasured and kept whole truths that held out so much hope to a pagan world; and if these truths should sift their way to the thinking minds of the pagan races, these minds would have much explained to them of the problems of life, as much explained to them at least as they would need to know.

How many of these truths became known to the pagan world must ever be a matter of conjecture. Great must have been the genius and intellect of the leaders of pagan thought if, unaided by a knowledge of the truths contained in Revelation, which had been communicated to the Jewish nation and entrusted to its priesthood, they gleaned so much concerning the purpose of man's existence here below, and could conjecture as to his further end. But we know they attained these things from the

fragments that they have left us of the thought of their times.

In these our own days we see so many who are spiritually and intellectually dead. But even these it would seem have an advantage over those of similar inclinations who lived their lives in the bygone ages. They needed a Socrates, and one was given. We now view a sublime and noble picture. This picture represents a Grecian patriot. He has served in the ranks of his country's warriors. He has lived a useful life, but he is not much appreciated. But how sublime is his plea of defense! his appeal for nobler aims in his people! his fatherly love for young men! his faithfulness to his principles! his resignation to the death his prosecutors have planned for him as a means to stop his immortal tongue from speaking the thoughts that rose in his noble mind!

He had constituted himself a teacher of Grecian youth, and thought to raise their minds to loftier ideals than those possessed by their parents. Were his noble thoughts all from his own great mind and from his observation of men's ways and his contact with his fellows? or did this Grecian soldier and patriot meet in his travels with teachers of the truths of Revelation? Did the truths that were intrusted to the Jewish priesthood and to the Jewish people, whose ways as we know them are so secretive, did these truths sift their way to Socrates, the soldier and the wayfaring patriot? These things we do not know. We do know that Socrates' teachings were far above the public appreciation of his time. Sublime as was his defense, his trial was made a mockery, so as to be of a piece with the ridiculous charges made against him. The Athenians murdered Socrates, and then resuming their moral if not intellectual state of stupor, slept.

It is a far cry from the scene that took place at Athens to the scene that took place some centuries later at Calvary. The Jews had been wandering farther and

farther from their God. They were split up into factions warring about trifles, and still grasping after the money that a rich commerce with the world presented. Material prosperity had come, and in its wake moral depravity and intellectual littleness; then came the factions and then began the disintegration of the Chosen People as a nation. The Romans were bargained with to drive off the thieving and hostile tribes that were mastering enervated Israel. The Romans did their work well, for they foresaw that such a course would soon make the land of Israel their own.

The glory of Israel had departed. Its people had been unfaithful to their trust, and had passed their usefulness to the furtherance of God's designs. Israel's spirituality had almost passed as far away as had the best things of intellectual life among the pagan nations. The Jew, with less excuse than the Gentile, was also grasping after the bubbles that, though non-essential to human happiness, appear so luxurious that they seem necessary. The Jew strained his enfeebled energies after the bubbles that even the Gentile disclaimed, and yet the Jew disclaimed the Gentile.

Then came the Divine Teacher. He was more than man; He was Son of God; He was God Himself, come to redeem the human race—Jew and Gentile. Some Jews and some Gentiles loved His doctrine of universal charity and treasured it, but the Jewish nation wanted a leader to perpetuate Jewish nationality. The leaders of the factions each wanted the Son of Man to lead or to help in leading their respective factions to success. None of them found His doctrines in accord with their aims, and they would have nothing of Him. They all plotted His death, and jeered at Him as the Romans crucified Him.

Paganism in Rome and elsewhere died with a hard fight; heresies took its place to battle with the doctrine of universal charity, and this doctrine, through the faith of its believers and through God's providence, prevailed

and became an inspiration in all lines of human endeavor. The arts and sciences of earth's children were the better for the inspiration. Spirituality attained to its highest glories in the Ages of Faith, and made beautiful every work from the hand of man that it had directed. Music, painting, architecture, and even the less expressive arts achieved their highest beauty, and were loved for their sublimity. The sciences were purged of their impurities, so to speak, by the doctrine of universal charity. They were freed from the falsehood and chicanery that debased them, and made to fill their proper place to serve man and to honor and glorify God, the origin of all we know and feel.

Christian civilization has probably reached the greatest spirituality. We have now a civilization that is aiming at the highest material development, and the civilization that has lost so much of its spiritual beauty, has lost the best of what it had of things intellectual. But Christianity from the very beginning has served a most useful purpose among men, and we would be saying a very weak thing if we only claimed that Christianity has merely made civilization a more beautiful thing. Christianity has even done more than this, for while inspiring man with nobler efforts in his everyday life, it is bringing him to the most perfect of all we know—God. It is not inspiring the arts because in our day there is little or no activity in the more intellectual arts. Machinery is doing most of our artistic work, and according to designs less admirable as to their conceptions than those which have come to us from the old masters.

Christianity has not sulked because the arts have so deserted her. Her divine origin has made her highly adaptable to any and all conditions which are to meet her through all time. She is not of human institution. She has come to us from above, and, if we love her doctrines, our endeavors here below must necessarily be noble and will most surely win for us a way to God.

Some Interesting Features of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition.

The Western Pennsylvania Exposition has become very popular among the people of the western part of the Keystone State. The exposition which inaugurated its twentieth season on September 2nd, merits the patronage it obtains. Under the capable management of prominent business men of Pittsburg, it has become the only successful annual exposition in the country.

The most popular and, to many, the most instructive feature of the exposition is the series of concerts given in Music Hall. Here the lovers of music enjoy the works of the celebrated masters, interpreted by such excellent musicians as Sousa, Creatore, Victor Herbert, Damrosch and others. Creatore, the sensational bandmaster, is always warmly welcomed in Pittsburg. Although his methods are weird and reminiscent of the whirlwind, nevertheless the grace in his gestures never fails to please the large audiences that gather to hear him. His band is composed of excellent musicians who are well qualified for their work. The Bostonia Orchestra, composed of about fifty ladies, conducted by Belle Yeaton Renfrew, highly pleased the audiences which greeted them at every performance. It is needless to say that Sousa, the favorite of favorites, was loudly applauded at every concert he gave.

A very interesting exhibit in Machinery Hall is that of the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company. The exhibit to which I refer is displayed in a tank fifty feet long and twenty-one feet wide; it consists of a representation in miniature of the Steamer *Sprague*, the largest and most powerful towing steamer in the world, towing forty-seven coal boats, two model barges of steel products, and four fuel barges, approximating about 52,350 tons. One of the model barges is loaded with miniature cotton ties, and the other with steel rails, both products of the Carnegie Steel Company.

The exhibit of the Carnegie Steel Company in the southern end of Machinery Hall is a convincing demonstration of the progress made in the manufacture of steel. A large test plate, made for the United States battleship *Delaware*, against which a projectile, ten inches thick, and weighing five hundred and ten pounds, had been fired, making but a slight impression, is exhibited. The test plate averages about ten inches in thickness and weighs about forty-nine thousand pounds; it is mounted on an oak setting about six inches broad. A sample of side armour plate for the United States battleship *North Dakota*, weighing forty-five thousand eight hundred pounds, and about nine inches thick, is included in the exhibition. A conning tower for the United States battleship *Delaware*, to be used during the progress of battle, was the object of much interest. The tower is oval shaped, being about six feet long and four feet wide at its extreme measurements; it is about six feet high, and weighs seventy-seven thousand four hundred pounds. The Harveyized armour plate vault for a bank in Youngstown, Ohio, is an excellent type of a burglar-and-fire-proof vault. The front plate of the vault weighs fifty-four thousand pounds, and the main door, twenty-six thousand six hundred pounds.

The working model of the Snee Universal Wave Motor is a representation of one of the two sixty-one ton Snee Wave Motors which the owners are installing upon a foundation composed of a solid mass of steel-reinforced concrete, in the ocean, at Atlantic City, for their first power station. The design, which works somewhat on the plan of the wheel or propeller of a steamboat, is such that all moving waters coming in contact with the motor will operate the same in but one direction, and thus, with the aid of belts, the motor is capable of generating power. It thus dispenses with fuel, and a mechanical force generated by the waves of the ocean is placed at man's disposal. Dr. W. J. McGee, one of the foremost scientists of the age, says: "Water, the greatest of all

assets, is going to waste, whereas it might be worth \$600,000,000 a year to the people in power alone." The Snee Wave Motor promises to utilize the energy of the ocean waves and materially reduce this great waste of water.

J. T. McMAHON, '09.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.*

CHAPTER I.

Introduction. Circumstances Under Which I Have Begun This Story.

You will ask why I have chosen to call myself by the rather humble name of a Cotton-Thread, when I might have selected, without untruth, the more pretentious appellation of "Yarn" or "Wool," &c. But if you have patience to await the story of my frequent changes of condition from the time I ceased to be a "plant," and if you will follow the subsequent series of my repeated metamorphoses, you will readily agree with me in admitting that, after all, even though I do form part of this comfortable looking pillow-case, I am but a mere "thread." What with "scutching" and "carding" and "drawing" and, especially, "twisting" which I have successively experienced, during my memorable career, I have, with the greatest difficulty, preserved either a remnant or a remembrance, of my original identity.

True, an ordinary person who beheld me on that never-to-be-forgotten day that I have since called my second birth-day, when I came out, clean and white and shining, like a snowy fleece, from the cruel gin that tore me from my twin-sister seed,—any ordinary person, I say, who should pluck me apart, as a separate, individual thread, from the roll of cloth into which I have

* By the REV. P. A. McDERMOTT, C. S. Sp.

been woven, would certainly not recognize me! He would wonder how I became so delicate, and yet so strong, and grown at the same time to such an extraordinary length, from which, alas! I have been cut short, to make the puny piece of cloth that is called just now a pillow-case!

But here I am, anticipating! and I have not yet told you how it occurred to me to enter upon a detailed account of my antecedents—or, if you wish, of my adventures! For, indeed, I have had lots of adventures—more, even, than a great many of those who have handled me, and tossed me about, during my career.

Behold me, therefore, as you have already heard me say, forming part of a pillow-case! Yes! and, would you believe me? stretched on the upper end of a cozy hammock, on the starboard side of the upper deck of the stately Elder-Dempster Steamer, "Zungeru." And, only a moment ago, I heard my mistress (for, I must confess it to you—it is a lady) say that we are crossing the bar in front of the Forcados River—we are about to weigh anchor, at last, in the principal mouth of the lordly Niger.

Here you will pardon me a slight digression—sufficient to let you know that my mistress is on her way to Lokoja, the Metropolis of Northern Nigeria, whither she is going, in the capacity of nurse, to the Government Hospital of that vast Protectorate. She has been quietly beguiling the lingering hours of an otherwise monotonous and sultry forenoon, by the perusal of a curious book, or booklet, I know not which, entitled "The Autobiography of a Magpie." I heard her whispered comments, in the shape of a broken soliloquy—and I, too, bethought me of the saying that "every being had its own quaint story to tell"—I remembered that fact often is stranger than fiction, that not alone the wild beasts of the forest, brought home to a prison in the "Zoo," or the songsters of the air, enticed into their gilded cage in the Aviary, or the finny inhabitants of the deep, blue waters, entrapped into the Aquarium, have their curious

tale of life's wondrous incidents to narrate—but even the silent and unresisting plant that springs up quietly and shyly in its modest retreat within the sheltered garden, or out on the open field—all have their life's history to unfold, all have their ups and downs—their bright days and their gloomy hours to register. And is not this enough to set me a thinking? now, especially, that I am returning, under such an unexpected transformation, to the scene of my early days—now that I am to have at least a passing glimpse of the bright hillside on which I first beheld the glorious light, and first felt the balmy sunshine of the African sky!

So I have concluded to add mine to the numberless Autobiographies with which (I am told) a long suffering world is already afflicted—rather in the hope that my experiences will be of profit both to my readers and to the younger members of my own family, than for any mere purpose of vulgar display or transient vanity. Besides, now that I think upon it, I can lay claim to a more ancient and extensive genealogy than ordinary people would imagine. I can even trace descent from a distinguished line of ancestry, and this, in spite of the fact that my immediate progenitors were born and brought up in the democratic atmosphere of America. Yes, American I am still bound to be called, although born on West African soil.

CHAPTER II.

My Remote Genealogy. My Present Happy Condition. Revisiting My Birth Place. Incidents of the Voyage.

It would, no doubt, weary you, gentle reader, were I to delay my story by dragging you back through these genealogical details—by telling you, for instance, of the myths and legends with which my name has been associated in the writings of even the most ancient historians, such as Herodotus of Classic Greece, or our own most credulous and quaint Sir John Mandeville. I might even be pardoned a moment's legitimate pride to

recall that some of my ancestors assisted at the banquet given to the good Queen Esther by the Persian King, Assuerus—or that our family found favor in the eyes even of great Caesar himself! The Aryan, the Celtic, the Semitic races have their well-defined limits and areas in the history of the world. But, with all due discretion and humility, I beg to asseverate that the original areas to which my family has been traced far surpass in extent those assigned to any of the above-mentioned branches of the human family, for mine is claimed by India, Asia, Egypt, Africa (proper) and America!

Neither shall I indulge in any lengthened and erudite speculations as to my family escutcheon—by which I mean my specific place in the Botanical Kingdom, except merely to state here *en passant*, as will appear more fully further on, that I belong to the princely house of *Dicotyledons*, and to the more definite branch of the *Gossypium*, which you will please retain as my generic and scientific *cognomen*, equivalent to the more vulgar, but more serviceable, name of Cotton Plant. And when I assure you that we have borne that honored name (*Gossypium*) even since the days when Pompeii was a beautiful and populous city, full of life and beauty and art, you will appreciate, and perhaps forgive, the sentiment of pride with which I look back upon that noble ancestry.

In the meantime, while recalling the above details, the pillow-case, of which I form part, has been transferred, along with its mistress, to the "Empire," one of the handsome and comfortable stern-wheelers of the Northern Nigeria Government Niger Fleet, and we have arrived at our first stopping-place, which is the wonderfully thriving and important port of Onitsha, situated about 250 miles up the Niger, from its principal mouth, at Forcados, where we left our good ship, the "Zungeru." By the bye, it will not do you any harm if I just mention, as a mere coincidence, that the said ship, one of the latest of the Elder-Dempster's West African fleet, has

been called after the capital of Northern Nigeria, Zungeru, situated in the midst of the Hausa country, some hundreds of miles northeast of Lokoja. Perhaps I may have, one day, the privilege of visiting that interesting and mysterious portion of our Empire. Now, I wish also to add, being a West African, myself, by birth, that far away as we are from what you call home, we talk a great deal more, and feel a great deal more *keen* about the Empire, than people "at home" give us credit for.

I am reminded of this, not merely, as you would guess, by the name of our river steamer, but by the interesting fact that, on this very day, Onitsha was celebrating "Empire Day." We, travelers, to whom the calendar, after awhile, becomes almost a mere souvenir, difficult to keep up with, would have perhaps forgotten all about that patriotic festival, were it not that we dropped anchor just in time to assist at its first celebration (postponed from May 24) by the boys of the Roman Catholic Schools at Onitsha Wharf, within a stone's throw of our landing-place. We could quite easily hear from the deck the strains of "God Save the King," and though my Mistress and her fellow-travelers were late for the appropriate address made to the assembled children by the genial District Commissioner, Mr. James Watt, who developed the importance and significance of the Celebration, they were happily in time to assist at the athletic sports which naturally formed the *piece de resistance* of the day's proceedings. There were races of all kinds—hurdle races, sack races, three-legged races, egg races—high jumping and broad jumping—with the climbing of a greased pole, as the crowning feat of the programme. All this created great excitement among those childishly disposed people, young and old,—and, indeed, from what I overheard my mistress say on her return, the entire event was not only a lively one, but a most agreeable one, carried on, as it was, in the midst of a long and beautiful avenue of stately Mango

trees, flanked on two sides by the splendid convent of the Sisters, as well as by the house and school-buildings of the Fathers—and running directly parallel with the great river, whose rushing waters could be heard and seen from beneath the sylvan shade. The celebration wound up with the exercise, by the Mission Fathers, of the traditional hospitality which they constantly exhibit to the river travelers, who, especially if they are going “up” for the first time, are only too eager to accept the warm and cordial welcome of this genial *pied a terre*.

But, for me, left alone on the deck of the “Empire” during all this time, our anchoring at Onitsha Wharf had a far more intimately interesting significance. For it is at this point that the first great confluent of the Niger enters the latter river from the northeast. Here we behold the clear, broad waters of the Amambara Creek, on whose elevated banks, only a few hundred yards from the mouth, stretches out the plantation on which my infant life, as a plant, was happily begun, and on which I blossomed forth into such a precious and prolific flower. But, oh! how things have changed since last year, when I was picked from the little pod that bore me within its protecting bosom, while the winds of July blew hard, or the rains of August fell strong--and gave me forth to the light of day when it split into its four or five valves—and firmly upheld me when I expanded into a soft, snowy fleece, under the ripening influence of the October sun.

A change, I say, had taken place. The long lines of ridges in what had then been the Government Experimental Plantation of Akpaca, had almost entirely disappeared,—and in their stead, a little farther on, I beheld a vast stretch of cleared and broken land, 500 acres in extent, in one continuous but undulating expanse of hill and vale, laid out, and covered, with the tiny plants that had barely time to raise their two little, green, kidney-shaped seed-leaves above the surface of the soil. It is now to be henceforth known as the “Onitsha Cotton

Plantation of the British Cotton-growing Association," to which enterprising Company it has been, within the past six months, transferred, along with a great, and most suitable, part of the surrounding country. Here, then, if you may credit my experience, is one of the finest and most important—though, perhaps, not the largest—of the newly opened up West African Cotton Fields, to which you folks at home are looking with such anxious and hopeful anticipation. But I must not further trespass on your indulgence, nor provoke more wantonly the natural impatience with which you are awaiting my adventures—and so I shall have to proceed not only with my story, but also with my journey up the river. For we have left Onitsha, and, after calling at Asaba, on the opposite bank, we are cutting mile upon mile of water from the distance (of 160 miles) that separates my birth-place from our present destination at Lokoja.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Summer's Glory Is No More.

When tints of rose deck sunset sky,
When leaves all turn to brown and gold,
When drooping flowers fall off and die,
When birds are songless in the wold,
When flail is heard on threshing floor—
Then summer's glory is no more.

J. J. HAWKS, '11.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. McGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. M. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

Our Rev. President's Silver Jubilee.

Our readers will be glad to learn a secret which cannot be any longer concealed, and which will reach most of them for the first time with this number of the BULLETIN—namely, that within the next month, on the feast of the apostle, St. Andrew, November 30th, we shall be celebrating the silver jubilee of our Very Reverend President's ordination to the priesthood.

This is evidently not the time to dwell at any length upon a theme fraught with such interest to the Pittsburg College, its students, and its alumni; but when we consider that, during all those years since his ordination, our Reverend Jubilarian has labored faithfully at the

one great task of education, and within the very walls of this one institution, without a single break to disturb the continuity of his sacerdotal and educational work, we may well be excused for believing and saying that such a record, so rare and so eminent, is sure to be properly remembered and duly celebrated.

The BULLETIN desires to be among the first to extend to the Reverend Jubilarian its greetings and good wishes.



The Mt. St. Mary Centennial.

We have listened with feelings of the deepest interest to the verbal accounts of this great celebration given by those who were privileged to assist thereat; we have seen the glowing descriptions contained in all the newspapers of the past week, and, more especially, we have read with rapt attention, as we would the pages of a novel, the magnificent alumni number of the *Mountaineer*, which tells, in such varied and attractive form, the thrilling story of a great century's achievement.

Assuredly we can all join, to the fullest extent, in the enthusiasm of our elder sister college, on this glorious anniversary, and, no matter how old or how youthful we may be in our academical career, we may well be prepared to imbibe from such a noble example fresh and powerful inspirations for earnest work, persevering effort, and ever higher ideals, in the great cause of collegiate education.

As one of her neighbors, the Pittsburg College tenders to Mt. St. Mary's her most sincere felicitations upon the great event of which she may feel so justly proud, and the BULLETIN congratulates most heartily the *Mountaineer* upon the splendid and faultless style in which she does justice to the career of her *Alma Mater*.



The Recent Eucharistic Procession in London.

Notwithstanding the antagonism of the ultra-Protestant faction of Great Britain, the procession of the Eucharistic Congress in London was, though in a modified form, permitted. A protest to the Premier and the Home Secretary purposing to prevent the procession was made by the "London Council of Fifty-one United Protestant Societies." Complying with the request of Premier Asquith, the Cardinal Legate did not carry the Sacred Host, but at the conclusion of the procession the Blessed Sacrament was exposed from the balcony of Westminster Cathedral. It was adored by the kneeling faithful, who compensated by their attitude of deepest veneration, and lively faith, for the insults offered by those who noisily demonstrated their narrow-minded intolerance.

The religious press of America, both Catholic and non-Catholic, regret the action taken by the Protestant Societies of England toward the Eucharistic Congress. The "bigotry" of the Societies was shown in its full light. *The Churchman* (New York, Protestant Episcopal) thinks that the type of fanaticism, manifested by the Protestant opposers, "can not have much numerical backing." *The Presbyterian Banner* (Pittsburg) declares that "Protestant England was untrue to its principles and did itself no credit."

J. T. McM.



The Chapel Car.

The four days, beginning with October 17th, the missionary chapel car, St. Anthony, of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, was on exhibition in Pittsburg at the Union depot. Owing to the great demand from the various sections of the country for an opportunity to view the car, it was decided, some time ago, by the Catholic Church Extension Society, to release it from active service for a few weeks, and to

send it on an exhibition tour over the eastern section of the United States. The church-on-wheels, as the car is frequently called, having already finished a trip through the West, will, on leaving Pittsburg, make a tour of the leading cities of the East, finally returning to Chicago in time for the big missonary conference opening on November 15th.

The chapel car, with all its furnishings complete, is the donation of Mr. Ambrose Petry, of New York, President of the Commercial Securities Company, and recently honored by Pope Pius X. with the title of Knight of St. Gregory the Great.

The car, in appearance, looks like the ordinary Pullman coach of the dark green variety. It carries a complete chapel with movable pews, and has a seating capacity of fifty. It has private staterooms for the priest in charge, the superintendent and the negro domestic; a lavatory, library, dining-room and kitchen. There is however precisely only one place for everything in this glorified Pullman. It is a marvel of comprehensiveness, from the miniature organ at the front door to the miniature kitchen at the rear. In a word, it is not only a church-on-wheels, but a whole parochial establishment.

The interior furnishings of the chapel are elegant and complete, the panelling and pews being of highly polished mahogany. The altar fittings are simple, but sufficient, and the missionary quarters are thoughtfully and comfortably provided for.

Father A. P. Landray is the chaplain in charge, and Mr. George C. Hennessy is the superintendent. Since its dedication, a little over a year ago, the chapel car has traveled in twenty States, carrying the Gospel into the byways and neglected corners of the country, and with such success that it is proposed to build two more traveling churches as soon as the necessary funds can be procured.

But, apart from what may be seen in connection with the chapel car itself, and taking into account the

wonderful things already accomplished: the character and extent of their beautiful magazine, the numbers of mission churches erected all over the country, the donations elicited for all kinds of missionary work, including books, and other articles of devotion, we must confess, without the slightest fear of exaggeration, that "it is, indeed, a tremendous thing the Church Extension Society has undertaken to do," and we hope that the zealous and generous people of Pittsburg will not be behind their brethren of East and West in responding abundantly to the urgent appeals which they rightly make for more funds.

GEORGE J. BULLION, '09.



COLLEGE NEWS.

The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, on October 19 and 20, assisted at the meetings of the executive board of the Catholic Educational Association, held in the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. On the two following days, he represented the college at the centennial celebration of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

Since the departure of the Rev. John Griffin for Cornwells, Pa., the Rev. H. J. Goebel is sole treasurer of the college.

Elections of Class Presidents resulted as follows: (Senior) T. J. Dunn, (Junior) J. A. Habrowski, (Sophomore) G. P. Angel, (I. Academic) J. F. Gallagher, (II. Academic) J. F. McGraw, (III. Academic A) J. J. Lydon, (III. Academic B) A. J. McCaughan, (IV. Academic) C. J. Miller, (Junior Scientific) T. H. Skarry, (Sophomore Sc.) A. S. Zink, (Freshman Sc.) E. J. Averman, (I. Commercial) H. E. Emmons, (II.) G. McC. Doris, (III.) P. J. Joyce, (IV.) M. A. Snyder, (Grammar A) P. M. Clarke, (Grammar B) J. Passafiume.

The College T. A. U. held a meeting on October 14, under the direction of the Rev. A. B. Mehler, and elected the following officers: First Vice-President, R. V. Conway; Second Vice-President, G. M. Dugan; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Harrigan; Financial Secretary, J. J. Hawks; Treasurer, J. J. Lappan; Librarian, E. A. Wilson; Marshal, M. A. Muldowney.

The several Sodalities have been organized. Elections are being held, and the days for the meetings of members have been determined.

The First Term Examinations are scheduled for the first week in November. They will be written in all subjects, and oral in classics, modern languages, book-keeping and commercial law. The results will be proclaimed in the college hall on Tuesday, November 10. Honor certificates will be awarded to all students who obtain at least 60 per cent. in all subjects of their course, and 80 per cent. in at least two subjects.



ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Sunday evening concerts prove an attractive and interesting feature of our school life. During the year the various classes take their turn, and supply the music, recitations and vocal selections, of the programme. Beginning in the month of October, they continue until the oratorical and elocutionary contests held in the college hall on the eve of Decoration Day. The first entertainment consisted in the lecture and musical numbers written up at length in the first part of this BULLETIN. The programmes that have been rendered since are given below:

October 18.

Two-Step,	A Big Night,	Van Alstyne,	Orchestra
Vocal Solo,	The Evening Breeze,	J. J. Millard	
Mandolin Solo,	Southern Airs;	E. J. McKnight	

DEBATE—Resolved, That Socialism under any form is inconsistent either with the morals of the individual or the prosperity of the State.

Chairman, T. J. Dunn

Affirmative—J. A. McGlade, G. J. Bullion

Negative—R. V. Conway, C. K. Kaylor

October 25.

March, Japanese Brigade, *Nirella*, Orchestra
Recitation, The Italian Immigrant, G. M. Dugan
Flute Solo, Kinloch of Kinloch, R. Griffith
Piano and Violin, Flower Song, J. P. Egan, C. J. McGuire
Gavotte, Corn Huskin', *Corin*, Orchestra
Recitation, If Washington Should Come to Life,
J. J. Hawks

Cello Solo, Festival Polonaise, R. A. Telerski
Musicale, Pussy, Corin, Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That the

be elected by the direct vote of the people.

Chairman, P. A. Lipinski
Affirmative—P. A. Dugan, G. P. Angel

J. M. Dugan



ATHLETICS

The football season is now well on, and the average college student is strictly in his element during recreation hours, either manifesting his skill and daring against opposing players or practising the tricks and combinations

to figure in the next contest. So successful has been the coaching, and so spontaneous the response to it, that no college team so far has suffered defeat, and we look forward with confidence to maintaining this excellent record until the season of 1908 passes into history. It is a noteworthy fact that only 2 points have been scored against the three teams that represent the college, whilst our boys have run up a grand total of 77. The records of the several teams follow:

The Freshman Team.

The Freshman Team opened the season at Hazelwood, and scored a well-earned victory over St. Stephen's Lyceum by a touchdown and goal to nil. Moorhead received the ball from Kaylor on a criss-cross, and scored from the forty-yard line.

The second game played was on the college campus, the opponents being the Pittsburg Academy. The score, 31-0, tells the tale.

In the game with the Braddock Scholastics, Charles McGuire secured the ball on a fumble, and advanced it to the one-yard line after a thirty yard run; Creighton carried it over the line, and Muldowney kicked goal.

Two other games that had been scheduled were not played; rain prevented the East Liverpool High School from lining up against our boys, and the bigotry of a N. Braddock High School team which refused to play the representatives of a Catholic institution, occasioned the cancellation of the game that respective managers had arranged.

The Juniors.

The Juniors have pluckily lined up against heavier teams with results that deserve congratulation. Braddock High School suffered defeat, 6-0. St. John's High School played a no-score game, and the Van Collegians tied, 2-2. Doris, Szabo, Ley, Fedigan, Haggerty, Fisher, Linnermann, Snyder, Blundon and Joyce, all deserve credit for their excellent showing on the campus.

The Minims.

True to the Minim records of previous years, the Minims have won all their games. They defeated the Lawrence A. A., 5-0; the Lincoln A. C., 6-0; the Hazelwood A. C., 5-0; and the Lucky A. C., 10-0. Snyder, Esser and Sullivan made the touchdowns.

Gymnastics.

Gymnastic classes will be organized immediately after the examinations. Professor Koch will be in attendance on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

REV. S. A. DURA, '04, has been recently ordained for the diocese of Green Bay, Wis.

We had lately the pleasure of meeting the Rev. J. J. Huettel, '02, pastor of Abilene, Texas. He was home on a short vacation from his distant mission. His parish covers a territory of two hundred square miles.

REV. C. M. KEANE, '05, has been appointed assistant at St. Francis Xavier's, California Ave., N. S.

DR. W. CLAUDE PUHL and Dr. Richard Maroney successfully passed the State examinations, and are now duly qualified dentists. Dr. Puhl has opened an office at 815 Federal St., N. S., and Dr. Maroney is associated with Dr. Harris in the Lewis Block, Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street.

PROFESSOR M. J. McMAHON, Principal of the Duquesne Schools, delivered, before the members of the Pittsburg Lyceum on October 23, a scholarly, instructive and interesting address entitled "America and Some Other Countries."

WILLIAM TOTTEN, formerly treasurer of the Nixon and Alvin Theatres, has gone into the brokerage business. His offices are on the third floor of the Farmers' Bank Building.

CHARLES TOTTEN is the junior member of the firm of Coll & Totten, real estate and insurance agents, 5914 Penn Avenue.

ALBERT TOTTEN is associated with his father in the hardware business, 245 Third Avenue.

JOSEPH P. CLEARY has taken up the study of medicine at Georgetown University. Mr. Cleary will undoubtedly prove one of the most popular students in that institution. His wide experience as a soldier in the Philippines when bullets flew thick and fast, and as a member of the Tri-State News Bureau during several campaigns when literary work averaged sixteen and eighteen hours a day, has supplied him with a fund of anecdotes and personal reminiscences that can not fail to interest and amuse the Georgetown "Sawbones."

HARRY L. MURPHY, also, has become a devotee of Aesculapius, with Georgetown as the scene of his activities. Harry, we are told, rooms with Charley Duffy; both will keep alive the memories of base ball victories on our diamond. Will it not be a source of legitimate pride to us some months hence to read in the sporting columns of the Eastern journals that our southpaw—who invariably pitched winning ball during the two seasons he wore a P. C. college uniform—has turned the trick on Yale and Harvard, with Duffy at the receiving end?

JOHN P. MCATEER, '08, is employed as stenographer at the General Storeroom of the Allegheny County Light Co.

S. J. HEIMBUECHER, '08, is with the Order of Unity Insurance Co., 602 Murtland Building.

J. J. MILLARD, '09.



JUST JOTTINGS.

IN regard to Harry Gilbert's work in James Hawkes' play, "Willie's Triumph," one of the critics of the *Bingville Bugle* said: "If Mr. Gilbert got what he deserved, he would be canned and then preserved."

THE Junior Boarders are always accompanied by A. Cop(p) when they go out for a walk.

KAJMIERSKI declares that his vocal organs are located in his shoes. You are right, Kajmierski; they are never far from the seat of intelligence.

CHARLEY CLAIR must be by this time a highly

qualified jockey; for three years he has ridden on the B. & O.

PROFESSOR.—Boys, I want you to hand in a composition on Friday.

STUDENT.—What shall we write about?

Professor.—Hand in anything except autobiographies; I don't like to read about donkeys.

GELM says that Lycidas must have been a countryman of his; a misprint is responsible for the following reading in his edition of Milton:

“For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his beer.”

GET together, boys. We ought to have a Rooters' Club.

EGAN was buying music, and selected “The Last Rose of Summer,” “The Cottage by the Sea,” “Annie Laurie,” “The Old Armchair,” and “Old Dog Tray.” Finding that he had not enough money with him to pay for the five pieces, he said to the salesman: “Kindly pin the last rose of summer on Annie Laurie, take her to the cottage by the sea, seat her in the old armchair, and let old dog Tray watch her while I am getting fifty cents.”

MULDOWNEY has so many bumps on his head from playing football that he stoves his fingers every time he runs them through his hair.

THE Sophomores think they are the best watched class in the college: they have an Angel to guard them.

“Do tell me.”

“No, I like to keep people in suspense.”

“You'd make a good hangman.”

THE Sophomore class is well represented amongst the office-holders in the C. T. A. U.; Hawkes is Financial Secretary; Harrigan, Recording Secretary; Grattan Dugan, Second Vice-President.

DON'T you know what W. C. T. U. means? Whiskey can't touch us.

HARRIGAN says that if he were in Africa and could not get any tobacco to smoke, he would smoke a herring.

G. V. DUGAN, '11.



EXCHANGES.

Slowly our Exchanges are beginning to put in their appearance and adorn our sanctum. To all we extend a hearty welcome, and we trust that the good-fellowship of former years will mark our continued acquaintance.

The *Xavier* is filled with excellent matter and may vie with the leading school magazines in its variety of contributions. "He Forgot" and the "Lament of the Business Editor" should prove efficacious remedies for dispelling despondency. "Garcia Morena," a prize speech, deserves special comment on account of its sonorous sentences and its effective presentation of facts. "Letters to the Editor," in which persons interested in the work of the college express their views on topics relative to the institution, is a novel and noteworthy feature.

Among the many good things found in the *Saint Vincent Journal* the best, in our opinion, is the "Aesthetic Principle." The author may justly feel proud of this scholarly essay which merits to be read and reread. The writer takes us into a forest in autumn, where we may behold the mighty oak and the tiny acorn; and then he bids us consider that, though vast may be their difference in magnitude, still they are ever associated. The young philosopher then expatiates with an attractive development on the immortal truths of our Religion. The essay abounds in suggestive thoughts, such as: "Creatures are perfect, good, or beautiful only in as far as they possess and reflect those qualities which the Supreme Artificer meant for them when He reared the mighty dome of heaven and sent the myriad stars upon their dizzy tracks

through space, to mark the waning day and year, and lure aloft the mind of him, the noblest work of all—man.”

It gratified us to receive the fiftieth anniversary number of the *Solanian*. Space forbids us to dwell at length on the merits of this delightful magazine; suffice it to say that it has always found high favor in our sanctum. This number especially embodies high-class literature and reflects credit on the institution. In “The Presidential Contest” the author manifests a deep insight into the political theories of the present day. The “Garden of Thy Soul” is an excellent poem, the drift of which is contained in these lines:

“Let thy virtues be the flowers, and thy soul
The garden where they blossom under thy control.”

We heartily congratulate the Franciscan Order on the auspicious rounding out of its fiftieth anniversary, and hope that the *Solanian* will always rank among our foremost college magazines.

The Comencement Address in the *Niagara Index* merits special recognition. The oration in a comprehensive manner dwells on the two essential principles of success,—labor and the cultivation of the ideal. God himself is the most perfect model of activity and energy; Christ, while on earth, preached energy and labor by example; and “inanimate nature also shows forth activity at every point.” Failure will sooner or later overtake him who relies on talent or genius; for “talent is only another word for hard, unremitting toil.” “The reason why so many brilliant college courses are not the beginning, but the end, of successful careers is not that we have too much of the ideal, but rather that we use too little of it. Young men must realize these ideals out of the matter of fact, the concrete, the practical.”

It is always a pleasure for us to receive in our sanctum so attractive a magazine as the *Dial*. It is instructive in subject matter and gemmed with verse. “The Ceaseless Cry” is an exquisite sonnet possessing a

rythmical swing and depth of feeling. "Critical Reading of History a Duty of the Catholic" and the "Greatest of the Centuries" are well developed and instructive articles.

The *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian* maintains its former high literary standard. The melodious poems, "Hearts of Gold" and "The Indian Summer," are fraught with delicate sentiments.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.

Freehold Real Estate Co.

334 FOURTH AVENUE.

Conducts a General Renting, Selling and
Insurance Business.

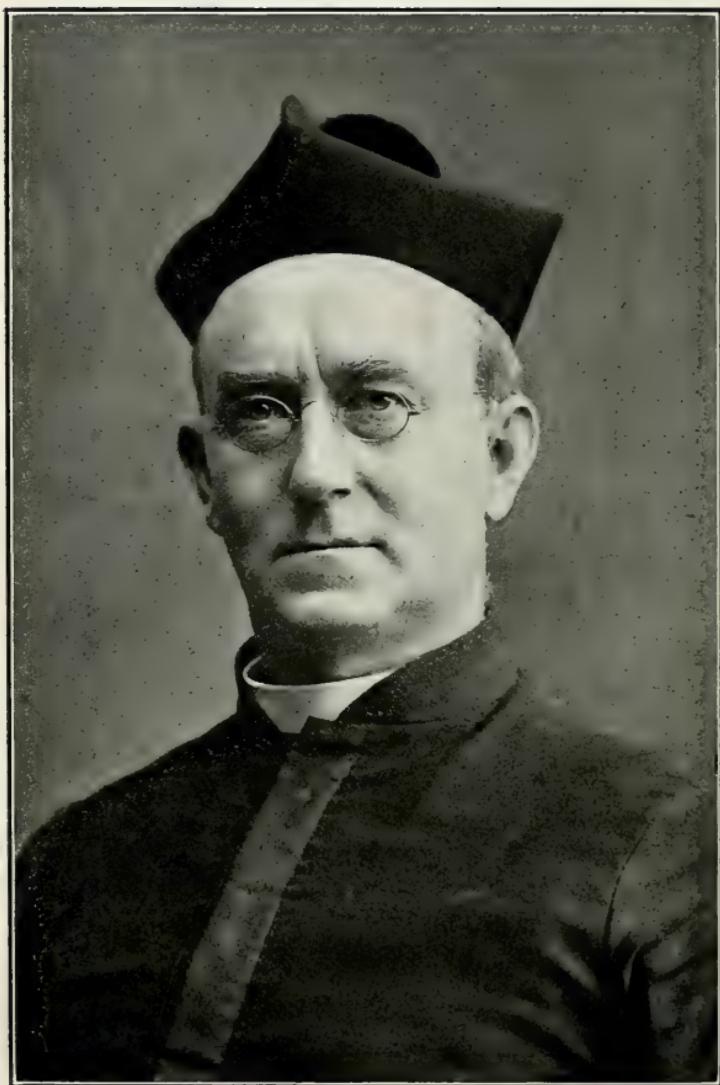
OFFICERS:

H. P. HAAS, GEO. H. FLINN, FRANK T. LAUINGER,
President. Vice President. Sec. and Treas.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
K E Y S T O N A
FLAT FINISH
FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS.

A Flat, Velvet Finish, now in mode, reproducing exactly the rich, soft, eye-restful effect of Cartridge Paper, yet cleanable as tiling; suitable for interior decorating of Dwellings, Office Buildings, Hospitals, School Houses and Public Buildings where Sanitary Features are essential and important.

C. A. MICHEL & CO.
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
620 Smithfield St. PITTSBURG, PA.



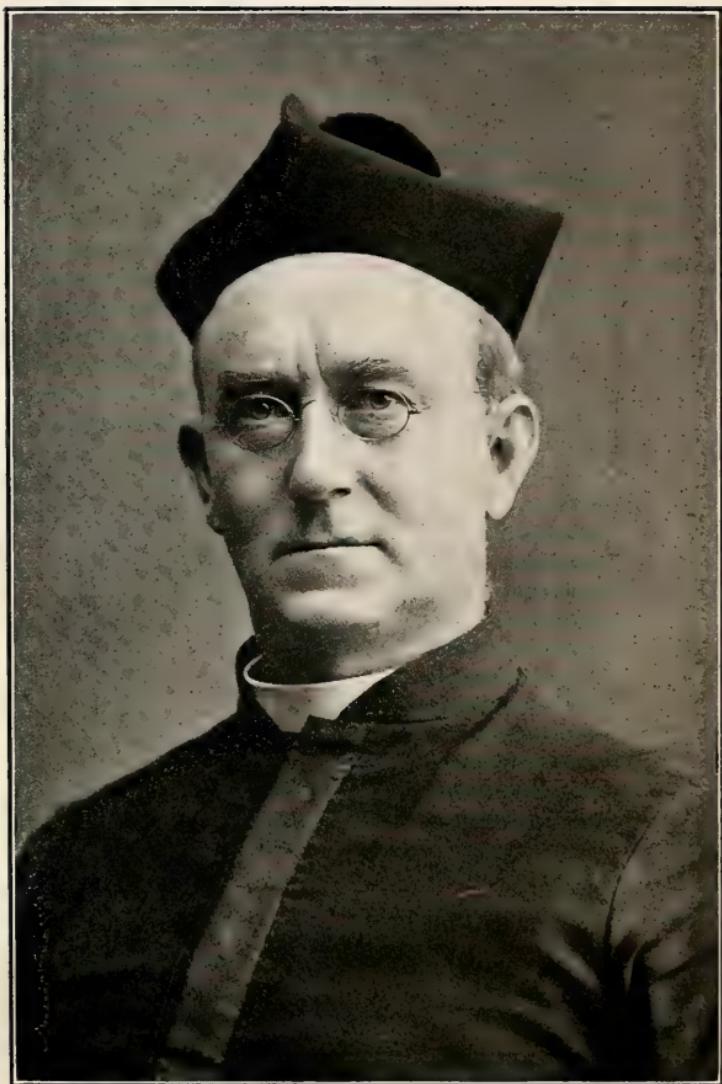
VERY REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. SP.



Refreshing, strengthening, as years shall onward glide.

NOVEMBER 30th, 1908.

C. A. MAYER, '09.

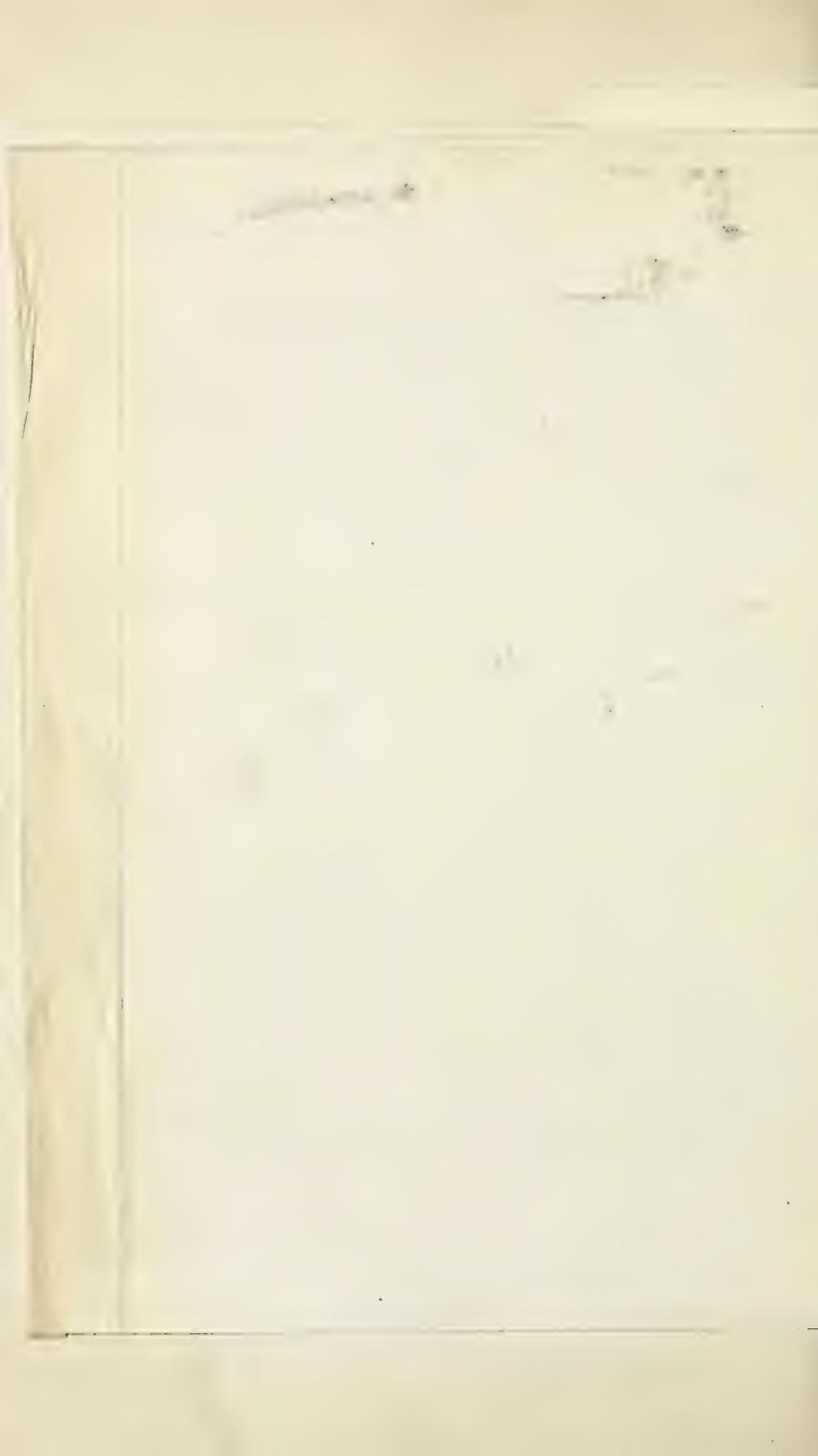


VERY REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. SP.

2



THE JUBILEE DINNER



Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV. Pittsburg, Pa., December, 1908. No 3.

To Our Very Reverend Jubilarian.

Let joyous peals of music swell the hall,

High from the tower where blows the shrilly wind

Let sway the flag, festoon the honored wall.

Let gladsome thoughts to-day be unconfined,

Let myriad tapers, flowers of every kind

Bedeck God's shrine, for now have passed away

Some five and twenty years since grace inclined

A generous soul to tread perfection's way

As priest, apostle, on to Heaven's eternal day.

With honor hast thou held thy sacred post.

Thy prayers, incessant toils, were not in vain

That Pittsburg might a Catholic College boast:

Attest it dome of lore, my words sustain.

True to thine office thou didst e'er remain

Instructor of its youth, thy noble aim,

To teach them every passion to restrain,

To love their God, contemn mere worldly fame:

Thy sons this truth attest and with loud voice acclaim.

For duty done thou askest nothing more,

We know, than Heaven's grace, the best

Proof of God's love; yet we, our studies o'er,

Will gratefully, when by dire storms oppressed,

When on the sea of life we're tossed in quest

Of true success, by thy sound precepts guide

Our life-boat till we reach the port of rest.

Meantime thy memory shall with us abide,

Refreshing, strengthening, as years shall onward glide.

Our Silver Jubilee Celebration.

On November 30, the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the College, surrounded by members of his community, Faculty and students, and honored by the presence of high Church dignitaries and clergy, secular and regular, representing the Pittsburg and neighboring dioceses, together with his numerous personal friends and friends of the College, celebrated solemnly the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The Most Holy Father, Pope Pius X., had sent his Apostolic Blessing to the Reverend Jubilarian, the members of the Faculty, the students, present and past, and all the benefactors of the institution.

From an early hour the students of the College, boarders and day-scholars, had assembled to congratulate him and to offer him, as a testimonial of their lively sentiments in his regard, a beautiful gold chalice which was to be both a memorial of their esteem and a souvenir of this happy occasion. Numerous other gifts expressive of the appreciation of many friends that had already reached him were displayed in one of the halls of the institution.

At 10 o'clock the ceremonies opened with a procession formed by the visiting clergy for the purpose of conducting the Jubilarian with the ministers of the Mass to the high altar, which was profusely decorated with tapers and flowers, and ablaze with electric lights.

In the meantime the chapel had been filled to its utmost seating capacity with students and with visitors who had come from even distant parts of the country.

The clergy assisting the Rev. Jubilarian at the altar were Rev. L. A. O'Connell, of the Epiphany, deacon; Rev. W. J. McMullen, of St. Paul's Cathedral, sub-deacon; and Rev. M. A. McGarey, of Wilmerding, master of ceremonies—all of whom were students at the College during Father Hehir's incumbency. The head

master of ceremonies was aided in various capacities by the Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp., and Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp., while the minor functions were creditably discharged by J. J. Millard, F. Shields, Peter A. Lipinski, C. J. Mills, M. F. McManus, and J. C. McDonough.

In the sanctuary the chief places were occupied by the Rt. Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, D. D., bishop of the diocese; Rt. Rev. P. J. Donahue, D. D., bishop of Wheeling; Rt. Rev. J. J. Hartley, D. D., bishop of Columbus.

The vocal music of the Mass, in strict Gregorian chant, was beautifully rendered by a select soprano choir specially trained by Professor Koch, and alternating Rev. H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., and Rev. T. A. Wrenn, C. S. Sp.

Immediately after the Gospel, Rev. John Price, of St. James' Church, W. E., ascended the pulpit and delivered an impressive and learned sermon on the dignity and duties of the priesthood, with special application to the Rev. Jubilarian. This latter feature was admirably dwelt upon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, who added in strong and eloquent words his personal testimony to the services rendered by the Rev. Father Hehir to the cause of higher education in this community.

The solemn Mass was succeeded by Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, of which Bishop Canevin himself was the celebrant.

After a short interval, of which the visitors, lay and clerical, profited to express to the Jubilarian their personal congratulations, the members of the clergy were conducted to the spacious hall, tastefully decorated with national, papal, and college colors, to partake of a substantial repast provided for them by the College authorities. The proceedings were enlivened by the rendition of a select programme of instrumental music by the College orchestra under the efficient direction of

Professor C. B. Weis, who had composed for the occasion a special *morceau* entitled "Jubilee March."

The toasts ably proposed by the versatile pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Rev. W. Graham, were responded to in the following order: The Occasion, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin; The Pope, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Columbus; Our Religious Orders, by Rev. Father Agatho, O. M. Cap.; Our Jubilarian, by Rev. C. Coyne, L. L. D.; Our Graduates, by Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D.; Our Guests, by Very Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Order.

Response of the Reverend Jubilarian.

I feel most grateful to all and each of you for your presence here to-day, especially as I know many of you have put yourselves to great inconvenience in coming. Whilst fully appreciating the honor your presence does me, I do not consider it merely as a personal honor; I feel that you came more to honor the priesthood, to honor the institution over which I happen to preside, and to encourage the cause of college education to which I have devoted myself during the best part of my life. Were I to consult my personal wishes, there would be no celebration to-day, but the fathers of the College wished to have it, and I felt bound to accede to their desires. I wish to thank them in a special manner, and also the good brothers of our community, who have prepared this banquet for us.

To each of the bishops present, I wish to express my great gratitude, and, first of all, to our beloved bishop. I have known him for twenty-five years, but it is especially since he became bishop that I have had occasion to admire his many sterling qualities, his wonderful administrative ability, his great capability for work, his untiring zeal and devotedness. I thank him most sincerely for his admirable address this morning, and for the many kind and encouraging words he has uttered here this afternoon concerning me and the College. I wish, on

this occasion, to thank him for his many testimonies of good will to our institution; for his generosity in helping us and in helping deserving students; for the encouragement and wise counsels he has given me in my work. To Bishop Donahoe and Bishop Hartley I also wish to express my thanks. Both have been staunch and loyal friends of the Holy Ghost College. I appreciate more than words can tell the honor they have done me in being present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination to the holy priesthood.

I am, indeed, pleased to see so many of the clergy, both secular and regular, with us to-day. I note with satisfaction how the various religious orders of the diocese of Pittsburg have sent representatives. Among the large body of the secular clergy who have honored us, on this occasion, I feel it a duty and a pleasure to voice my great debt of gratitude to the eloquent preacher, Rev. J. Price, for his learned and touching discourse this morning; to the toastmaster, Rev. W. Graham, for the kind words said, and the masterly manner in which he discharged the office assigned to him; and to Rev. Dr. Coyne, for his brilliant address and the sentiments that prompted his too flattering remarks about the Jubilarian.

For the past twenty-five years, besides devoting most of my time and effort to college duties, I have labored side by side with our devoted secular priests in the work of the sacred ministry. This, it is true, has been for me a labor of love, especially when I recall the friendly and fraternal spirit and the courteous hospitality they have always extended to me. We, priests, know and realize that we are all ordained for the same end—to save souls, to labor for the uplifting and education of our Catholic people in parishes, schools and colleges. The work may vary, but the object is always the same. It has always been a source of pleasure for me, and for the other members of our Faculty, when possible, to lend a helping hand to our brother priests in the confessional and the

pulpit, or to replace them when taking a much-needed holiday.

I feel that all here have prayed for me this morning, so that, henceforward, I may be a more worthy minister of Christ, and a more zealous dispenser of the mysteries of God; may He pardon my failings and imperfections during the past twenty-five years! Truly grateful for the sentiments expressed in your letters of acceptance of the invitations sent to you by my *confreres*, I thank you, all and each, bishops and priests, for your presence, for your good wishes, and especially for your prayers.

The members of the Senior and Junior classes rendered valuable services as ushers throughout the celebration.

The following clergy were present: Rt. Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg; Rt. Rev. P. J. Donahue, D. D., Bishop of Wheeling; Rt. Rev. J. J. Hartley, D. D., Bishop of Columbus; Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. L. Tobin, V. G.; Rt. Rev. Mgr. W. Kittell; Very Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp.; Revs. Anselm, O. C. C.; J. A. Baumgartner, C. S. Sp.; Bernardine, C. P.; Boniface, O. C. C.; J. F. Brady, P. Brady, T. Bryson, Clement, C. P.; T. F. Coakley, D. D.; Chrysostom, O. M. Cap.; C. Coyne, LL. D.; J. M. Dangelzer, C. S. Sp.; J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp.; D. J. Devlin, P. R.; T. Devlin, LL. D.; C. Fallon, J. Fleck, C. S. Sp.; P. J. Fullen, C. S. Sp.; D. J. Gallagher, E. J. Galway, J. Garrigan, T. Gillen, H. J. Goebel, P. R., LL. D.; H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp.; P. Goepfert, C. S. Sp.; W. Graham, Gregory, O. S. B.; J. Griffin, C. S. Sp.; J. D. Hagan, D. J. Haggerty, M. Hughes, C. M. Keane, J. M. Kilgallen, M. P. Kinkead, M. Krupinski, A. A. Lambing, LL. D.; Berthold O. Lauzau, O. C. C.; J. Lestrohan, C. S. Sp.; P. Maher, T. J. Maniecki, C. S. Sp.; P. F. May, A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp.; J. Meyer, L. Meyer, T. Meyer, C. S. Sp.; J. Moore, F. J. McCabe,

M. McCarthy, J. L. McCann, H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; T. McEnrue, M. A. McGarey, H. McHugh, P. R.; W. J. McMullen, Chrysostom, C. P.; L. A. O'Connell, J. P. O'Connor, F. F. O'Shea, P. R.; T. F. O'Shea, J. Otten, C. S. Sp.; J. Price, F. Retka, C. S. Sp.; M. Retka, C. S. Sp.; J. Richert, C. S. Sp.; M. Ryan, LL. D.; W. J. Ryan, A. H. Schoppol, D. Schloesser, C. S. Sp.; D. Shanahan, M. J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.; C. J. Steppling, J. Szwarcok, C. S. Sp.; A. Thome, C. S. Sp.; C. Tomaszewski, C. S. Sp.; J. Vogt, J. Ward, J. Wernert, C. SS. R.; J. Willms, C. S. Sp.; L. Woelfel, T. A. Wrenn, C. S. Sp.; C. Weigand.

The Sermon by the Rev. John Price.

"Let the priests that rule well, be esteemed worthy of double honor; especially they who labor in the word and doctrine."

—I. TIM., V. 17.

Whilst I admit that it is, in one sense, an easy matter to tell why we are gathered in this chapel, and why we employ so much pomp and circumstance in the celebration of Holy Mass as our Jubilee's most befitting initial number, yet, in another sense, I confess that it is a difficult task—though a labor of love—to lay before your minds the significance of this jubilation and the explanation of the moving causes that find such manifest and solemn exhibition.

Twenty-five years ago, Father Hehir, then a youth, in response to a divine call, threw himself prostrate on the pavement of a sanctuary in the distant city of Paris, France, and proffered his life with all its powers to perpetual service in the priesthood of Jesus Christ. By his act of sacrifice he placed himself in the hands of the divine Artist, to receive a new breath of life, to be, in a sense, a new sort of incarnation, by becoming an *alter ego* of Jesus Christ. Twenty-five years ago, after prayers of Holy Church, imposition of Apostolic hands, and sacred anointings, our jubilarian left the episcopal presence a

vested, consecrated priest, henceforth to live, to think, to speak, as a priest, and to do the sublime works of his beloved and chosen Master. By his ordination he was singled out from the mass of men, set apart and commissioned for a special and divine ministry. We read in Scripture of the anointing of David, how he was singled out from the midst of his brethren, called from the care of a sheepfold to a loftier and mightier mission, and set apart as royal through the symbol of a holy unction. That beautiful boy had hitherto lived out in the open and on the hillsides, leading a pure, simple, natural shepherd's life, guarding his white-robed herds that loved his presence, and sometimes seeing them reflected as it were in the little packs of fleece-like clouds that slowly moved through the blue of the Palestine sky. But when the priest Samuel had poured the sacred oil on that young man's head, the inspired text significantly adds: "The Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." So when the young man, Martin Hehir, rose from the knees of the bishop who had begotten him in Christ, and realized that he was an anointed priest, he found that his life was changed in its currents, perspectives, and environments; from that day forward he was something new in God's eyes, in the eyes of his fellowmen, and even in his own eyes. To him all mundane ambitions and interests became a sealed book; henceforth, and for all time, he was to be solely and wholly in the things of God. Over him on that auspicious day the divine voice had practically said, as once on Tabor over our Great High Priest: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." An awful sublimity had caught him up and awful powers had been given into his hands. Man, as a creature, is made "a little lower than the angels," but the man elevated to the priesthood passes the angelic reaches of power, because he shares the powers of the alone Holy, the alone Lord, the alone Most High, Jesus Christ. "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore,

and teach all nations." "As the Father hath sent me, so I send you."

When the thought comes home to the newly-ordained priest that he has been selected and set apart by a divine will and unction for a work like that of the priesthood; when he is brought to feel that life must henceforth have meanings that reach far beyond self, and that are identified with the purposes of Jesus Christ, how strange it is that he is not overwhelmed and crushed by the very weight of the superexcelling, superhuman, divine fact! How strange it is, in the face of this sublime dignity and of its dread functions, that a deep tide of joy sweeps over him instead of one of terror! Yet it is a fact. The spirit of the Lord is what changes all. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." To be chosen by an earthly sovereign or to be selected by our Holy Father, the Pope, for an important mission, brings joy as well as anxiety, for it brings opportunity to manifest the measure of one's loyalty. Yet the joyous exultation in a priest's heart is not one of pride; no shallow vanity holds his soul captive. The priest's joy is like Mother Mary's, which is so admirably expressed in her immortal song: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for he hath regarded the humility of his hand-maid, and behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed; for he that is mighty hath done great things in me." So humility and joy mingle their voices harmoniously in the heart of the priest.

But with the sense of dignity and of responsible ministry, comes a conception of the broadness of his life and of the glorious work of the priest. To know that God hath called and anointed him to continue the exalted mission of Jesus Christ makes him realize the solemn significance of the priesthood, and the vast disproportion that exists between his fitness and his sublime vocation. The more that the priest is sure that he has been chosen and set apart for Christ-work, the

more conscious does he become of the deficiencies that may hinder or prevent the discharge of his high office. The exalting thought, which is at once the humbling thought, makes holiness imperative, and, in an earnest soul, the resolution takes form to sanctify oneself, in order to be worthy to perform the truly sacred office to which one has been freely consecrated.

It will not be amiss to portray at least two of the chief powers of the priest, that through a closer and more vivid view of them, in relief, the grace that is in us priests through the imposition of hands, may be stirred up anew, and thus make us realize more and more the dignity which is ours, and move us to the endeavor to live up to the height to which we have been lifted, and, consequently, the more worthily to exercise our ministry.

When Nathan said to repentant David: "The Lord hath taken away thy sin," he merely announced a fact that he had had no part in effecting. He made a declaration, but he gave no absolution. Nathan was only a divine spokesman. He had no solidarity with God in the remission of the king's guilt. But the priest of Jesus Christ speaks in the first person: "*Ego te abservo.*" No man had ever dared to use such an astounding formula from the world's beginning until Jesus Christ said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall retain, etc." From that time forth, the priest has been associated personally and actively with Jesus Christ in the destruction of sin. "As the Father hath sent me, so I send you."

But the priest is the priest especially in that he offers sacrifice. The priesthood of Aaron was divine, exalted, worthy of reverence, and holy. But the victims that the Aaronic priest sacrificed upon Israel's altars were creatures vastly inferior to himself. He essayed to win divine pleasure and pardon for his own sins and for the sins of the people by shedding the blood of oxen and of goats, of sheep and of rams. But the Catholic priest

with bloodless hands offers to Heaven "*hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam*"—Jesus Christ Himself. He gathers up all the sacrifices of the Old Law and merges them in one clean and real oblation. He holds up the realty and not the type. He raises daily the Cross on the new Calvary with the sacrificed Lord fastened thereon. To accomplish this stupendous sacrifice, the priest works a series of miracles when, in virtue of the words of Jesus Christ which he makes his own, he transubstantiates bread and wine into the Body and Blood of his Lord. In thus giving us Jesus Christ Himself, the priest equals in dignity the Blessed Mother of God, and surpasses her in power.

Twenty-five years ago our Jubilarian began to exercise these tremendous priestly powers. But let me remark here: it is one thing simply to exercise these powers, quite another thing to exercise them worthily. Such sacred functions demand sanctity of life. Pure must be the soul, pure the heart, pure the lips, pure the hands, that take hold of Jesus Christ in sacrifice, or receive Him in Communion, or give Him to others. The priest of Jesus Christ ought to be a second Jesus Christ!

The ideal priest is the Christ-like priest in so far as Christ is imitable. But who is truly Christ-like? Even the angels would be unworthy, if they were measured by the metewand of sanctity. But it was not to angels that Christ granted priestly powers; it was not to these essentially pure natures that He gave command to handle Him in sacrifice, or dispense Him in Communion, or to lay in His name upon human souls an absolving touch. No! all the dread powers of the priesthood with their inherent responsibilities Jesus confided to men—weak, fallible men, men of flesh and of blood and of passions. With the imposition of such powers and such obligations, however, our Lord strengthens and sanctifies His priests through the Sacrament of Orders, and conserves His own honor by guarding His priests as the "apple of His eye." The priest can then say with St. Paul: "I can do all

things in Him who strengtheneth me." And Jesus said to His priests: "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

For twenty-five years our Jubilarian has gone up to "the mountain of God and stood in the holy place." For twenty-five years he has lived and preached and ministered Christ-like. No spot has stained his robes, no tarnish has blemished his honor. In fidelity he has been an example, for it is no secret that, whether at home or abroad, at an uniformly early hour, whilst the mass of men were plunged in deep sleep, he was daily to be seen standing at God's altar. Firm, yet fatherly, in discipline, untiring in zeal, and persevering in purpose, as a superior, his great ambition has been to make the institution over which he presides, prosperous, efficient, and fruitful in sending forth men fashioned according to the image of Jesus Christ. He is worthy of double honor as a good priest; he is worthy of double honor, because he has labored in the word and doctrine, in-as-much as he has had exceptional advantages with of course exceptional responsibilities, educating men who have been, who are, and who will be ornaments to Holy Mother Church and to society. He has had the lot, too, a blessed one, of gathering about him like our Divine Lord, disciples to mould and to send forth later, to preach, to baptize, to absolve, and to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Our Jubilarian will pardon me if I say that he has done well. Though the words I am about to quote were used of a high priest whose life had ended, they are not inapplicable to his own finished priestly work of the past twenty-five years: "*Ecce Sacerdos magnus qui in diebus suis placuit Deo et inventus est justus;*" and let me add these others: "*Fecit enim mirabilia in vita sua.*"

Very Reverend Father, on this glad day we all join with you in thanking God for the great things which He has done in you and by you; and we thank you too for the many good examples which you have given us. We

pray that God will yet keep you with us "*ad multos annos*," and conserve you ever a true priest, a good priest, a model priest, "to prop up the home and fortify the temple." Amen.

Tribute of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin.

I am happy to be able to add a few words on this occasion. In the name of the secular clergy of the diocese, of the religious institutions of this locality, and especially, of the men, lay and cleric, who have been trained and instructed under the careful and watchful direction of Father Hehir, and who have benefitted under the influence of his guidance, I find much pleasure in offering a tribute of honor, on this his jubilee day, to one who has served Church and diocese both well and faithfully.

On occasions such as this, mingled feelings of joy and sadness creep into the heart of one who commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood—feelings of thankfulness and joy to God and to our Lord and Saviour, the Great High Priest, for the inestimable power granted him to consecrate bread and wine into His Precious Body and Blood; on the other hand, feelings of sadness obtrude themselves at the thought of the feebleness of all human effort to accomplish the work of the priesthood in a manner commensurate with the greatness of sacerdotal vocation.

We must remember that our Jubilarian has spent twenty-five years in his noble endeavors. Certainly the fact that a man has lived for twenty-five years is no cause for jubilation or celebration in itself; the fact that a priest has for twenty-five years performed his sacred duties, is no cause for jubilation; but the fact that a man is honored by his community, and is selected as being worthy of honor by a great institution, shows that his work has not been in vain; that he has conscientiously used the talents that have been given him, and that they have brought about results a hundred fold.

Priests and others to whom great trusts are confided, must give a strict account of the charge imposed upon them; they must face a severe examination, a severe judgment. The man with \$100,000, or endowed with great intellectual gifts, is not greater in consequence; but the man who uses the \$100,000 well, or who uses his intellectual powers for the greater honor and glory of God and the welfare of his fellowmen in the strengthening and building up of society, such a man is worthy of honor. And this must be the verdict of all who know Father Hehir's life, and know what Father Hehir has accomplished; this must be the verdict of anyone, whether he be a priest of the diocese, a former pupil under Father Hehir's direction, or, in fact, any man in this wide country who knows and appreciates the grandeur of our Jubilarian's work and the success he has attained therein.

In the twelfth chapter of the Book of Daniel we read: "They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." Surely, to "instruct many unto justice" is a noble aim and a great responsibility, and should be rewarded with fruitful results. It is by resting upon this solid foundation of instructing unto justice, that Pittsburg College has raised itself to rank among the foremost Catholic colleges in this noble and expansive land. It is at Pittsburg College that Father Hehir has spent at least twenty-four of the twenty-five years of his priesthood. This institution has been the scene of his labors and his prayers. Most reasonably and most justly can it be claimed for him that he must stand in the foremost rank in America among those whose obligation it is to "instruct many unto justice." He in truth has ever been a strong support of this great nation. And if its foundations ever crumble or decay, these dire misfortunes will be brought upon the country by men unmindful of those great moral principles, the regarding or disregarding of which determine a nation's integrity as to time and destiny. Such a blow can never come from men who are

trained in the manner in which those are trained who have ever been under the guidance and instruction of Father Hehir. The happy destiny of this, our country, depends upon such men as Father Hehir, and it is because of this fact that our Jubilarian should not be honored solely as a churchman, but also as a great, eminent and useful citizen, for assuredly, in these years of his service at Pittsburg College, it has devolved upon him to instruct many unto justice, to prepare them to be useful and noble citizens, and to be instruments of good for the uplifting of society. His has been, and must ever be, a task repaid with no great measure of appreciation, gratitude and praise. It falls to the lot of such men as he to be objects of criticism and opposition among men; men who do their duty are always sure of being criticized and opposed.

You may think that his high office at this institution would exempt him from many annoyances with which the average man has to contend; you may think that the character of his position, his work, his responsibilities, would free him from at least some of the obligations of a religious priest; and yet in so thinking you could not make a greater mistake. It is no exaggeration to declare that his respective duties are increased and his obligations are intensified proportionally with every student, every professor, every parent, every individual person who becomes in some respect connected with this institution. The position of authority which he holds with respect to them necessarily multiplies his cares and responsibilities. The greater the authority and the greater the position, the greater are the obligations of the one holding position and authority.

To all with whom his twenty-five years of priesthood along with his manifold duties at Pittsburg College have brought him into contact, Father Hehir has truly been a father and a friend, and because of the capable and noble fulfillment of his manifold duties, our hearts go out in admiration to Father Hehir, and we offer our tribute of honor and respect to a priest who has performed his duties so well—truly he is a good and faithful priest.

Congratulations.

On autumn's air the joyous peals
Of silvery chimes we hear;
And hark ! the message winged aloft:
A jubilee is near.

A jubilee of one we love,
Who helped us in our needs;
Who pointed out the brilliant light,
The path that to it leads.

Thy noble works resplendent are
With glory, Father dear;
And pleasing 'tis to hear extolled
Thy faithful, long career

Of toilsome years, a score and five,
In priestly labors spent,
Instructing youth, directing souls
On God's high praises bent.

Now we who 've known thy tender care
With joyful hearts unite,
And lovingly, sincerely wish
Thee fullness of delight.

On thee, this day, we pray that God
May shower gifts from Heaven;
Ad multos annos! loud acclaim
The boys of 19' 7.

ST. VINCENT SEMINARY.

CHARLES F. Gwyer, '05.

PHILIP G. MISKLOW

MARTIN J. BRENNAN, '08.

JAMES R. COX

E. OTTO PLANITZER, ex '07.

J. B. KEATING

GEORGE D. BARLOCK, ex '05.

CHARLES F. FEHRENBACH

Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius X.

Address delivered at a Mass Meeting held in the Exposition Building, Pittsburg, November 15th, 1908, by the Very Reverend John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp.

This assemblage, which is remarkable in so many respects—remarkable for its numbers, remarkable for its old-time Pittsburg enthusiasm—offers in itself one of the strongest foundations of argument for the noble, the joyous cause that has brought us together. Here we are assembled in this great city of Pittsburg, just as there were assembled in Jerusalem on the morning of Pentecost “devout men and devout women out of every nation under heaven,” Celt and Saxon, Teuton and Slav, Latin and Greek, Americans and Catholics all, with one thought, one purpose, one yearning in each and every heart—to contribute our part to the paean of holy joy and thanksgiving, of loyalty and veneration which ascends these days from the great heart of the Church Universal to celebrate the Jubilee of him who, by his office, is for us the representative of Christ on earth, and who, in his lovable personality, is what those who know him most intimately call him, “*Il Papa del Tempo*,” the Pope of the Times; “*Il Papa Pastorale*,” the Pope of the People; and whom all the world names “The Man of God,” “The Restorer of all things in Christ,” who sits on the throne of the Fisherman, under the name of Pius X.

The spokesman of the Romans of old announced his theme as “*Arma Virumque*,” the cause and the hero of Roman greatness. We, the Romans of another kind, to-day proclaim a greater cause and a greater hero, a higher office and a nobler personality, the Papacy and the Pontiff, the Vicariate of Christ and His Vicar.

For us Catholics, the Papacy is the very bedrock of our whole religious edifice; and it is so by Divine ordinance. All who believe in the historicity of the

Synoptic Gospels, and, to-day, everyone worth counting with believes therein, must acknowledge that whatever else Christ did or did not do, He established a visible, spiritual kingdom. The professor of Berlin, the author of "*Das Wissen Des Christenthum*," as well as the professor of the Sorbonne, the unhappy author of *L'Evangile et L'Eglise*," equally admit this fact, however differently they, with others outside the Church, interpret the purpose and the after history of the Foundation. We who believe that Christ was the Son of the living God, the Word, the Wisdom of God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity incarnate in a human body and soul, know that what He did was well done (Mark, VII., 37), that is, in consonance with the eternal wisdom of God. Now God's wisdom demands that every work of His must be perfect of its kind; and, indeed, the very definition of perfection is that of the ancient philosopher—the essence of a being as it is in the mind of God. A visible kingdom needs for its perfection a head as well as members. It is clear, therefore, that when Christ established His kingdom upon earth, He must have appointed a head over it. He is Himself, indeed, its Head; but since He was to go back to the Father, it was necessary to leave some one in His place, with full power and authority and ever abiding Divine assistance, to act in His stead. And this is precisely what the Founder and Master of the Kingdom, the Redeemer and Shepherd of the Flock, effected. Go back in spirit to that day at Cesarea Philippi, when, as recorded in St. Mathew's Gospel, Simon Peter, in answer to his Divine Master's question, answered and said: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God. And Jesus answering said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: 'That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt

bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed in heaven." From that day at Cesarea Philippi, go forward to that sublime moment of the Last Supper, when, as St. Luke tells us, immediately after the institution of the sublime sacrament of His love, He said to them: "I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom. And turning to Peter, He said: Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren" (St. Luke XXII., 29-32). Peter was converted by the Passion and Death of His Master; his faith was confirmed by the Resurrection. The pilgrim is still shown on the shore of Lake Tiberias the very spot where the Risen Lord, in reward for his triple protestation of love, conferred on Peter the Supreme Pastorship of the Church. And the Acts of the Apostles tell us how this Supremacy was sealed and perfected on the day of Pentecost by God the Holy Ghost. Henceforth, Peter is first in everything. He is first to preach, first to perform miracles, first to convert the Jews, first to baptize the Gentiles, first to speak in the assemblies. Everywhere he is first, and this not by the vote of his brethren, but by the direct appointment of his Divine Master, the Eternal King and Head of the Church.

Down through the course of ages, as could be easily proved, were this the occasion to do so, the Supremacy of Peter holds in his successors, in whom, as St. Leo says, he lives on. The very existence of the Church is wound up with it; for, in the words of St. Ambrose, "Where Peter is, there also is the Church." The children of darkness are well aware of this. And so, wherever heresy or schism shows its head, it first seeks to destroy the Papacy. Proud potentates, too, have sought to destroy it. But the Papacy will not be destroyed. It is the rock on which is built the kingdom, the City of God, against which the very gates of hell shall not prevail, for

the Lord and Master is with it till the consummation of the world. Destroy the Papacy, and you destroy the Church; destroy the Church, and you destroy Christianity; destroy Christianity, and you destroy Revelation; destroy Revelation, and you destroy God.

The cause of the Pope is, then, for us, Catholics, the most sacred of all causes upon this earth. It is a cause which, in its essence, is independent of the purely personal character and gifts of him who represents it. God never causes His designs of beneficence to depend absolutely on the frailty of man. And in the case of the Papacy, He has promised and He gives a Divine assistance of His Spirit to secure infallible guidance for His Church, in matters of Faith and Morals. However, it is a source of additional satisfaction to us His children when we find the office of His Vicar enshrined in a beautiful temple of natural and supernatural gifts and virtues. . Thank God, these latter times have been particularly blessed in this respect. The Popes of the nineteenth century stand forth as a bright galaxy in the long and glorious history of the Papacy. And now this twentieth century has, in this as in other spheres, set a new pace, a new glory, a new fire, in the Pontificate of him whom the olden Celtic prophecy has designated the "*Ignis Ardens*," the fire of burning zeal and charity, Pius X.

The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Priesthood of our present Holy Father sets in relief his whole life and character. It takes us back to that day in September, 1858, when he was ordained Priest in the Church of Castelfranco, and where he said his first Mass the following day, the Feast of the Seven Dolors. Castelfranco was distant only about two leagues from his native town of Riese. Hither he had trudged to school for four years previous to his entrance into the seminary of Padua, where his talents and virtues had procured him a burse of free scholarship. The oblation he made of himself on the day of his ordination and first Mass has been without

a break these fifty years of sacrifice which he spent in the service of his Divine Master. Fifty years of Priesthood ! Fifty years of self-immolation on the altar of the Cross ! Fifty years of devotion to God's poor, of wrestling with evil, of guarding and instructing and feeding the souls committed to his care ! Fifty years of Priesthood ! A column of light five decades high, each decade marked by a new and brighter and broader wreath of Priesthood's work ! The nine years as Curate at Trombolo, the nine years at Solzano as Arch-priest, the nine years at Treviso as Chancellor and Spiritual Director, the nine years at Mantua as Bishop, the nine years at Venice as Cardinal Patriarch,—all tell the same story of countless works of zeal and charity performed by a true "man of God" spending himself day by day for his people, giving all his goods to the poor, and making himself all things to all men to gain all to Christ. The spontaneous ovation which he received from the monster gathering of all classes of Venetians on his departure for the Conclave voiced the feelings of every people with whom his ministry hitherto had brought him into contact. There was evidently in Venice on that July morning, 1903, a feeling of apprehension that their beloved Patriarch would return no more. He alone refused to share such a feeling. His last words to the cheering, sobbing multitude were: "I will return to you alive or dead!" God willed it otherwise. The story of the Conclave is well known; how the Divine Spirit mysteriously directed the votes of the Electors to the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice; how he prayed and prostrated and wept in vain, to change their decision; and how, when finally constrained to accept, he did so in the spirit and language of sacrifice — "*Accepto incrucem,*" he said, "I accept it as a cross."

The feelings which animated the new Pontiff and the purposes for which he felt that the burden of the Pontificate was laid on his shoulders may be summed up in the first two acts of his reign, the choosing of a name and the adoption of a motto. He chose to be named

Pius; and he adopted for motto the words of St. Paul—“*Instaurare omnia in Christo.*” In assuming the name of Pius, the new Pope uttered these words: “*In memoriam Pontificum sanctorum quorum patrocinio maxime indigeo et illorum qui ultimis praecipue temporibus persecutiones in Ecclesiam et in ipsos illatas strenue pertulerunt, vocabor Pius.*” The name, Pius, is, indeed, in the annals of the Church, the most typical of fearless upholding of the faith and discipline and organization of the Church; and the motto, “*Instaurare omnia in Christo,*” expressed no new plan or method but the determination to increase and strengthen the spiritual life of the Church, by making still closer its union with Christ.

Pius X. has already accomplished much in those two spheres of work which Divine Providence marked out for

The Pillar of the Cloud.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

his Pontificate. In the sphere of Church defense, he has had to reassert the splendidly logical theorem of Divine Faith against that synthesis of all heresies known by the name of Modernism. He has had to maintain the Divine organization of the Church against the astute machinations of the infidel Government of France. In the all-important work of preserving and strengthening the internal discipline of the Church, Pius X. has taken

Duc Me, Lux Alma, Benigne.*

“Tanquam Demissa Columna In Mare De Coelo.”

—LUCRETIUS, VI., 425.

Duc me praesidio tutum, Lux Alma, benigno:
Tristes me dubium cingunt horrore tenebrae:
Nocte vagor nigra patriis procul avius oris,
Tu mihi ne titubem servatum dirige gressum:
Non ego longinquum prospectum cernere quaero,
Unum namque gradum satis est lustrare sequendo.

Non talis semper, non sic tractabilis olim
Ducere me porro velles orare solebam;
Elegisse viam, speculari certus amabam;
At nunc ducendum tibi me sine numine mando:
Grata fuit speciosa dies; interque timores
Mente superbus eram; culpis ignosce juventae.

Fax solata diu tua me, Lux Alma, beatum,
Certe ducet adhuc profugum per stagna paludum,
Per lamas, silices, torrentia flumina, donec
Horrendis abeat pulsis nox dira tenebris,
Cumque die videam facies ridere supernas,
Quae mihi dilectae pridem latus parumper.

* This translation of Cardinal Newman's Poem, “Lead, Kindly Light,” which supplies us with our motto, was specially written for the BULLETIN by the Rev. N. J. Brennan, C. S. Sp., on the occasion of Father Hehir's Silver Jubilee.

measures of far-reaching importance—the codification of the Canon Law, the readjustment of the Curia, the regulation of the Laws of Marriage. But it is in the spiritual domain, especially, that he has already made a deep impression on the Church's life. Pius X. will be known as the Pope of the Eucharist. In his determination to restore all things in Christ, he has turned to the very Fountain of Grace, the very Bread of Life, and placed It, as It was in the early days, at the disposal of every child of God. What an increase of spiritual life has already flowed and will continue to flow from the frequency of Holy Communion thus restored by the Sovereign Pontiff!

In these and in the multifarious other measures with which his Pontificate has already been crowned, Pius X. has displayed the qualities and character which have marked his entire life, and which make him so like unto his Divine Master—gentleness and strength, humility and firmness, candor and fearlessness, prudence and energy, and, above all, faith to move mountains, and charity to become anathema for his brethren.

Pius X. has grown these five years in the affection and veneration of the hundreds of millions of his children scattered throughout the world, to a degree, perhaps, unique in the history of the Popes. He has grown too in the esteem of all right-thinking men outside the fold. And from the whole Christian world ascends a prayer to-day that the last stage of his life may be prolonged three-fold, even unto the days of Peter, so that he may see an abundance of fruit of his labors in defence of the Church, and in the restoration of all things in Christ.



The Address of a Total Abstinence Apostle.

At the request of our Reverend President, Father M. A. Lambing, the well-known exponent of total

abstinence in the Pittsburg diocese, paid a visit to the College on Wednesday, November 11th, 1908. He was asked to address the students on this great subject in which he takes such a deep and active interest. He most willingly complied, saying that he was glad of the opportunity to proclaim the benefits of total abstinence to such a large number of promising youths.

The manufacture, the sale, and the use of wines and beers, said Father Lambing, in the course of his remarks, are not sins, as some persons would have us believe; but they are extremely dangerous occasions of sin.

The use of alcohol, no matter how moderate, is to be discouraged, and this is especially true in our United States. For conditions here are different from those that prevail in Europe, where even the more extreme tenets of total abstinence are gradually gaining more and more adherents every day.

Some people advise us to use beers and wines as the Europeans do, in order to lessen drunkenness and its effects. Let us consider how Europeans use them. They use them as food from infancy to old age, and, as a rule, their alcoholic beverages are purer and weaker than those of America. This assertion is confirmed by the effects which American manufactured liquors produce on our immigrants. The C. T. A. U. has studied this question, and has found that the desire for alcoholic drinks increases in proportion to the amount used. Alcohol creates and develops thirst instead of satisfying it.

Intoxicating drinks are so extensively advertised because of the immense profits derived from their manufacture and sale, and not because they are necessary for the health of the people, as the advertisers claim. On the contrary, the presence of alcohol in the human system is injurious to health. Indeed, the number of our hospitals, sanitoriums, insane asylums, poor houses, and the like, increases in proportion to the amount of alcoholic drinks consumed. Alcohol, which is used so much as a medicine, contains no curative properties

which can not be found in some less dangerous drug.

Alcohol produces the same effect on man as the sting of the whip does on the mule. The whip does not increase his strength but it makes him exert himself for the moment.

The benefits of total abstinence are very numerous, especially to the young. It is good for the health and prolongs life. This assertion is based upon long experience. Look at the numberless total abstainers who have enjoyed good health, although of a weak constitution from childhood, and then inquire at our hospitals and asylums about the others. A favorable and impressive example was the case of the late Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. He was always a man of a very feeble constitution, and already advanced in years at the time a pestilence fell upon his first diocese of Memphis. Whilst in the performance of his sacerdotal duties, he contracted the disease. The number of those who overcame the disease was very few, but, to the surprise of all, Archbishop Elder was among the few. He claims that the only cause to which he could attribute his recovery was the strict total abstinence which he had always practised.

When a person applies for a position, if he is addicted to alcoholic drinks, he will be very careful to conceal such a fact, and yet this is one of the first questions asked by employers at the present day.

But the material benefits become insignificant when compared to the spiritual. By our example alone we become apostles of total abstinence, since example is the best teacher and example governs the world. And this is one of the most meritorious missions which God has given to man.

There is no reason why every student in the College should not belong to the union, for he has everything to gain and nothing to lose. Father Matthew has somewhere said: "I feel that no sacrifice, whether of health, of property, or of life itself, is too great to save from ruin

and perdition the humblest of those for whom our Divine Saviour willingly shed His most precious Blood."

The students listened most attentively to the interesting and earnest discourse, which made a deep impression upon all, and it is safe to say that the College Total Abstinence Union will benefit in increased numbers and renewed enthusiasm, from the words, the admonitions and the example of the Reverend Lecturer.

T. J. DUNN, '09.



To My Guardian Angel.

Guardian Angel, hear my prayer:
 Guide my steps in virtue's path,
Throw thy sheltering arms around me,
 Shield me ever from God's wrath;

Aid me in my undertakings,
 Tell me what is Heaven's will;
Gain me strength, O dearest Angel,
 All God's wishes to fulfil;

Until death do thou protect me
 From the wily demon's snares,
And, when freed from earthly tramels,
 From life's many doubts and cares,

Lead me to the heavenly mansions,
 To the throne of God supreme,
There to chant the Saviour's praises,
 There to share thy bliss serene.

H. J. M.

The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER III.

My More Immediate Ancestors. The "Uplands" Branch of the American Family.

You were surprised, perhaps, when I said, a while ago, that you should, in spite of my West African birth and rearing, still consider me as American. This is a very important point to remember—and the fault thereof (if there is one) must not be attributed to any pride of nationality on my part, but, first of all, to your own good people at home, who, rightly, I presume, will insist upon getting, for their own particular needs and purposes, a product, or an offspring, if you prefer, that has all the qualities of the family to which I belong, and that springs from, and mainly thrives upon, American soil. Besides this, or rather for this very reason, the actual seed from which I sprang was brought over here, all the way from the American Plantation, where itself had grown into maturity. There is, it is true, a species of native cotton, indigenous to the African soil—for it is found scattered all over the land, especially in Northern Nigeria—which, as, I have been assured, is being largely cultivated throughout West Africa, and which, with proper care and selection, is becoming so serviceable to our home manufacturers that it is actually replacing the American species, and is fetching at times even larger prices than "Middling American" Cotton.*

I am not, of course, speaking now of that other well-known and valuable member of our great family, the Egyptian Cotton, which is in such great demand at home for certain kinds of cloth, on account of the length of its staple, which is also remarkably strong and fine to the touch—all of which qualities render it such a favorite in the market.

But, when I say that my immediate family is

* "As to the quality of cotton produced, Professor Wyndham Dunstan, Director of the Imperial Institute, has made an expert examination of specimens of native cotton from the Lajos province of Southern Nigeria and from sundry provinces in Northern Nigeria, and the general result of his investigations shows that cotton equal in value to "Middling American" is grown in several parts of that country."—*From address by Mr. C. A. Birtwistle, December 18, 1907.*

American, you must not conclude that there is only a single type reared on American soil, and included under that broad-meaning term. No, there are almost as many such types as there are varieties of soil and climate in the Southern States of the Union, for cotton is grown only below Mason & Dixon's line of survey, or, in other words, "down in Dixie." I shall not, of course, attempt to tell you of the 120 different varieties enu-

These pages were missing when received in bindery.

soil, which—dry enough, though still not suffering from any unusual drought, and rich enough in material, though not so abundantly rich as the deep, alluvial lands of its rival, Mississippi—receives, from the congenial climate of the Uplands Cotton district, sufficient rain, during the growing period, to give the plants their needed depth of root, and a lasting reserve of moisture to serve them later on when the surface has dried up.

Over here, in my own West-African home, the soil is not so deep, nor so favored, as it is along the banks of the "Great Father of Waters," where the successive crops scarcely need other manure than the annual deposit of the old crop's ashes—while the lighter sandy soil and the variable climate of Georgia, at least in its upper portion, above Atlanta, where it is touched and influenced by the southern spur of the Allegheny

The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER III.

My More Immediate Ancestors. The "Uplands" Branch of the American Family.

You were surprised, perhaps, when I said, a while ago, that you should, in spite of my West African birth and rearing, still consider —

—, ~~which~~, with proper care and selection, is becoming so serviceable to our home manufacturers that it is actually replacing the American species, and is fetching at times even larger prices than "Middling American" Cotton.*

I am not, of course, speaking now of that other well-known and valuable member of our great family, the Egyptian Cotton, which is in such great demand at home for certain kinds of cloth, on account of the length of its staple, which is also remarkably strong and fine to the touch—all of which qualities render it such a favorite in the market.

But, when I say that my immediate family is

* "As to the quality of cotton produced, Professor Wyndham Dunstan, Director of the Imperial Institute, has made an expert examination of specimens of native cotton from the Lajos province of Southern Nigeria and from sundry provinces in Northern Nigeria, and the general result of his investigations shows that cotton equal in value to "Middling American" is grown in several parts of that country."—From address by Mr. C. A. Birtwistle, December 18, 1907.

American, you must not conclude that there is only a single type reared on American soil, and included under that broad-meaning term. No, there are almost as many such types as there are varieties of soil and climate in the Southern States of the Union, for cotton is grown only below Mason & Dixon's line of survey, or, in other words, "down in Dixie." I shall not, of course, attempt to tell you of the 120 different varieties enumerated by the planters, nor of the fewer types named by the botanists, such as Sea Islands, New Orleans, Bourbon, &c. Suffice it to be said that the type to which I have the honor to belong is called the "American Uplands"—which is the chief American kind cultivated at present upon the Onitsha Cotton Plantation.

Thus, it was not in a soil, or under an atmosphere, influenced by the strong, salt sea-breeze, that my family were brought up—but in the inner districts of the Southern Cotton Belt, on the uplands of Georgia, in conditions roughly approximating those which we have to meet with over here. Yes, Georgia is the proper home of my ancestors, because of its peculiarly fashioned soil, which—dry enough, though still not suffering from any unusual drought, and rich enough in material, though not so abundantly rich as the deep, alluvial lands of its rival, Mississippi—receives, from the congenial climate of the Uplands Cotton district, sufficient rain, during the growing period, to give the plants their needed depth of root, and a lasting reserve of moisture to serve them later on when the surface has dried up.

Over here, in my own West-African home, the soil is not so deep, nor so favored, as it is along the banks of the "Great Father of Waters," where the successive crops scarcely need other manure than the annual deposit of the old crop's ashes—while the lighter sandy soil and the variable climate of Georgia, at least in its upper portion, above Atlanta, where it is touched and influenced by the southern spur of the Allegheny

Mountains, have more features of resemblance to the soil and climate of Nigeria, than can be observed in any of the other Cotton-Belt States. Alabama comes directly between Georgia and Mississippi, to the full length of both—but it partakes more of the latter's than of the former's conditions, in soil as well as climate. So you can readily understand why it is that the Georgian Uplands seed has been chosen as the most likely candidate—the favorite—for West African Champion honors in the test race for cotton excellence and supremacy, both as to quality and abundance of supply.

85

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Visit of the Hon. J. Devlin, M. P.

A most agreeable finale to examination week was afforded by the visit to the College of the Hon. Joseph Devlin, M. P., the envoy of the Irish Nationalist Party. Despite the informal character of the meeting, and the short time permitted by circumstances for preparations, the members of the college orchestra laid aside the problems of the class room, and acquitted themselves most creditably in the rendition of Irish melodies appropriate to the occasion.

The sympathies of the student body being thus prepared, Raymond V. Conway, '09, in the name of his fellow-students, read the following address of welcome to Ireland's representative:

HONORABLE AND DEAR SIR:

It has been a proud tradition among the students of this College, linked, as it is, in its origin and through its Faculty, with the greatest of similar educational institutions in the Emerald Isle, to welcome enthusiastically to its halls the envoys whom the Irish nation sends from time to time to tell her sons across the Atlantic how she

stands, and how she is succeeding in bringing about the realization of her fondest hopes, and especially of the one great ambition of all her children the world over, namely, Home Rule.

To you, Sir, at the present time, has this great task—so eminently one of trust and skill and genius—been confided, and to you, therefore, we extend our warmest and most heartfelt greeting.

What you have personally achieved in the midst of the very stronghold of Ireland's bitterest enemies—what you have, in common with the other members of the greatest, most self-sacrificing, most successful and most united parliamentary body of Irish members, wrested from a hostile Government for the good of a people down-trodden for centuries,—all this has thrilled and touched us to the very soul. With all of it, even at this distance from the scene of so many triumphs, we are familiar, and, whether we are or not of those that have the blood of the grand old race coursing through our veins, we all, in this atmosphere of liberty, shall ever rejoice in the ultimate and assured achievement of your great task and of your great ambition. the uplifting and the rebuilding of the Irish nation.

Mr. Devlin, in responding, stated that Mr. Conway's address had evidenced the fact that the purposes of Ireland's envoys were well understood, and that the hearty applause of the student body expressed unanimity of sympathy and sentiment favoring Ireland's cause. Because of such a clear understanding as to his mission in America, he considered it unnecessary to make more than passing reference to it.

By logical stages Mr. Devlin passed on to the question of the duties of Catholic citizenship in America. With a winning and persuasive grace he entered into this subject, showing how the duties of citizenship begin even in early days when youth is as its text-books. Here he emphasized the special application of this statement to

boys and young men attending Catholic colleges, which were sure, as no other institutions are sure, of teaching the truth in all branches of human knowledge. These opportunities for learning the truth, imposed, he said, upon students in a Catholic college, the responsibility of proving worthy of their *Alma Mater* and of the sacrifices their parents make; the obligation to use the knowledge of the truths they have gained, for the betterment of society; the duty towards God to profit of all their opportunities in their various relations with their fellow-men.

Contrasting the educational opportunities of immigrants' sons with the disabilities their forefathers labored under because of their loyalty to the Old Faith, the honorable speaker wished his auditors to remember that the son of the Irish immigrant owed an additional duty beyond those which he shared with the rest of his generation. This duty was to corroborate the testimony of early Christian centuries, that Erin's children were lovers of learning, and to demonstrate the right of Ireland's prescribed sons to these educational opportunities which had been denied them under the very direst penalties.

In the presence of boys who gave evidence of Polish ancestry, if not of Polish birth, he felt it incumbent on him to remind them of the nobility of their forefathers and their traditions, and to recall to them as well that Poland, Ireland's sister in persecution, claims from them for the sake of their parents a vindication of Polish nationality, and the right of its people to self-government—a right of which these people had been so foully robbed. This these sons of Polish immigrants could do, by application to their studies as a preparation for American citizenship.

Following this thought, Mr. Devlin said, with reference to those who claimed their descent from German and other races, that they shared in the common responsibilities of Catholic citizenship, the regard for

which would prove the highest testimonial to the worth of their ancestry.

By an easy transition, Mr. Devlin passed on to discussing the duty of the true politician to his country. He made reference to this duty, because he felt sure that some, if not many, of those who sat before him, would one day take positions of public service and trust. Who is better trained for the country's service, he asked, than a man who had received his education in Catholic schools and colleges? Who is better trained to faithfully serve the commonwealth than one whose moral training has been of the very highest, the doctrines of Christianity in their highest and purest form being instilled into the minds of those who attend Catholic institutions of learning? Surely the very name of politician is the term by which to designate the one who promotes the social, intellectual, moral and political betterment of those among whom he lives, and to whose interests he should be immeasurably devoted.

He further said that the responsibilities of a true politician were shared, to some extent, and in a proportionate degree according to one's position in life, by every true citizen, and that, accordingly, every student should reflect seriously on the duties of the career for which he was preparing.

In conclusion, Mr. Devlin, with an ingenious reference to his own school days under the tutelage of the Christian brothers, asked the Reverend President to give the students a holiday. This request was heartily echoed by the boys, and graciously accorded.

The Very Rev. President, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the Hon. Mr. Devlin for his visit to the College and for his masterful address to the student body. In response to the visitor's call, three cheers for the President were given with hearty good will, and the college orchestra closed the programme with an appropriate selection.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. MCGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. M. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

Pius X. and Athletic Sports.

When we first heard, a year or two ago, that the Holy Father became the explicit and enthusiastic patron of athletic sports among the young men of Christendom, we rubbed our eyes in wonder. We asked ourselves: Is this the same saintly Pontiff whose every action or precept or decree is based upon the guiding principle, "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*"? Is this the Pontiff of the Eucharist? the champion of the Church's liberties? the promoter of the "holier life" among the clergy, and the restorer of the early Christians' life among the faithful? But when we heard that he called, as it were, a vast athletic pilgrimage to Rome itself, from every part

of the world, and bade the youth of every nation enter the lists of sport in his very presence, we stopped—we wondered—but our astonishment gave way to gratification, nay, even edification. Now, let the staid old grumblers rest, who frown upon the youthful enthusiasts that yearn to find an outlet for their animal spirits! Let them imitate the *Exemplar* and the *Supreme Guide*, and encourage what is good and healthy and noble in the youthful spirit—to raise it from baseness, to purge it of abuses, to make it, as it should be, an instrument of salvation for the mind and soul and body of the rising generations.



The President's Letter.

At last the petty religious bigotry of the country has been dealt a death blow. Every true American citizen must have read with a feeling of admiration, unaltered by his religious belief, the recent open letter written by President Roosevelt in answer to a certain narrow-minded bigot of a neighboring State, in which he gives his views on religion and the reasons he advances for supporting for office, even for the Presidency, a man of any religious belief, provided he is morally and mentally fitted to fill the position he desires. We, as Catholics, cannot sufficiently express our thanks to the man who has dared all the reproaches which will be heaped upon him by some so-called Americans for uttering the manly sentiment embodied in the expression of his views. We are a power in the nation; we wish no greater franchise than that accorded to people of other denominations; we love our country and are ready to manifest the strength of that love when the occasion presents itself, and therefore it is but proper that we are in favor of the adherents of all other creeds being supported for office, regardless of an affiliation to a particular denomination, where moral rectitude prevails.

The forefathers of a great many of our present-day citizens came to this liberty-loving country, to escape the sufferings inflicted upon them in their native land for worshipping according to conscience and against State decrees, and their spirit of religious freedom has been transmitted unto their descendants.

The publication of the President's letter should therefore be received by all with marked approbation, for it will, to a great extent, remove the barrier so long existing between men of different creeds; it will demonstrate the utility of harmony; it will unite the cosmopolitan inhabitants of the country, and it should engender a feeling of religious equality and brotherly love among all classes, regardless of faith, race or color.

J. A. McGLADE, '10.



Personal Liberty.

Many and varied are the conceptions of personal liberty, and innumerable are the sins that can be attributed to the plea set up in its name or in its defense.

The drunkard, the atheist, the free-thinker and the anarchist, each, have their own peculiar conception of personal liberty. The socialist, according to his undertaking of personal liberty, says, in speaking of socialism as regards marriage: "A new development of the family would take place on the basis, not of a pre-determined life-long business arrangement, to be formally and nominally held to, irrespective of circumstances, but on mutual inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party."

In this country, especially, where it has been made the keynote of our Constitution, let us arrive at a true conception of personal liberty; let us distinguish between that liberty for which our forefathers fought, and the liberty claimed by the fanatic who seeks to tear asunder the present organization of society and of religion. This

can be obtained by education; the Church, the press, the schools and colleges of the country, can materially assist in implanting a true concept of liberty, morality and justice in the minds of our citizens.



President Roosevelt's Future.

Now that the election is over and William H. Taft has been chosen to succeed Roosevelt, the national problem of what to do with ex-Presidents is again a matter of discussion. It has been suggested that Roosevelt be sent to the United States Senate, a proposition which appears favorable to himself and also to the public. It is needless to say that Roosevelt would make an ideal senator. In such a capacity, he would continue to represent the people, although not so extensively as when Chief Executive, but nevertheless in an effective manner. His experience in governmental affairs, both national and foreign, his knowledge of the needs of the people, and his energetic, forcible manner, would undoubtedly make him an excellent representative in the United States Senate.

J. T. McMAHON, '09.



COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, D. D., Bishop of Galveston, Texas, honored us with his presence on November 1 and 2.

THE Very Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., was a guest of the College on November 14 and 15, on the occasion of his visit to Pittsburg, to speak at the Jubilee Celebrations in honor of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., and to electrify the magnificent audience of seven thousand who had gathered in Exposition Hall.

ON November 10th, the results of the first term examinations were proclaimed. One hundred and fifty-

eight honor certificates were awarded, showing most satisfactorily the application of the boys to their studies since the opening of school. The following obtained first place in their respective classes: (College Department) C. A. Mayer, J. H. McGraw, C. A. Sanderbeck, J. V. O'Connor; (Commercial Department) J. H. Wagner, M. J. Mahony, L. J. Pfahl, E. J. Schorr, C. J. Brocke; (Scientific Department) D. J. McFarlin, R. Ostaszewski, M. J. Cassidy; (Academic Department) O. H. Steedle, E. A. Heinrich, L. A. McCrory, J. J. Lydon, W. J. Kohler; (Grammar Department) V. A. Jocz, L. Stempleski.

ON the feast of St. Martin, our Rev. President's name's day, the students gave expression to their congratulations, and Father Griffin voiced the sentiments of all in the following lines:

Again it dawns, the blest St. Martin's day,
When Heaven and earth their faithful tribute lay
Before his throne in joyous hymns of praise.

"O saintly man!" thus peals the holy song,
"The paradise for which thy soul did long
Is thine forever more in realms above.

"The heavenly court exultant gladness fills,
The angel hosts thy glorious advent thrills
With joy on earth unseen, untold, unheard."

On earth unheard ! oh, no ! to us is given
A counterpart of him who reigns in Heaven
To find in one who bears St. Martin's name.

Thy life, dear Father, faithfully portrays
His holiness whose e'er unfading rays
Immortal glory on his mem'ry shed.

Long may St. Martin thy dear life protect
In all thy works his image to reflect
Till Heaven's reward doth all thy labors crown.



ENTERTAINMENTS.

The college entertainments give the students an opportunity to display what talent they possess, and to develop it. Our orchestra shows marked improvement, due to the careful training of Professor Weis. Elocutionists are always ready with excellent selections: Professor Hannon's instructions will produce praiseworthy results. Speeches in debate manifest cogency in reasoning and facility of expression. Voice culture under Professor Koch will supply an added charm on Sunday evenings. The programmes:

November 10.

Intermezzo,	Rainbow,	Wenrich,	Orchestra
Piano Duet,	Galop,	Hercules,	C. D. Blake, . . .
	Dennis J. Sullivan,	Gilbert F. McGreevy	
Recitation,	Life Is Like a Game of Cards		James J. Hawks
Piano Solo,	Waltz,	Fantasie,	Carl Haine, Leo A. McCrory
Vocal Solo,	The Monarch of the Woods,		Raymond V. Conway
		Accompanist, John P. Egan	
March,	My Maryland,	Myrant,	Orchestra

November 15.

Sextet from Lucia di Lammermoor,	Donizetti
Motion Pictures, Panorama of Honolulu Harbor		
14th U. S. Infantry Detraining at Ogden		
Kanaka Boys Diving for Coins		
Storm in the Chinese Sea		
Waltz,	The First Violin,	Witt,
Polka,	Pizzicato,	Strauss,
Motion Pictures, The Escolta, Manila's Busiest Street		
Panorama of a Philippine Village		
Attack on the Cathedral at Magalon		
The 10th Pennsylvania in the Dewey Parade		
	Presented by Mr. Thomas O'Connell, '85	
March,	Carnival,	Alstyne,
		Orchestra

November 22.

Medley Overture,	Around the World,	Beyer,	Orchestra
Essay,	Pleasures of Hope and Memory,		J. N. Hayes
Recitation,	Give the Christians to the Lions,		R. J. Leahy
Schottische,	A Happy Group,	Cobb,	Orchestra
Piano Solo,	Alice,	Ascher,	P. C. Akers

Violin Solo, Beauty Bright W. F. Graham
A Summer Idyl at a Lawn Party, Steele, Orchestra
Debate. Resolved, That the Printing Press has been more beneficial
to mankind than the Steam Engine;
Chairman—J. J. Lappan
Affirmative—J. F. Corcoran, H. F. Cousins
Negative—E. J. Ley, E. J. Misklow

J. N. HAYES, '12.



A T H L E T I C S.

The Freshmen.

The Freshman team has brought to a happy finish a very successful season, having scored 115 points to its opponents' 22, and suffering only one defeat—that at the hands of the Beaver Falls' Scholastics, who outweighed our boys to such an extent that the latter looked like pygmies encountering giants. Below we give an account of the game that is most likely to prove of unusual interest to our readers, the struggle for supremacy with the Washington and Jefferson Scrubs. In this issue of the BULLETIN we must content ourselves with the scores of the other games played: St. Stephen's Lyceum, 6-0; Pittsburg Academy, 31-0; Braddock Scholastics, 6-0; Beaver Falls' High School, 31-0; Jeannette High School, 19-0; St. Stephen's Lyceum, 6-0; New Brighton Scholastics, 0-17; Pitt Pharmacy, 11-0.

The hardest, best and closest game seen during the season on our campus was played on November 11th with the W. and J. Scrubs. Though it ended in a tie 5, to 5, our boys had by far the best of the argument after the first five minutes had elapsed, when W. and J. scored after a nine-yard run by Young and a series of short gains averaging from three to four yards.

The superiority of the college freshmen is all the more surprising when it is considered that the visitors had the advantage of almost daily practice against their own 'Varsity team, and to their lasting credit had more than once come off victorious over their stronger opponents. That superiority is accentuated by the consideration that they were heavily outweighed, and yet displayed better form, not

one of them quitting the game from start to finish, while four of their apparently more robust competitors were put *hors de combat* by temporary injuries. The W. and J. scrubs may congratulate themselves on the muddy condition of the grounds in the lower end of the field, for it was there that their weight told and they made their only touchdown. During the halves, both sides frequently held for downs, and kicks were resorted to, the ball being nearly all of the time in W. and J. territory. It was in the second half that a spectacular run by Wilson tied the score and more than equalized the honors. W. and J., on the third down, with 11 yards to the bad, kicked to the middle of the field. Muldowney, on the first down, booted the ball to the 30-yard line. Wilson, seemingly as fresh as in the beginning of the game, broke through the line and came down the field with mighty strides. On approaching Young, off whom the ball bounced, he leaped high in the air, clutched the twirling sphere, and, aided by McGuigan's timely interference, shot forward with the speed and strength of an Alpine avalanche through the 30 yards of space that separated him from the coveted goal line, stopping only when he had reached the fence and planted the oval safely behind the posts.

The players: Broderick, Creighton, Daly, Dompka, A. Dugan, G. Dugan, Kaylor, Makowsky, Muldowney (captain), McGnigan, C. McGuire, M. McGuire, McNichol, Strako, Telerski, Wilson.

The Juniors.

Though the Junior team was light, it gave a good account of itself in every game, even when the odds in weight were strong against it. We have to chronicle in its favor four victories to one defeat. The scores: Braddock High School, 6-0; St. John's Academy, 0-0; Van Braum University, 2-0; Hazelwood, 5-4; Mt. Washington, 5-0; Natrona High School, 0-10. The players: Blundon, Boenau, Clair, Cunningham, Curran, Doris, Emmons, Fedigan (captain), Fisher, Haggerty, Joyce, Ley, Linnerman, Locke, O'Leary, Quirk, Shea, Szabo.

The Minims.

The Minim Team played consistently good football throughout the season, winning six games and losing only two, and those by the narrow margin of 5 points each. The players: Artho, Devlin, Doyle, Esser, Gallagher, Gilday, Kernan, Kist, McCrory, Mihm, Moorhead, Snyder, Sullivan (captain), Szabo, Wackerman, Williams. The scores: Lawrence A. C., 5-0; Lincoln A. C., 6-0; Hazelwood A. C., 7-0; Lucky A. C., 10-0; Hazelwood A. C., 10-0; Fulton Scholastics, 0-5; Linooln A. C., 0-5; Lincoln A. C., 10-5.

The Independents.

Though the Independents appeared late in the field, they developed into a gallant little team, and maintained an unsullied line to the end of the season, the Hoots alone scoring against them with a field goal. The players: Buerkle, Butler, Crehan, Darby (captain), Donahue, Duffy, George, Heinrich, Kerr, Lydon, G. and P. Schaub, Ward, Yates. The scores: Winchester A. C., 34-0; Lytle A. C., 29-0; Olympiads, 17-0; Hoots, 5-4; Epiphany School, 17-0.

E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

ON the fifth of November, Florenz J. Mansmann was united in the holy bonds of marriage with Miss Elza Wilhelm. The happy pair have started housekeeping at 34 Afton Avenue, Crafton, Pa.

J. M. O'CONNELL, '89, is general manager for the M. E. Cunningham Co., 352 Fifth Avenue. The specialties of this Company are steel and rubber stamps, stock certificates, badges, flags, etc.

RALPH HAYES writes from the American College, Rome, that he is entering on his third year's theology. Before twelve months have passed, he will have been ordained deacon.

WE have had letters from Howard J. Lawler, written at Oklahoma and El Paso, Texas. He is now at Pinas Altas, Chihuahua, Mexico, doing the office work in connection with one of the mines owned by Mr. Barnadall. A curious thing he noticed was the use of thongs instead of nails in the construction of a church built 300 years ago in Juarez, Mexico.

REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR and Rev. Stephen Bryan were ordained priests on October 23, in Paris, France. Father Bryan writes: "My fingers still fresh from the sacerdotal ointment, and my heart full of the bounty and munificence of God, I send you and the community and the boys, on the part of God, my priestly blessing."

FATHER RUDOLPH has succeeded in building a church under the patronage of Our Lady of Victories at Gerihm, Sierra Leone, Africa. It was dedicated on October 18, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Gorman, C. S. Sp. From the Rev. Pastor's letter we take the following extract: "The Catholics of distant Freetown sent two Catholic laymen as their representatives to express their congratulations on the accomplishment of such an onerous undertaking as the building of a substantial church, and on the success that have attended our missionary labors in the Hinterland. Most of the white people from Bo, twelve miles off, were present, and several chiefs assembled from the surrounding country. Had the church been twice its present size, it could not have accommodated with standing room all the people that had gathered for the dedication ceremony. At 9 A. M., a procession headed by the cross-bearer, accompanied by two acolytes, and composed of the congregation, the visitors, the chiefs in their gorgeous attires attended by their suites, the clergy and the Bishop, passed through the town and lined up around the church until the liturgical prayers were said. Then as many as could, entered and assisted at the pontifical High Mass. It was past noon when the ceremonies ended and the people dispersed, carrying away with them a vivid remembrance of the Bishop's sermon appropriate to the occasion, and lively sentiments of gratitude that God has been so good as to furnish them with a church wherein to worship Him and receive instruction in the true faith. On our return to our humble rectory, the chief honored us with a visit and presented his gifts—a bullock, two bushels of rice, a large fish and one dozen of eggs."

THE mission of Sierra Leone, Africa, has been fortunate in the acquisition of two zealous Fathers—both Alumni of this College—the Rev. L. Alachniewicz and Rev. George Schalz.

LEONARD E. PETGEN has for some time been clerk in

the Pittsburg Transfer Department of the P. R. R., Pitcairn, Pa.

ONE of our gridiron and diamond heroes, Daniel B. Dougherty, now in his third year's law studies at the University of Chicago, has been engaged as coach of the St. Ignatius College football team. The *St. Ignatius Collegian*, Chicago, in its athletic notes says: "After considering several candidates, we were finally fortunate enough to secure Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of Chicago University, a player of ability and reputation. Mr. Dougherty came specially recommended, and the College may be considered fortunate in securing his services."

THE versatility of John R. McKavney may be judged from the positions he has filled and the honors that have been conferred upon him since he left the college in his Sophomore year, 1905. He was principal of the O'Hara School from October, 1905, to June, 1906; from that date until December of the same year, he was in charge of the claim department of Booth & Flinn; since then he has had charge of County and State Roads, and also of the underground department for the same firm. In June, 1907, he graduated from the Penna. College of Anatomy. Subsequently he was elected Vice-President of the Alumni Association of Pittsburg College of Embalming; Vice-President of the C. T. A. U. of Pittsburg, and President of the Federation of Catholic Societies in Allegheny County. Quite lately he has registered with the law firm of W. W. Stoner & Co.

J. J. MILLARD, '09.



EXCHANGES.

The Exchange table groans beneath the ponderous weight of the numerous and substantial school journals which have visited us during the last month. It is

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV. Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1909. No. 4.

Cathedral Chimes.

Sweetly distant bells are ringing

These pages were missing when
received in bindery.

They ring out their melodies,
Once again our thoughts mount upwards,
Like fresh incense, to the skies.

And at even, when their voices
Warn us soon to take repose,
Then, full grateful for God's blessings,
We our weary eyelids close.

Thus it is the chimes encourage
Both the bravest of the brave
And the weakest to tend upward
From the cradle to the grave.

the Pittsburg Transfer Department of the P. R. R., Pitcairn, Pa.

ONE of our gridiron and diamond heroes, Daniel B. Dougherty, now in his third year's law studies at the University of Chicago, has been engaged as coach of the St. Ignatius College football team. The *St. Ignatius Collegian*, Chicago, in its athletic notes says: "After considering several candidates, we were finally fortunate enough to secure Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of Chicago University, a player of ability and reputation. Mr. Dougherty came specially recommended, and the College may be considered fortunate in securing his -----."

make certain new copy read
without a break

-----, Vice President of the U. C. C. of Pittsburg, and President of the Federation of Catholic Societies in Allegheny County. Quite lately he has registered with the law firm of W. W. Stoner & Co.

J. J. MILLARD, '09.



EXCHANGES.

The Exchange table groans beneath the ponderous weight of the numerous and substantial school journals which have visited us during the last month. It is

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV. Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1909. No. 4.

Cathedral Chimes.

Sweetly distant bells are ringing
Over wooded vale and hill;
Their glad peals of music floating
Through the air true joy instill.

Every morning, noon and evening,
They sing out their glad refrain,
Hills and mountains in responsive
Echoes greeting them again.

In the morning, when the sunshine
Puts to flight the shades of night,
Piously with them we chorus
Hymns unto the God of might.

When amidst the noon-day splendor
They ring out their melodies,
Once again our thoughts mount upwards,
Like fresh incense, to the skies.

And at even, when their voices
Warn us soon to take repose,
Then, full grateful for God's blessings,
We our weary eyelids close.

Thus it is the chimes encourage
Both the bravest of the brave
And the weakest to tend upward
From the cradle to the grave.

In the morning hours of childhood,
In our early days, care-light,
With persuasive tones they urge us
To be steadfast in the right.

And at noontide days of manhood,
Comes their message once more told
To pursue our course unswerving
Toward the glowing "land of gold."

When, at length, night draws around us
And life's toil must yield to rest,
Then their lullaby will soothe us
Into slumber with the blest.

H. F. COUSINS, '12.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER IV.

The Treatment and Vicissitudes of our Family in America. American Seasons, and Methods of Planting and of Gathering.

It is not so long ago, as you would be led to imagine, that the members of our family received any special consideration, or favored treatment, even in those great Cotton States of America.*

* Sir George Watt, in his valuable work on *The Cotton Plants of the World*, writes that "the first attempt to grow cotton over there was made in Virginia in 1620, but (that) it took nearly one hundred years before the plantations became of national importance. In Georgia and Carolina cotton cultivation was started in 1733 and 1734, and in 1741 the first sample of Georgia Cotton was sent to England. In 1784 a ship brought fourteen bales of Cotton from America to Liverpool, of which eight were seized on the ground that so much could not have been produced in the United States. Sixteen years later, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the cotton crop of the States was returned at 48,000,000 pounds.

It is not so long ago since not only cotton planting, but even the very spinning and weaving were relegated—merely as a secondary work—to the Negro laborer, and his wife and children. You must remember how recently in a comparative sense, and how gradually, these Southern States were settled in the interior, where it took years, and toil and patience to clear away the great primitive forests, and open up the plains and prairies to the influence of commercial enterprise. For a long time, even, (as, no doubt, will frequently be the case over here) the first crops of cotton were not encouraging, owing to the vast quantities of foreign matter and growth of all kinds that ate up the real substance of the soil, leaving the poor young stranger to lose in fruit and fibre what it absorbed only in the length of its straggling roots.

Little by little, however, the planters took an increased interest in its proper production, spurred on as they were by the clamorous demands of the home manufacturers, now using the recent inventions of Arkwright and Crompton. It was soon evident to the most obtuse settler, as well as to his most ignorant black slave, that everything was there, in that new land of promise, to favor cotton above all other crops. The soil was rich—the climate was favorable—the prices were encouraging—the demand was steadily increasing. Indian corn sprang up readily, and became most serviceable, not only by its own immediate uses, but by its adaptability as a pioneer crop, and, afterwards, as a most suitable alternating crop, to the more delicate and more lucrative one needed for the loom. Though, of its nature, as any planter will tell you, and agricultural chemists will confirm, corn absorbs and robs from the soil more substance and nutriment, it was an excellent opener of new territory. It helped also to give manure—although no better manure could be found than the cotton seed itself when allowed to rot in the fallow ground. Thus, in a short space of time more attention was paid to the remote, as well as to the

proximate, preparation of the soil itself, to enable it to do its subsequent work, under the benign influence of that still more potent factor and agent—Climate.

And this is how they did. Before the frost was completely out of the ground, and while yet the manure, either natural or artificial, which had been laid in January, was sinking into the soft and warm sub-soil beneath, the plough was brought to bear upon the land, and, after giving the necessary shaking-up, worked out the ridges and furrows that form so peculiar an external feature of the American system of plantation. Very soon afterwards, that is in April (for most of the Cotton States), the seed was confided to the ground, in the long, straight line of furrows, opened up by the drill. Where the land was poor, the rows of furrows, with their corresponding seeds, were nearer to one another than where the land was rich, for the simple reason that while in the former the tap-root of the plant struck deeper in the ground, the lateral roots were not liable to spread as far apart as they would probably do in richer soil. In our case, the rows were from three to four feet apart; but the interval in length, between the seeds, was only about twelve or fourteen inches.

In each hole—or, after each interval—five or six little seeds were deposited together, before being lightly covered. For, after their appearance above ground, when the scraping and hoeing and ridging were to take place in frequent and successive rounds, it was to be “the survival of the fittest.”

From now on, the planting season was over—but it was henceforth to be a time of increasing labor and pre-occupation. For, within four or five days, you could see peeping above ground two tiny top leaves, kidney-shaped and facing each other—the only ones of this shape that the plant was destined to bear. In ten or twelve days, sooner even, when climatic conditions were favorable, another leaf, heart-shaped, with sharp and prolonged

point, made its appearance. It was what the planter called the Third Leaf.

In the meantime, both sun and rain, along with their necessary companion, humidity, were doing their important share of work. And, for fear of your making a common mistake, I may tell you just here, that rain and humidity are not always synonymous terms—as may be gathered from the words of a former and distinguished Governor of Madras, some 50 years ago, who was precisely using the distinction to illustrate, in his Annual Report to Parliament, the importance of the question in regard to the study of cotton cultivation: “I understand him (the Cotton Agent) to attribute the failure of American cotton, in Coimbatore, to the want of humidity; and I understand him to signify that the humidity of a climate depends upon the quantity of rain that falls. With this statement I beg to differ. The climate of the lower parts of Scinde is for some months the most humid I ever lived in; and yet the rain, beyond a few showers, does not usually fall in more than one year out of three or four. I believe also that there are other regions of the globe to which the same remark may be still more forcibly applied.” (Sir Henry Pottinger’s Report—Parliamentary Returns—1857). And, indeed, such is partially the case, in some of the Southern States particularly, though with a great deal less of contrast between rain and humidity than in India, as above described. For the nights in April, May and June, are very humid, as a rule, while the heavy bursts of rain during the day, are sufficiently frequent to give abundant moisture to the growing plant.

In three months’ time after the deep green and yellow flowers developed, the little pods or capsules opened up into their four or five valves, and disclosed their rich and beautiful burden of soft, snow-white tufts of wool. With these first-formed, and fruitful bolls, the picking was begun—and it was continued at intervals, just as the fresh wool appeared on each new set of burst-

ing pods, from the middle of August until the beginning of December. This was, indeed, to be the most difficult and trying operation of all, especially for the boys and women to whom this task was generally reserved. From early dawn, with their baskets on their arms, or their bags slung over their woolly heads, in the shape of a protecting hood, they started for the "field," timing their progress through the dew-sodden lanes or pathways, so as to arrive, and begin work upon the expectant bolls, just as soon as the first warning rays of the rising sun should fall upon them. Up and down the long line of white-capped shrubs, they went, thrusting their opened fingers, with unerring aim and energetic grasp, upon the not-readily-yielding fibre, and varying the monotony of this ever-recurring and self-same process with cheerful snatches of the old plantation melodies that are to you so familiar, but that sprang into their immortal existence on many a cotton-field, in the midst of such a scene as I now describe. Heaped upon the mule-cart that followed each band, and brought to the large shed, before the sun gave place to the heavy and injurious dews of evening, the precious material was stored for the night, to be delivered, on the following morning, to the ginning machines, where the real fibre was to be forever separated from its adhering seeds.

CHAPTER V.

*Comparison with Methods and Seasons, in Other Warm Countries.
India. Importance of Climate. Selection of Proper
Planting Season for Southern Nigeria.*

At this point, gentle Reader, I must interrupt the current of my historical or traditional retrospect, and bidding adieu to the land of my forefathers, call you back with me to what should have occupied more of my time—the recital of my own individual experiences. But you will, I am sure, be lavish in your indulgence to my long digression into the past, when you realize that while I was thus giving you, in narrative form, the shreds of

tradition previously alluded to, and contributing detailed information about that interesting land where lies the most prosperous seat of our vast family, I was all the while, in advance, endeavoring to make you familiar with the successive operations which even I myself have passed through, from the day my parent seed was planted until the moment of my own birth as an independent individual of the cotton family. For, except in two or three minor matters of detailed arrangements, which I am going to specify, those various operations are practically the same in every country where our people flourish and are reared.

Naturally, the first and most important of these differences, or details of method, is the difference of date or period, wherein the planting begins. In the States, as we have seen, it is usually opened about the beginning or the middle of April, and the gathering closes in December. In India, a great deal depends upon the different localities. Some, like the Eastern, or Coromandel, district are subject to the North-Eastern Monsoon, in which case the sowing begins in September, the ground being softened by the partial rains of July, August and September—and the plant being thus enabled to rise well above ground before the heavy Monsoon, which commences in October.

From the latter month the heavy rains continue, with intervals of fair weather, until the warmth of December gives them their full growth. From this time on, the crop itself will receive the full benefit of the ripening weather of the next three months.

Other localities, like those of the Western, or Malabar, side of the Peninsula, are subject to the influence of the South-West Monsoon, whose rains begin towards the close of May, and require the completion of the sowing season about the commencement of this same month, so that the young plants may be above ground in sufficient time and growth to be able to withstand the heavy and continuous rains of June and July. This side of the

Peninsula has always been considered the one best adapted, as far as climate is concerned, to the cultivation of American cotton, since the course of the seasons more nearly corresponds to that of the Southern Cotton States.

All these details serve to show how important for our ultimate welfare is the question of climate—in fact, one of the most experienced American Planters brought over to India in the late century, for the purpose of introducing the profitable cultivation of American cotton, and of ameliorating the native type, insisted strongly and continuously in maintaining that, as between the two, climate was more important than soil in the sowing and all-round growth of cotton.

In the new home, therefore, to which my parents were imported, the question of climate was as carefully considered as that of soil. Now, anyone acquainted with this part of the Southern Nigeria Protectorate will tell you—what my own experience has, of course, but confirmed—that the Tornado Season, with its intermittent bursts of heavy showers, begins in April, and lasts till the middle of June, when the hard, dry surface of the ground is loosened. Then, after some brief intervals of heat that often becomes oppressive from the abundance of atmospheric humidity, the heavy, steady rains commence, and the temperature falls, most frequently during the night and the early morning dews, to an average of 70 to 74 degrees, but with the corresponding and compensating advantage of a usually sufficient and regular spell of warmth—though less frequently, of sunshine—during the day.

Thus the end of May, or the beginning of June, has been properly and naturally selected as the most favorable season for planting the cotton-seed, in Southern Nigeria.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



TWILIGHT.

When the noise and the turmoil and the feverish heat of the day are over, and the throbbing heart of the world ceases for a brief moment its rapid pulsation, and the sun disappears from view beyond the western hills, then twilight, like a benediction from heaven, descends upon the world. No other part of the day is so calm and peaceful, and no other part of the day is so beautiful. For, at twilight, the day's work is done, and we are free to wander down the road to yesterday, or peer through the dim vistas of to-morrow.

It is at twilight, too, that the past appears more vividly before us. Then we see again the old familiar scenes and faces, and live over again those sweet, blissful moments, which everyone has experienced, and which were "too beautiful to last."

The passing of the day reminds us also of the inevitable fate which awaits us all. For just as the day wanes into twilight, and then into night, so shall our lives glide by. Our last moments, however, need have no terror for us; if our lives are pure and good, and sweetened by charity and the practice of Christian virtues, then the twilight of our lives, and the night which follows it, will be but the heralds of the sun which shall rise for us upon "the eternal hills of God."

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.



Fireside Messages.

"But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."

WORDSWORTH.

What has become of the good old coal fire? Has it, too, passed away with the many joys of the last century,

never to return? or is the faint fire in our libraries, there in the midst of twentieth century comforts and twentieth century inventions, the spectre of fires long dead come back to view once more the scenes it knew so well, but, alas, to find them all changed?

Ah, how lonely the fire looks, burning there in the dusk of the evening. Around what fibers of the heart does it not twine! What pictures it draws! What tales it tells, to you, to me, to old, to young, aye, to all, as they sit, as we do now, dreaming in the short twilight of winter!

See how grandmother is smiling as she watches the sportive flames. They awaken memories of a father, a mother, sisters and brothers, the whole stream of time flowing down there, amid the primeval hills and forests, with the sound of laughter and of tears, far away in the home of her girlhood, when hearts were free from the greed of gold and untainted by the vices of cities, and whose memory is like the fresh spontaneity of some shepherd's song, sung in God's out-of-doors, beneath calm starlit skies. What a pleasure to see once again enacted before her dim eyes, the simple yet impressive drama of life!

But to us, who now see in the ruddy glow the achievements of great ambitions, there will come a time when we shall sit by the fire, but changed in many respects from what we now are. Perhaps the world will have grown bitter; we may have seen too closely its misery and its poverty; we may have shared in the endless hurry and scurry to eke out a wretched living, while failures loomed up as an awful apparition in our sleeping and in our waking hours; then with crow's feet beneath the eyes, with hardened mouth, and gray hairs mingled with the black, tired and weary, we, too, shall sit by the fire and watch the pictures rise.

Oh, for the pressure of a father's hand—the hand that ever guided us safely along the path of virtue—come back to show it to our feverish eyes once more; oh,

for the tender caress of a mother, as she smooths the wrinkled brows, as she comforts our weary hearts, yet urging us onward ; and, oh, for the sweet, proud smile of a sister, as she listens to the day-dreams of the idle college boy, to hear her words ring out once more : "You will do great things, dear Jack. How fervently will I pray that you succeed."

How can you fail ? They are all praying for you, the ever-loving, the faithful and the true, and they have come from a better world to solace you in your need ; if you obey them, success is yours. You may call it sentimentalism, you may call it spiritualism, but I cannot think of these fireside messages as other than the promptings of angels come to urge us, not to the goal for which men murder each other, but to true, unselfish success—the dream of our youth.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



Mine Explosions.

None of us has read, without a shudder, the details of the great mine explosions that have succeeded one another in such alarming rapidity, within the last year. It would almost appear as if these recurring horrors, entailing such fearful loss of life, were necessary evils, particularly in certain parts of Western Pennsylvania, so difficult and hopeless seems the task of providing effective means against their frequency. But we must not despair of finding a remedy—and we should be the more stimulated to every possible effort in this direction, the more we consider the vast interests concerned—the wretched condition of the numberless families left behind—the untiring and persevering energy of the mining companies to reduce their number, and to render conditions in the mines more comfortable and more secure.

It is in the hope of adding a mite to the suggestions

contributed on every side upon this deeply interesting subject that the writer of this brief article has invoked his personal experience in the mining regions, to develop some points that may not be without interest to the general reader.

Mine explosions occur mostly in the bituminous regions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where the explosive mine-gas exists. But even in districts that are clear of gas, a change in barometric conditions may cause its accumulation. In the Pittsburg region proper, the gas seems to come directly from the coal seam, while it is frequently given off from the bottom of coking coal. Shafts have been the scenes of the greatest number of explosions, drift mines are second, and slopes rank third in the number of fatalities. Explosions in most cases have been in mines where open lamps were in use. On several occasions mixed lights were used in mines where gas was known to accumulate at times.

The explosions in mines where safety lamps are used, have been due, in the majority of cases, to the improper firing of shots, whose blasts, by their flash, ignited the gas. Many of the earlier disasters have been caused by recklessness and negligence in the strict observance of the mining laws. Finding a weak point in the law, the more careless or more ignorant or more inexperienced miners, more than likely, took advantage of it, by interpreting the law to suit their own interests. Danger signals were not placed to warn miners in gaseous localities; in other instances it was found that the proper examinations of working places had not been made.

On more than one occasion, coal dust has been the cause of terrible disasters. The stopping of a fan on idle days, and the inaccuracy of a survey have been factors in their occurrence. An engineer's error resulted in a mine room's being driven into an abandoned mine and through this opening, gas poured in, and was ignited by a miner's lamp. In every case, the catastrophe has occurred as a

result of gas coming in contact with a flame or spark.

The number of lives endangered in a gaseous mine has been calculated as being from forty to one hundred and fifty, while the value of the whole property exposed to total loss or placed in such a position as to be ultimately useless, amounts to millions. The loss of life should be first taken into consideration. In a minute's time as many as one hundred and thirty lives have been snatched away. Families are made destitute of means of support; children are thrown upon the world at a tender age. Whole districts are shrouded in sorrow, which cannot be adequately alleviated by the sympathy of the people, or by the help contributed from relief funds. Relief funds are excellent, but they do not make up for the great loss of loved ones. Nor will they place the families on as firm a basis as they were previous to the disaster.

The world does not always realize that the mining companies of to-day have the welfare of their employees deeply and sincerely at heart. Neither does it know how to appreciate properly the extraordinary care and pre-occupation of a good company to have a plant safely equipped.

The scene of one of the latest disasters was the Marianna Mine, thought to be the model mine of the world. No expense had been overlooked in equipping it with the most modern safety appliances. From a cause unknown, on November 29, 1908, a terrible explosion took place in which over one hundred and thirty men were killed. This only shows that companies are not to be blamed to the extent to which the public sometimes holds them liable. The people of the class that censure the capitalists may be astounded to read that one of our largest concerns is ever asking its officials for suggestions as to what will add to the safety of the miners. And when they are made, the result is that the equipment suggested is generally placed in the mines, thus adding more to the safety of the workmen. It is time, therefore,

that the people should know that companies fear explosions as much as the miner, and are making every effort to avoid their occurrence.

To guard against such accidents, mines should be well ventilated, for fresh air is a great diluter of gas. Fans capable of thoroughly ventilating the mines should be installed, while good air courses, trap doors, brattices and overcasts should be erected. Brattices and overcasts must necessarily be of solid masonry. These are the first requisites of a safe mine, and are necessary to aid the fan in its work. Safety lamps of the most approved type should be provided; mixed lamps should not be permitted in mines where gas has been found in a volume large enough to necessitate the use of safety lamps in some of the workings. For blasting, competent shot firers should be employed. These men should be of the class that are thoroughly acquainted with, and conscious of, the responsibility of their position. At all times, when not in use, their apparatus should be kept under lock and key. The explosives used should be those producing the least flame. Examinations of working places should be carefully made, and if gas is found, necessary precautions ought to be taken to remove it from the workings. These steps for the protection of the miner should be carried out before he enters the working place. Discipline should be strict and, to be really safe, mining people must comply scrupulously with Pennsylvania's excellent mining laws.

JOHN D. LOCKE,

Junior Scientific, '09.



THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.—LONGFELLOW.

An Elegy On The College Gridiron.

(With apologies to Mr. Gray)

Thanksgiving tolled the knell of football days;
The students after school file through the gate,
The players now have laid their suits aside
And left the grounds to winter and to fate.

How hard they struggled victory to win
In gruelling games protracted unto dark !
How jocund when they made a goal afield,
How sad when trusted foot had missed its mark !

For them no more the coach's urgent call,
Cap. Kaylor's stern rebuke for fumbled ball !
No more in triumph shall the students cheer,
Upon the campus or in dining hall,

For Broderick stout, of variegated pants,
For Daly, Dugans, Wilson fleet of foot,
For Dompka, Creighton and McGuigan strong,
For Mike Muldowney of the sturdy boot,

For Dan McNichol and Makowski lank,
For Strako, R. Telerski and McGuires;
For these were cheers and plaudits well-deserved,
For Egan, too, the fairest of umpires.

Full many another star of ray serene
Would shine if just the Faculty allowed;
Full many a back by parents' mandate stood
Constrained to root to hoarseness 'midst the crowd.

Far from the gentler games of ping-pong, cards
And pool, their sober wishes never stray.
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They keep the wholesome tenor of their way.

But now the season 's o'er, its history writ;
Black eyes have disappeared and wounds are healed,
The whitewash lines effaced, the goal posts down,
And Brother Ammon soon will flood the field.

E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.

The Catholic Encyclopedia Progressing.

The new library circular issued by the Robert Appleton Company in conjunction with the publication of Volume IV. of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* is a splendidly printed brochure of fifty pages. It summarizes the work already done on the *Encyclopedia* and forecasts the work to come. The list of literateurs and savants who have contributed articles occupies twelve pages, and an enumeration of the larger libraries which have the *Encyclopedia* on file takes six more. Several of the original ecclesiastical maps are reproduced, and the rest of the circular discusses the field of the *Encyclopedia* by departments and reveals how comprehensive is the scope of this great undertaking.



A New Year's Thought.

The pealing bells from thousand lofty towers,
The solemn requiem chant—the year is dead:
And then a sense of sorrow overpowers,
For with a loving friend grim Death has fled.

But when gray Time the sable tomb has closed
And shows unto the world his offspring fair,
A beaming cherub in a cloud enclosed,
Then e'en the wretched, joyful aspects bear.

What pleasure 'twere on New Year's morn to hear
All tender greetings blended in one sound,
To closely scan each visage fraught with cheer
And to portray each mortal's hopes profound.

But hearken to the beaming cherub's voice:
" Since you my advent hail with greetings gay,
I pray you all be mirthful and rejoice,
Show kindness and good will throughout my stay."

C. A. MAYER, '09.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. McGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. M. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1909.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

A Happy New Year!

Few there are, even among the wretched and sorrowing, who have not had this cheering and hallowed greeting. And yet there are few families that have not seen the infant year cross the portals of their homes without the accompaniment of some trace of sorrow or some token of grief, that it has brought to a loving relative or friend. So it is ever with us during life. Sorrows and joys intermingling, or crossing one another's path ! Tears chasing laughter—and laughter bringing cheer to the stricken heart !

To the good, consistent and faithful Christian, who knows how vain is the merriment of this world, and who

realizes that "we have not here a lasting dwelling-place," the greeting of a "Happy New Year" has a deeper significance than the mere, flippant wish for worldly joy or merry-making or wealth. It means a prayer for a blessing, for grace, even for success and prosperity, when these are expected from and bestowed by the One "from Whom all blessings flow"—and it is in this sense that we extend to all our friends, our readers, and their families, our sincere and heartfelt wishes for a "Happy, Blessed and Prosperous New Year"!



Degeneration of Modern Journalism.

To say that Journalism, as we see it reflected and illustrated in the daily newspapers, is steadily and noticeably degenerating, is an assertion devoid of all exaggeration. It may not be precisely or exclusively their fault, since they must cater to their readers—and, like the theatre, it is, in some degree, the audience that makes the level, or the character, of the stage, "the supply being dependent on the demand."

But, even if the comparison were perfectly correct, and were there every similarity between the two given sources of information, instruction and amusement, yet that would not be sufficient to justify the higher and more noble calling of Journalism in descending to the level of such a principle as the one quoted above.

Amusement, however, is the more direct purpose of the stage; the formation of intelligent opinion, the imparting of sound and reliable information is not, as with newspapers, so directly within its scope. And thus it is that the whim of the moment or the taste of the period may explain the varying nature of the productions offered to its votaries.

But that the newspaper, with the vast audience which it reaches, and with the possibilities which it has

within its grasp, as well as with the independent position which it occupies, should sacrifice to the vulgar tastes of the few the power which it may yield for influencing the many, is to abdicate its highest functions and purposes. One paper feels the need of sordidly borrowing loud colors and other mechanical aids to secure a momentary audience, and all the others follow suit, not one being independent enough to appeal, chiefly, if not solely, to the intelligent interest of the public. This, surely, is a sorry sight, and this scramble after vulgar advertising, that would better grace the walls or bill-posts, is a sure sign of decadence.



Spiritual Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

During the course of this year, in which we celebrate both the sacerdotal Jubilee of His Holiness Pius X., and that of the apparitions of the Immaculate Virgin at Lourdes, the International Committee of Pilgrimages, resident at Bologna (Italy), Via Mazzini No. 94, has undertaken to promote, throughout the Catholic world, a Spiritual Pilgrimage, which is now being propagated in every diocese. To encourage and crown this devotion, the Sovereign Pontiff has lately written the following letter to the President of the Committee:—

The Vatican, November 15th, 1908.

Dear Sir:

The Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X., will join in spirit those who follow the Spiritual Pilgrimage to Lourdes, and those who, on February 11th, 1909, in prostration before the "White Queen of the Pyrenees," will conclude in the Basilica of Lourdes the Jubilee year of the Apparitions. While they are assisting at the Holy Mass, His Holiness will apply the merits of the August Sacrifice to their intentions, which are also his own.

And to render this union of spirit between the Father

and his sons more perceptible, His Holiness has granted to Mgr. Andrew Hyacinth Longhin, Bishop of Treviso, President of the International Commission of the Spiritual Pilgrimage, and the celebrant at Lourdes, the power to give the Papal Benediction—with the plenary indulgence for all those who, having confessed and communicated pray for his intentions—to the thousands of clients of Mary Immaculate, who assist at this solemn manifestation of love and faith. The indulgence applies to all those who, having confessed and communicated, join in spirit, either on this day or on the following Sunday, with the pilgrims at Lourdes and pray for the intentions of His Holiness.

With sentiments of profound respect, I sign myself,
Your most humble servant,

JOHN BRESSAN,
Capitular Secretary of His Holiness.



OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of four past students during the month of December.

ARTHUR FLANIGAN, '97-'99, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., in the course of an illness covering several months, tried the climate of Colorado to no purpose, and returned home to die on the 13th. His death was regretted by a large circle of friends, who had learned to appreciate his excellent qualities of mind and heart.

RAYMOND SPENGLER, '02-'06, succumbed on the 13th after a brief sickness. As a student, he commanded the respect of his professors and the affection of his classmates. Always exemplary in life, he was fortified in his last moments with the Sacraments of Holy Church.

ROBERT J. MUNHALL, a graduate of the Commercial Department of the class of '86, passed away on the 19th. His death was consoling as his life had been edifying.

DR. JAMES J. O'SULLIVAN died on the 20th, at Denver, Colo., whither he had gone to repair his health. Death came to him at the early age of 24. He had made his studies in Blackrock College, Ireland, here, and in the Medical Department of the University of Pittsburg. Graduated as physician two and a half years ago, he began to practise in the East End, and lectured on hygiene twice a week in the school where he had received his professional training. *R. I. P.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

AMONGST the visitors to the College lately, we may mention Claude Duffy, one of our old-time gridiron stars, formerly of Washington, Pa., but now actively interested in his father's oil fields in Illinois; John Mayer, '08, on vacation from St. Meinrad's Seminary; James Cox, '07, from St. Vincent's; Charles Dillon, from the U. of P. Medical Department; and Charles Duffy, from Georgetown University, Medicine, '10.

THE boarders had their customary Christmas vacation banquet on the evening of December 21.

SECOND term examinations will begin on January 25. Students will be examined orally in the English branches.

OUR annual retreat is fixed for February 2-5.

THE college euchre, one of the chief college social events, will be held in Montefiore Hall, Fifth Avenue, near Craft Avenue. We want you to be there, accompanied by your relatives and friends. Remember the date—Wednesday evening, February 10.

WE are in receipt of a handsome almanac and calendar from a former professor, Rev. C. J. Plunkett, C. S. Sp., pastor of St. Peter Claver's Church for Colored People, Philadelphia. The booklet abounds in gems of pious verse, and thoughtful reflections in prose on the chief feasts of the ecclesiastical year.

Our Four New Stained-Glass Windows.

Just before the feast of Christmas, four new stained-glass windows were set in position in the college chapel. These windows were designed and executed by Mayer & Co., Munich, Bavaria. Rich in color and harmonious in effect, they inspire the beholder with admiration and devotion. The figures, artistically grouped and triumphs of the designer's inspiration and the glass-burner's art in execution, are enclosed in frames of intricate and beautiful Gothic workmanship. Both students and Faculty are grateful to the generous donors of these helpful aids to piety.

The "Crucifixion" was presented by Mrs. J. C. Reilly in memory of her husband. Placed in the sanctuary above the high altar, it is the first to catch the eye of the devout worshipper who enters, and brings home to him forcefully the price of man's redemption. Our Divine Saviour, with drooping head, wracked with pain and livid from the effects of the terrible agony He has passed through, appears dying on the Cross. On His left is the Blessed Virgin, her features showing her intense grief for her beloved Son. On His right stands the favored St. John, sorrowfully and sympathetically looking up at that Divine Master who had bestowed upon him unique proofs of His love. St. Mary Magdalene, with hair dishevelled and streaming eyes, weeps at the foot of the Cross, which she clasps for support in her soul-searching affliction. The Good Centurion stands in the background, waiting to pierce the side of the Crucified and to receive through the wound he inflicts a torrent of heavenly graces.

The "Scourging at the Pillar," also in the sanctuary, graphically shows a most prominent feature of the agony our Divine Lord endured at the hands of His merciless persecutors. Stripped to the waist. He is writhing beneath the cruel blows that cut and tear through His sacred flesh. Two brawny Roman soldiers bend to the

task as they ply the steel-tipped lashes. This window was donated by his parents in memory of Paul C. Curran.

“St. Dominic Receiving the Rosary” is an appropriate introduction to the representation of the fifteen mysteries ranged round the chapel. The Blessed Mother holds in her arms the Infant Jesus as He hands the string of beads to the kneeling saint. The pretty heads and the wings of two cherubs are clearly discernible above, basking in the rays of the Divinity as they fall in brightening and joyous colors on our Blessed Lady. An angel with extended wings hovers over St. Dominic, and casts upon him a glance of encouragement as he receives the token wherewith he is to touch the hardened hearts of the Albigensian heretics. This window is the gift of Mrs. M. McGrath in memory of her husband and son.

The last window on the Gospel side and nearest to the door, represents the late Pope Leo XIII. reverently kneeling before the Queen of Heaven seated on a throne and bearing the Child Jesus in her arms, from which is suspended the holy rosary. With outstretched hands the Holy Father is offering to her a golden crown, symbolic of the sway she wields over the hearts of her devoted subjects, while over him is seen an angel resting on a cloud and holding a scroll on which are inscribed the words, *Salve, Regina Coeli*. This beautiful picture is a graceful tribute by J. Dawson Callery to the memory of his brother William.

Three more windows will now complete the plan of glass decorations in our chapel—the Agony in the Garden, the Crowning with Thorns, and the Carrying of the Cross.



THE SODALITIES.

To promote piety amongst the students and to foster virtues specifically suited to their varying ages, several Sodalities were organized in the College. The members of these Sodalities meet in the chapel on stated days, recite appropriate prayers, and receive instructions on their duties from the Reverend Directors.

The prayers of many united in a common purpose rise like sweet incense before the throne of the Giver of every good gift, and bring down from Heaven abundant graces to enlighten us in our darkness, to strengthen us in our resolutions, to aid us in our temptations, to fortify us in the pursuit of virtues, and to console and comfort us in hours of depression and affliction. Moreover, the example of companions, all endeavoring to avoid the devious ways of sin and striving to proceed steadily along the path of righteousness, stimulates the weak and encourages the strong. If, in childhood and youth, the plastic mind receives a decided bent towards good, maturer years will find that bent maintained and confirmed. The storms of temptations may rage, the heat of passions may glow, but the inclination given in early days will prove strong when gusts assail, and firm when insidious vapors rise.

Young men educated in Catholic colleges should be models of Christian virtues; they should be men of light and leading, knowing the right and accomplishing it, to their own spiritual advantage and the edification of their neighbor. Their influence for good will be in proportion to the solidity of their training, the prominence of their position, socially and professionally, and the wealth they amass and dispense for benevolent undertakings. Such men it is the ambition of our college to develop, and the purpose of the Sodalities to train for the betterment of society.

We give below the names of the officers of the several Sodalities for the current year:

Sodality of the Infant Jesus.

Director	Rev. Michael J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	P. Martin Clarke
First Assistant	John E. McGee
Second Assistant	J. Lawrence Mahon
Secretary	Howard Lee
Treasurer	Alphonsus Schmidt
Librarian	Eugene C. Vey
Standard Bearer	John R. Gilday

Sodality of the Holy Angels—Second Division.

Director	Rev. Joseph A. Baumgartner, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	Francis A. Coristin
First Assistant	Leo A. McCrory
Second Assistant	John N. Diegelman
Secretary	Michael F. McManus
Treasurer	Joseph F. Heidenkamp
Librarian	Joseph E. Hines
Standard Bearer	Daniel V. Boyle

First Division.

Director	Rev. Joseph F. Fleck, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	John F. McGraw
First Assistant	John J. Lydon
Second Assistant	Michael J. Cassidy
Secretary	Charles J. Mills
Treasurer	Edward A. Heinrich
Librarian	James S. Devlin
Standard Bearer	Daniel S. Fisher

Sodality of the Immaculate Heart—Second Division.

Director	Rev. Patrick J. Fullen, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	Eugene Costello
First Assistant	John A. Clinton
Second Assistant	Michael J. Snyder
Secretary	Paul L. Butler
Treasurer	Adrian T. Gast
Librarian	James L. Harrigan
Standard Bearer	August G. Letzelter

First Division.

Director	Rev. Thomas A. Wrenn, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	Joseph H. Wagner
First Assistant	Anthony T. Joyce
Second Assistant	Herbert C. Mansmann

Secretary	August L. Krieger
Treasurer	Joseph Esser
Librarian	Gregory T. Darby
Standard Bearer	John J. Curran

Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament.

Director	.	.	Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	.	.	Philip A. Dugan
First Assistant	.	.	Hugh F. Cousins
Second Assistant	.	.	J. Herbert McHattie
Secretary	.	.	Eugene J. Ley
Treasurer	.	.	Thomas F. Murray
Librarian	.	.	Raymond J. Leahy
Standard Bearer	.	.	James J. Hawks

Sodality of the Holy Ghost.

Director	.	Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.
Prefect	.	Thomas J. Dunn
First Assistant	.	Joseph A. Whalen
Second Assistant	.	Raymond V. Conway
Secretary	.	Joseph H. McGraw
Treasurer	.	Edward J. McKnight
Librarian	.	Charles A. Mayer
Standard Bearer	.	George J. Bullion



ENTERTAINMENTS.

The entertainments of the month of December were highly appreciated, and amply deserved the applause with which they were enthusiastically greeted. Our orchestra, under the skillful and zealous direction of Professor C. B. Weis, is always heard with pleasure; at the Graduation Exercises, Mercy Hospital, December 18, selections were rendered to the complete satisfaction of the audience. The Sophomores manifest the best college spirit on their class night, and prove that they are possessed of varied talent; their songs and recitations are thoroughly enjoyable, and their debates show careful study and painstaking research. A special programme was prepared for the Sunday before the Christmas holi-

days. All the numbers were excellent and encores were numerous and emphatic. It is intended to have, before Lent begins, another such concert, to which the parents of the students will be invited. The programmes:

December 6.

Overture,	Jubilee,	Weis,	Orchestra
Recitation,	A Toast,		J. T. McMahon
Violin Solo,	Are You Sincere,		L. J. Locke
	Accompanist, P. C. Ackers		
Vocal Solo,	Sweet Thoughts of Home,		R. V. Conway
	Accompanist, J. P. Egan		
Intermezzo,	Paree,	Edwards,	Orchestra
Recitation,	Prentiss's First Plea,		H. P. Cunningham
Mandolin Solo,	Red Wing,		E. J. McKnight
	Accompanist, C. J. McGuire		
Finale,	Missouri Rag,	Powell,	Orchestra
Debate—Resolved, That the influence of the stage at the present day is detrimental to morality;			
Chairman—J. J. Millard			
Affirmative, J. D. Locke, J. N. Whalen			
Negative—J. A. Habrowski, J. T. McMahon			

December 13.

March,	Our Naval Officers,	Orchestra
Recitation,	A Runaway Boy,	F. M. Ubinger
Recitation,	Mark Anthony's Oration,	C. A. Sanderbeck
Violoncello Solo,	Christmas Eve,	R. A. Telerski
Recitation,	Life, A Funny Proposition,	J. J. Hawks
Novelty,	Snow Queen,	Orchestra
Recitation,	College Oil Cans,	G. V. Dugan
Chorus,	Blow The Smoke Away,	Sophomore Class
Finale,	Blaze Away,	Orchestra
Debate—Resolved, That the world owes more to Navigation than to Railroads;		
Chairman—J. L. Harrigan		
Affirmative—W. J. Groff, H. J. Gibbert		
Negative—H. J. Gelm, J. P. Egan		

December 20.

March,	Merry Christmas,	Orchestra
Recitation,	Ivry,	H. F. Cousins
Violin Solo,	Romanza,	J. E. Hines
	Accompanist, J. P. Egan	

Overture,	From Dawn To Twilight,	Orchestra
Vocal Solo,	The Miller,	Rev. T. A. Wrenn
Trio,	Longing For Home,	C. Bauer, E. Bauer, R. Griffith
Piano Solo,	Hungarian Mazurka,	J. P. Egan
Variety,	Stranded,	J. J. Hawks, J. R. Daly
Piano Duet,	Qui Vive,	W. Ganz, <i>Op. 12</i> , . . .
	L. A. McCrory, C. McCrory	
Mandolin Solo,	Popular Airs,	E. J. McKnight
	Accompanist, C. J. McGuire	
Waltz,	My Lady Laughter,	Orchestra
Violin Solo,	Flower Song,	Professor C. B. Weis
Finale,	Good Night,	Orchestra



JUST JOTTINGS.

DALY says that the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," must have been a college boarder.

OUR best comedians—Hawks and Daly, the "Lonesome Town" artists.

LIPINSKI finds an excuse for hours of rest from study in Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise."

"WHAT, do you think, made Burns lose to Johnson?

"Everything looked black before him, and he could not locate his opponent."

THE following is one of John Egan's poetic effusions:

The snow fell fast
As through a little village passed
A youth who bore this strange device,
 Uneeda Biscuit.

His step was slow
As 'neath a sign his back bent low,
A sign that bore those mystic words,
 Uneeda Biscuit.

Dark was the night,
And when he passed a window light
Not one came out to see his sign,
 Uneeda Biscuit.

With garments torn,
With mien dejected and forlorn,
And hungry, too, he still clasped tight
 Uneeda Biscuit.

But now he stops
And from his frozen fingers drops
That burden which he carried long,
 Uneeda Biscuit.

Gasping he lies,
And as he breathes his last, his eyes
Rest on the sign that plainly says
 Uneeda Biscuit.

Beneath an oak,
He soon was laid in tattered cloak,
And o'er his grave was placed his sign,
 Uneeda Biscuit.

Do not fail to patronize

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Probable length of the agony, one hour and forty minutes
Words by L. J. Kelly, Music by M. J. Muldowney
One of the greatest productions of Melodrama ever
presented on the professional stages of
the South Side

Cast of Questionable Characters:

Gus A. B. Krieger	A Load of Canvas
Herbert J. A. X. Wilhelm	Topsy
Antonio Grimes	A Cake of Ice
Theophilus Guthoerl	Another Cake of Ice
Jonus McDermott	Little Eva
Clarence Zelt	Twenty Yards of Rope

Alexis Szabo	Simon Legree (fights dog in Act II.)
Ennis and Unger mann	Bleeding Hounds
Dompka, Byers <i>et al.</i>	Blocks, Trees, etc.
McNichol, Fedigan	Snow, More Snow
Pete Rautkis	A River (Two Yards of Dirty Water)
Boenau, Emmons, Haggerty	Chorus Girls
Linnermann	Transportation Van
Darby, Gast, Zetwo, McConaghy,	Trunks, Boxes
John Hanigan	Chimney
Murphy, Huckestein	Peanuts, Popcorn
Mahony	A Valise (Dull Care)
McGuire	Snake Whip
Quirk	The Clouds
Roehrig	Uncle Tom
Ellsworth	Eliza
McDermott	The Cabin

Rules and Regulations:

Peace must reign. Actors must not Scrap.

Pay Day, every fifth Sunday of the month.

Do not spit on the floor: spit in the moving van.

Throw all refuse into the river.

Do not sleep on the canvas or rope.

Do not flirt with Topsy or Little Eva.

Do not make it hot for the ice.

Feed the bleeding hounds every Sunday.

Beware of Simon Legree; he is so strong he could break a peanut or an over-ripe banana.

Do not ask the Management for money, for if steam-boats were selling at a nickel a-piece, they could not buy the echo off the whistle.

The Management is not responsible for automobiles or canines secreted under the pillows: they should be deposited in the safe.

Do not pay hotel bills: you will be setting bad example.

GAS(T) will furnish light and heat.

EXCHANGES.

Few college journals have elicited such merited praise and admiration in our sanctum as the *Manhattan Quarterly*. We advise all who have an opportunity to lay hands on this journal, to read "Modernism," the sermon delivered by Dr. J. H. Cotter at the opening of the Fifth Annual National Convention of the Alumni. After exposing in eloquent and convincing diction the principles of the modernists, he rounds up his inspiring oration with the words: "Hail, thou Church of Christ! Modernism will be brushed as dust from the mosaic pavement of the temple! . . . Hail, thou young, wise mother of our hearts, minds and souls! Thou wilt live on in thy beauteous and immortal majesty, for age cannot wither, nor custom stale, thy infinite majesty." "His Telephone Girl" is a real story in which things happen, and in which genuine college spirit and its results are placed in relief. We congratulate the author of "A Man of Thought" (Newman) not only upon the matter embodied in the article, but also upon the happy choice of his theme. It is a lamentable fact that in our magazines and journals, the contributions of godless men who are vastly inferior in ability to Newman, and the other numerous exponents of our Faith, hold a prominent place, while those of the latter are barely mentioned. In order that our illustrious writers be held in just esteem by the public, and in order that their works attain the wished-for results, it is necessary for the Catholic press to patronize their endeavors and display their doctrines.

After laboring conscientiously through the November and December issues of the *Courant*, we concluded that the addition of a half dozen substantial prose articles, several verses worth while reading, a breezy editorial department, and the observance of order, would materially improve the journal. "Ibsenism," the only prose article, is tainted with narrow-minded and illogical assumptions. We have no doubt that the University of Pittsburg abounds in talent, and trust that future numbers of the journal will be adorned with prose and verse worthy of the Institution.

"A Night in Naples" in the *St. Ignatius Collegian* evidences artistic descriptive powers. The best article of the issue is a review of Rene Bazin's celebrated novel, "The Nun." The article deserves special mention, not on account of the thoughts, for we are inclined to disagree with the author that "it is more than a novel, it is a sermon," but on account of its masculine sentences. The dialogues and episodes of "The Sanctum" sparkle with wit, and, best of all, strike home.

"Monasticism: the Mother of Civilization" in the *St. Joseph's Collegian* embraces a wide range of subject matter. In an attractive

style, the author sets forth the heroic work of the monks during the Middle Ages; how they brought about the Crusades, and how they ever fostered learning throughout Europe. The bits of verse scattered throughout the journal are a credit to the staff. We think that the varied editorials would be improved if the subjects of the matter were given.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.

SELECTING THAT CHRISTMAS GIFT

You will find many suggestions in our varied stock that will be helpful in giving.

The prices ARE MOST REASONABLE.

Diamond Jewelry	Gold Jewelry
Silver Novelties	Leather Goods
Art Goods	Cut Glass
	Bronzes, Etc.

GILLESPIE BROS.
DIRECT DIAMONDS IMPORTERS
Second Floor PARK BUILDING, 5th Ave.

THE OLDEST POPULAR PRICE TAILOR IN
GREATER PITTSBURG.

SUIT MADE TO YOUR ORDER
15.00, 18.00, 20.00, 22.00, 25.00

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

LEEDS COMPANY,
PROGRESSIVE TAILORS

128 Sixth Street

Opp. Bijou.

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.

10 doors from Penn Avenue.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV. Pittsburg, Pa., February, 1909. No. 5.

Faith, Love and Hope.

My life-boat on the storm-tossed, angry main
Is faith in Thee, O Lord.

I pray unceasing ever to retain
Stanch faith in Thee, O Lord,
A living faith, accordant with my life
And with Thy gracious call;
Then shall I be a victor in the strife,
Nor shall grim death appall.

To Thee, O Lord, I pledge my heart's best love,
For favors done to me;
Unnumbered, choicest blessings from above
Hast Thou bestowed on me;
Grant me the grace to love Thee more and more,
Thee never to offend,
So that, my pilgrimage on earth being o'er,
My soul shall Heavenward tend.

' Mid keenest griefs supernal joys I taste
Through hope in Thee, O Lord.
The talisman which keeps me pure and chaste
Is hope in Thee, O Lord.
And thou, sweet hope, shalt be my guiding star,
When tossed upon life's sea,
Until thou shine, not glimmering from afar,
Bright in eternity.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER VI.

Planting of My Parent Seed—Initial Experience Under the Auspices of the S. Nigeria Government—Its Continuation by the British Cotton Growing Association—The Latter's Claims to Financial Encouragement.

It was, therefore, in the latter part of May, over a year ago, just now, that my sturdy progenitor was confided to the bosom of our African Mother-Earth, in company with a number of other American "Uplands", and (though in a separate plot of ground) with some other relatives of our family imported on the same occasion, such as the Sea-Islands and Egyptian branches. To tell you how and why these latter fared, or rather failed, would be to overstep the bounds of my allotted province, and to trespass rather dangerously on the confines of your own patience. So, I shall speak only of that little "Uplands" seed that gallantly survived the test. In this first experiment, in such totally novel and hitherto untried conditions, with a climate so dreaded for its extremes of heat and rain, in a latitude 27 degrees nearer to the Equator than the parent land of Georgia or Mississippi, it was no easy task to determine the methods of preparation that were most likely to insure a successful issue. So it was resolved to apply the American method in all its features and details, as I have already described. Thus the same relative distances, between the rows and the plants, were observed; the same lines of ridges were drilled; the same successive rounds of hoeing and thinning-out were pursued, until the permanent "stand" of plants was finally allowed to reach its expected growth.

All this was being accomplished, you must remember, under the auspices and encouragement of the Southern Nigeria Government, not merely because of the impetus received from either the Colonial Department, or the popular movement at home, during that memorable year

of 1904, in favor of the cultivation and development of Empire Cotton, but also, and especially, from the strenuous conviction on the part of our energetic Commissioners, Messrs. Copland, Crawford and Chichester, that we had here, in Southern Nigeria, a splendid opportunity to render permanent service both to our great home industry, in providing an increased and steady supply of cotton—and to West Africa itself, in developing its wonderful resources.

Since then, however, as I have just learned on my up the River, and as I had already said, the Government has handed over its entire plantation (at least Cotton portion) to the care of the "British Cotton-growing Association", which is, it appears, conducting a st important series of experiments, not only within narrow confines of the former Cotton-Farm, but on a more extensive tract, and in a far more detailed fash-

It is applying the knowledge of European ideas, American methods, leaving out of the latter the des or the modes of action that are found to be useless disadvantageous, and basing upon the former the ct quality of cotton which it aims at producing.

But it is doing much more than the mere material k of actual experiment; it is giving every possible d of practical encouragement to those, especially ong the Natives, who evince the smallest desire to es-
hish and promote the good work. It has placed its best and most experienced planter in charge of the thern Nigeria district—a man not only familiar with erican methods, but now experienced in our West can conditions and climate. It is distributing seed very direction, where there is a hope or a prospect of essful development—to Calabar, in the south-east; ie Idah and Uromi districts up the River; to Angu- and Nsubi, in the hitherto untapped interior; and even to Lokoja, in Northern Nigeria, where it has estab-
lished a special agent to supervise the work in that vast territory—hundreds of bags of seed which, I am proud to

The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER VI.

Planting of My Parent Seed—Initial Experience Under the Auspices of the S. Nigeria Government—Its Continuation by the British Cotton Growing Association—The Latter's Claims to Financial Encouragement.

It was, therefore, in the latter part of May, over a year ago, just now, that my sturdy progenitor was confided to the bosom of our African Mother-Earth, in company with a number of other American "Uplands", (though in a separate plot of ground) with some of relatives of our family imported on the same occasion as the Sea-Islands and Egyptian branches. To you how and why these latter fared, or rather failed, would be to overstep the bounds of my allotted province and to trespass rather dangerously on the confines of my own patience. So, I shall speak only of that little "lands" seed that gallantly survived the test. In first experiment, in such totally novel and hitherto tried conditions, with a climate so dreaded for its terrors of heat and rain, in a latitude 27 degrees nearer the Equator than the parent land of Georgia or Mississippi, it was no easy task to determine the methods of preparation that were most likely to insure a successful issue. So it was resolved to apply the American method in its features and details, as I have already described. Thus the same relative distances, between the rows of the plants, were observed; the same lines of ridges were drilled; the same successive rounds of hoeing and thinning-out were pursued, until the permanent "stand" of plants was finally allowed to reach its expected growth.

All this was being accomplished, you must remember, under the auspices and encouragement of the Southern Nigeria Government, not merely because of the impetus received from either the Colonial Department, or the popular movement at home, during that memorable year

of 1904, in favor of the cultivation and development of Empire Cotton, but also, and especially, from the strenuous conviction on the part of our energetic Commissioners, Messrs. Copland, Crawford and Chichester, that we had here, in Southern Nigeria, a splendid opportunity to render permanent service both to our great home industry, in providing an increased and steady supply of cotton—and to West Africa itself, in developing its wonderful resources.

Since then, however, as I have just learned on my way up the River, and as I had already said, the Government has handed over its entire plantation (at least the Cotton portion) to the care of the "British Cotton-Growing Association", which is, it appears, conducting a most important series of experiments, not only within the narrow confines of the former Cotton-Farm, but on a far more extensive tract, and in a far more detailed fashion. It is applying the knowledge of European ideas, and American methods, leaving out of the latter the devices or the modes of action that are found to be useless and disadvantageous, and basing upon the former the exact quality of cotton which it aims at producing.

But it is doing much more than the mere material work of actual experiment; it is giving every possible kind of practical encouragement to those, especially among the Natives, who evince the smallest desire to establish and promote the good work. It has placed its very best and most experienced planter in charge of the Southern Nigeria district—a man not only familiar with American methods, but now experienced in our West African conditions and climate. It is distributing seed in every direction, where there is a hope or a prospect of successful development—to Calabar, in the south-east; to the Idah and Uromi districts up the River; to Anguleri and Nsubi, in the hitherto untapped interior; and even to Lokoja, in Northern Nigeria, where it has established a special agent to supervise the work in that vast territory—hundreds of bags of seed which, I am proud to

say, first saw the light and first sprang into being, with myself, on the Onitsha plantation.

But all this, together with the successful results already apparent, would require a separate description, which, I trust, will one day be written, were it only to give encouragement not merely to the Association itself, in the heavy burden of responsibility and anxiety which it has so bravely assumed, but also to the manufacturers and patriotic people at home, who are in honor bound to see that, in this hour of expectancy and anticipation of results, the Association shall not be hampered by financial stringency, or even hesitation.

CHAPTER VII.

My Earliest Existence in the Womb of Mother Earth. My Birth. My Infant Days as a Baby Plant. My Appearance as a Flower. My Maturity as a Fruit.

But I must now fight shy (as we Americans would say) of experiments and methods and results—so as to resume the course of my own life-narrative in the first happy stage of my infant career. I have experienced, it is true, no consciousness of the brief period of five days when my parent-seed was germinating beneath the surface of the soil—nor even of the two months' time during which it was driving its strong tap-root deep into the earth, and, from this main trunk line, sending its other lateral roots around on every side, to forage for its necessary supply of food. But, in the meantime, (as I learned, later on) its two tiny seed-leaves had appeared—and then a third—to inaugurate its first external operation as a vegetable living being, namely, breathing the air and absorbing both sunshine and humidity.

Simultaneously with those little leaves, at least in appearance, though not exactly in the order of time, arose the first little stem; for you know well that leaves do not grow directly from the root—they must spring only from a stem, either immediately or, as in my case,

through the medium of a leaf-stalk. Already you have noticed that the first little twin leaves were kidney-shaped and facing each other, having made their initial bow to the world at the very same moment; you have also heard me speak of another and third leaf appearing above these two, on the top stem of the infant plant—look at this leaf more closely, and you will find it gradually becoming more and more shaped like a heart, with veins like a net, parting here and there from the mid-rib in the centre; already, also, you have heard me speak about the main root, or tap-root, from which will gradually spring little lateral roots; and, when the flower-leaves will begin to form, by and by, you will notice that they are spread out in the shape of the five fingers of the hand. Now, I have drawn your attention to all these things, because they are the signs or characteristics which tell you plainly (what I already hinted at) that we belong to the great Plant Family of the Dicotyledons, or class of plants with a double lobe, or seed-leaf, hinged together, and easily split apart, like the two halves of a bean.

Little by little, and, all the time, higher up towards the top, the little stems with their corresponding blades, increased in number, owing chiefly to the almost daily showers of June, and still more of July—in fact, from what I heard the Planter saying one day, it was an unusually severe rainy season. Meanwhile, only one out of every five or six plants originally sown was allowed to stand, the rest having been plucked out in the thinning process, as you have, no doubt, often seen done in a field of turnips, and I need not say how proud I felt at having come forth from the ordeal as one of the lucky survivors!

In somewhat less than three months, that is, about the end of August, there appeared in the midst of the digitate (or heart-shaped) flower-leaf, a series of five little green points or miniature leaves, called “sepals,” growing together to form the beautiful cup or “calyx,” which was destined to be my tiny cradle. But to this

flowery cradle there was needed a temporary curtain of "petals," or inner flower-leaves of a deep green and yellow hue—five in number and joined at the base—that spread out (hence their name of petals), and formed a ring, or "corolla," so called because it resembles a crown. The petals, as I have said, are only temporary, and quickly drop off when their work is done, that is, as soon as they are no longer needed to protect the baby flower.

Scarcely had the corolla taken its shape as a ring, when a certain number of wee, delicate flower-threads, or "stamens," stood forth from the centre of the ring, each bearing a tiny case of yellow-dust, or "pollen," which, when the said cases ripened and burst, fell out upon an "ovary" (or flower-egg) of five little compartments or cells, seated in the lower part of a stalk or "pistil," where the new seeds were kept and arranged, as in a box, ready for the fertilizing dust.

And then was born at last that wonderful little being which is the great aim and end of all plant-life, and which, in this case, was to be the first stage of my own separate existence—the "Fruit."

Now, you must remember that a fruit is made up of a new seed, thus vivified, and its covering; also, that it is according to the many kinds of covering, or boxing of these seeds, that arise the numberless differences in the species of fruit. If the seeds are dry, like those of the nut species, and do not lie in a soft bed of pulp, they are generally stored in a series of cells, or capsules, called "pods," which, after some time, under the influence of the bright sunshine, open out, or split up into halves, or burst forth into valves, and—out springs the impatient seed! In my case, the pods burst forth in this manner, about the end of October, and disclosed their fleecy burden of white, fibrous matter, clinging firmly to the hidden seed, from which it had to be torn in order to form what is known as lint, or raw cotton. But this demands a separate explanation and a new chapter.

With Soft Effulgence.

With soft effulgence now the moon doth glow
As gently fall its arrows from the sky.
Earth wrapped around with coverlet of snow
Shall for a few brief hours in slumber lie.

But when the sun shall rise in all its power,
Each little flake shall melt to form a tear
As fast as dew is sipped by thirsting flower,
And earth refreshed in fairer garb appear.

C. A. SANDERBECK, '11.



Growing Demand for Constitutional Government.

It is natural that our attention should be from time to time attracted to the current state of affairs in Europe, and, in the midst of our own internal strife and strenuous life, we pause occasionally to consider the existing conditions amongst our brethren across the Atlantic. There are the continual rumors of war, the same recurring scandals, the same general topics which we have been hearing year after year; but it is impossible not to be struck with one remarkable feature, namely, the growing tendency of the people of the old world to demand a greater share in the administration of their own affairs, and a greater amount of personal liberty, than they have heretofore enjoyed.

This is particularly the case in the great Empires of Russia, Turkey and Germany, which, until lately, have been considered as absolute monarchies. In Russia, the people's parliament, or Duma, has had a very stormy infancy, and in spite of the very natural opposition of the aristocratic bureaucracy, which usually resulted in the absolute negation of the popular claims, the elected

assembly is still persevering, unswervingly, in its fight for existence. Certainly, no true American can withhold his sincere sympathy from such a contest, and his earnest hope in its ultimate success. But, when we observe the violent and blood-thirsty and nihilistic character of the party in opposition to the Government, applauding and encouraging wholesale assassination by dynamite and bombs, we cannot wonder at the difficulty which the Duma experiences in winning for itself the full measure of permanent establishment, by gaining the confidence, either of the upper or of the middle classes of law-abiding and property-holding citizens.

In Turkey, things have had a quieter course, and though the change has been accomplished almost suddenly and spontaneously—the successful and even permanent establishment of the new Parliament seems to be assured. Yet signs are not wanting to show that there exists among the members of the popular Assembly a feeling of deep distrust of their present ruler, so long accustomed to govern as an absolute and autocratic despot. They have just reminded him of the early days of his own reign, when he promptly dissolved the assembly which, at that time, had attempted to inaugurate some semblance of constitutional self-government, and they have unanimously and fearlessly declared their determination to resist any such designs upon the present Parliament. With this determination, however, they are combining a very conservative spirit, which will eventually secure more concessions from the throne, and more stability for themselves, than all the desperate methods of their Tartar neighbors.

Germany has not taken up, as yet, any well-defined or positive attitude in the shape of a constitutional government, or of a responsible ministry. But the absolutism that has recently characterized the present imperial dynasty, has recognized, none too soon, the popular hand-writing on the wall. The people, on the whole, in spite of a large and constantly increasing

growth of radical socialism, are devoted to their dynastic rulers, while they make the latter comprehend unmistakably that they can not be easily trifled with, in matters of constitutional liberty and privileges.

We may, therefore, say with confidence that Europe is veering, steadily, towards sound, practical and benevolent Constitutional Government.

J. H. McGRAW, '10.



The Mirror of Life.

A mother by her dying child
Knelt long in fervent prayer
With faith profound, sustaining hope,
That God his life might spare.
And as she prayed, lo ! in the room
Shone round a heavenly light
In which, before her wondering gaze
Appeared an angel bright.

His words were such as ne'er before
Were heard by mortal man.
'From Heaven I come to answer thee,'"
The angel thus began.
"Behold life's mirror thoughtfully
And when a shadow moves
Across the glass, say what you see
And ask its meaning, too."

Attentive to the angel's words,
She in the mirror gazed.
"I see a charming, buoyant lad,
His face with joy emblazed;
Since his first birthday have elapsed
But ten revolving years."
Then asked the angel, "Are his cheeks
Suffused with copious tears?"

“No tears there glisten on his cheek.”

“Ah ! then the angels weep,
For worldly joys alone reign in
His heart, and ever keep
His thoughts away from blessed things.
But turn thy gaze once more
Upon the mirror : tell to me
The vision as before.”

“I see the self-same boy again
But now he’s older grown,
Some fifteen times the sun has run
Its course since his first moan;
Though joy at times beams on his face,
A haughtier mien he bears,
And loveless looks away from home.”
“Do you behold no tears ?”

“No tears flow from his fervid eyes.”
“Then angels weep for him;
When home has lost its potent charm,
When brow with sin is dim,
When feud and passions strong engross,
No tears stream from the eyes.”
When now another form appears,
The affrighted mother cries :

“There now from out the mirror stares
A phantom in my face,
In whose grim features, like the youth’s,
Full manhood’s stamp I trace.
And he is changed, how sadly changed !
His face is seamed with deep
And rueful furrows sin has ploughed.”
“But answer, does he weep ?”

“Alas ! no saving tears he sheds.”
“Then angels grieve above,
And bitter sorrow racks the breasts
Of those who bear him love,

For he who never weeps has trod
Sin's devious, wicked ways.
But look again, and answer me
What shade the glass displays."

"A criminal before me stands
With shackles on his feet
And hands; a prison garb he wears.
Oh ! how my heart does beat
When on his hardened face I glance
And when his eyes meet mine."
"Fear not to view him closely still,
Do tears on his cheeks shine ? "

"No tears flow from his eyelids dark."
"Then sad will be his fate;
When tears are lacking in the eyes
The demons for him wait—
Sin oft repeated blunts the mind
And passion sways the heart.
What picture now, I pray you, does
The mirror bright impart ? "

"In death he lies a hapless corpse;
No friends beside him wake,
No mother sheds a loving tear,
No children for his sake
A prayer say, but sable night's
Unearthly shades are spread
Upon his ghastly face." "Are there
No tears upon the dead ? "

"No tears I see." The angel sighed.
"Then even to the end
His soul remained in sin and must
To nether realms descend,
Where fires shall rage forever more.
But turn again thy gaze
Upon the glass, and tell me then
What shadow it displays."

“A child, my child, my only child,
With death’s dew on his brow.
Oh, take the mother, spare the boy—
My life for his I vow.
Have pity on his tender years,
And grant my earnest prayer.”
But asked the angel, “Are there tears
Upon that cheek most fair?”

“There glitter tears like priceless gems.”
“Then I the child shall kiss,
And quickly shall they disappear
Amid the realms of bliss,
For joy beyond all human ken
That happy soul awaits,
When I shall usher it within
High Heaven’s golden gates.”

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



JAMES BROWN.

It was an ideal evening in September, 1892. The advanced day was giving way to the on-coming night. The village of Newport, on the Ohio river, looked picturesque and lovely in the mellow rays of the golden sunset.

The inhabitants of the village were, for the most part, poor, humble, working people. They lived a simple life, earning their daily bread and honoring their God, while they journeyed onward through this vale of tears in peace and contentment.

Among the children of these common people was a noble-hearted boy named James Brown. Like most of the children in the village, he had felt the pressure of poverty, and was ever ready to sympathize with his fellow-creatures when the heavy burden of sorrow seemed

to crush all happiness from their hearts. Loving truth and honesty, and devoted to the humble and lowly of life, he was loved by all who knew him. As was natural, they predicted a bright and happy future for the gifted boy.

After a few years, believing he was chosen by God to enter the sacred ministry, he decided to take leave of the scenes of his childhood, in order to prepare for this exalted state in life. Through the generosity of his friends, he had succeeded in raising a sum of money to pay for his education.

Thus it was that, on the evening described at the beginning of our story, the entire village was a prey to grief. That evening was to be the last one which little Jim would spend in the midst of those he loved. He, to whom so many went to receive consolation in the trying hour—he who had guarded his playmates against the dangers so numerous and serious to the young, was now to bid them farewell. The village that witnessed his childhood, the woods in which he had spent some of his happiest hours, were to know him no more. No wonder, then, that as we pass through the village street, here and there, we see a tear trickling down the face of one whose cheeks have been furrowed by the plough of time. They realize they are about to lose one whose presence was grateful as refreshing sunshine, and whose departure would envelop them in clouds of sorrow that time alone could partially dispel.

Within the hallowed walls of the home of little Jim, a solemn scene was about to be enacted—a scene too sacred for other eyes to gaze upon. The evening meal having been completed, the sad farewell had to be spoken. Within an hour he would be wending his way to the station, to be whirled away from the home he loved so well. Now, for the last time, as a child of the world, he is to gaze into the eyes of her whom he called by the sweetest and dearest of all titles, the title of mother. Those eyes which watched over him as he lay in

his infant cradle; those eyes which guarded him as he grew in strength and grace, peered into his once more, as the mother wondered what the future might have in store for him. That mother now bent over him in a last embrace, and imprinted upon his lips her last, fond kiss, sealing them with the impression of her heart's deepest affection, and praying all the while that he might be true to the lessons he had received at her knee and to the noble vocation with which God had favored him. No wonder that his eyes filled with tears, and that his soul was pierced with the spear of sorrow.

The journey from his village home to the college passed without any occurrence of note. Having arrived at his destination, life began to take a new aspect, and he began to perform his new duties with unusual zeal and determination. He studied, he prayed. With the help of the Almighty combined with his own best efforts, he would attain the goal of his ambition.

To describe, in detail, the events of his college life, would be tiresome to the reader. To relate the years of study and of sacrifice, the joys and sorrows which were his lot to experience, would employ too much of our time. It will suffice to say that very frequently he wrote a loving letter to his mother and the dear friends he had left in his native village, and he eagerly waited a reply from those who were uppermost in his mind.

We shall now pass over that period of his life, and find him finishing his last year of study. Very soon, the crowning day of his success will dawn—that day which he had looked forward to since childhood; the day that would number him among the toilers in the vineyard of Christ, by enrolling him in the ranks of the priesthood.

At length, the wished-for day dawned. After a night that seemed to him an eternity, the darkness gave way to the grateful dawn. O life, didst thou ever seem brighter than to-day? What rising sun was ever more welcomed than thine? He felt when ascending the altar steps as if he mounted to the high heavens, and was lost in an

ecstasy of joy. O happy creature that was chosen by the Almighty, to be uplifted above his fellow-men, and made "another Christ."

But, just as every moment of our lives is followed by another, which, too, passes into eternity, so did these most solemn ones pass away with all their significance. Having taken the priestly vows, he descended the altar steps, to devote the rest of his life to preaching the Gospel and illustrating its precepts by his example.

To his intense delight he was appointed to care for the souls of those who had known him in his childhood. The little village had developed into a large town during his absence. The oldest generation, those who were so fond of him in the days of his boyhood, had many of them been gathered to their fathers, and their places were taken by those who were in the prime of life when he went away. The children with whom he had played, had grown up to be happy fathers and mothers, and their ambition was to mould the lives of the little ones with whom God had blessed them according to the model he had left them.

After a few years of earnest and uninterrupted work in the ministry, his health began to fail. His weak, frail body was unequal to the strain of continual effort for the welfare of his charge. At last, he became a victim of a fatal disease. Those who visited him daily felt their hearts fill with sorrow as they saw his life currents gradually ebbing away. Finally, after weeks of patient suffering, he found relief in death. He who had been so loving as a child, so earnest in his studies as a student, so zealous as a priest, had crossed the threshold to which all footsteps tend, the threshold of the grave.

Sorrow reigned throughout the town. Each one felt as if he had lost his nearest and dearest friend. They bore him away, to rest among the peaceful sleepers who have finished their pilgrimage, and await the trumpet call to arise to a glorious immortality. As they laid him in his last earthly resting place, many a fervent prayer

ascended before the throne of the Most High, not so much that he might obtain pardon of his faults, as that he might be mindful of the needs of those he left behind and procure for them the grace to be faithful to his teachings.

Although dead, he was not forgotten. He had written his name upon the waxen tablets of his people's hearts, and the lessons he had taught were as seed that sprang up and produced a hundredfold for life everlasting, so great is the influence of a life based upon the Great Exemplar's, and so precious are the fruits of duty done through supernatural motives.

J. N. DIEGELMAN, '15.



Our Coming Euchre and Reception.

Great enthusiasm is being shown in regard to the Euchre and Reception. The "Aids" held their first meeting last Sunday, January 24th, and all have pledged themselves to do their best to make the affair a grand success. This year's event will not fall below those of former years in point of attendance, judging from the manner in which the tickets are being disposed of. Friends of the students look forward each year with evident pleasure to the Reception and Euchre, which has come to be one of the social events of the pre-Lenten season. Tell your friends about it. Those who have attended the last two years, are loud in their praises of the success attending the efforts of the student body, and they will encourage you again this year by being present in big numbers. The tickets are going fast; prizes in goodly numbers have come in already; the Aids will look to your comfort at the refreshment booth and in the lunch room—in fact, everything will be done to make you spend an enjoyable evening.

Remember the date, February 16, and the place, Montefiore Hall.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. MCGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. M. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. McKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

A Boy's Influence Upon Home Life.

When we think of a boy in relation to his home life, we are apt to think of him and speak of him as "being influenced" by home conditions; we seldom take the other point of view of his own active influence upon the home and family. It is true that no agency is more powerful upon the growing character than the complex series of elements that comprise what we call the home. And, besides, the boy has got his dispositions from that spring, not to speak of his first habits and training.

But when he has entered upon the broader arena of a higher educational sphere, and has become imbued with the lessons which the school or college world inculcates,

he becomes, in his turn, a power for good or evil in the midst of his own family. Not merely do the younger members look up to him with that innate confidence which they so readily place in one older than themselves, but even the parents can not help according to his position as a student that spontaneous tribute of respect which learning so naturally inspires.

Great, therefore, is the responsibility, and beneficent the influence of a good student, who, loving his studies, comes back to his home, bringing with him that atmosphere of higher things which gives a softening and refining character to the family circle to which he belongs.



Religion and Patriotism.

In France, for many centuries, in fact since her history as a nation began, it was customary and traditional to associate patriotism with religion. No wonder then, that as soon as she felt the effects of the late diabolical anti-Catholic propaganda, she felt simultaneously, as one of its first results, the woeful ravages of its accompanying epidemic of anti-militarism which all good citizens of France have instinctively and correctly translated as anti-patriotism.

That these two evils move hand-in-hand, and show corresponding growth, whether they be intrinsically connected or not, is a statement that none will deny. The anti-Catholic movement and its general results are known to every one that reads. But it is only the few among our American people who read the French magazines, that realize to what a fearful extent has that movement, in its various phases, such as the destruction of all Catholic primary schools, and the suppression of all free primary education, been responsible for the growth of immorality and illiteracy among the French people.

No arguments, in such matters, are more telling than statistics, and we find in the papers and magazines

reaching us from Paris, the sad admissions of French writers themselves lamenting the enormous and alarming percentage, not only of increased crime among the young, as an evident result of the Godless schools, but also of absolute illiteracy among the younger people of the rising generation. But more perilous still, in the eyes of the non-religious though patriotic Frenchman, is the steady growth of the anti-military spirit among the youth of France, fostered by socialistic and anarchistic literature. In this respect the statistics are equally significant. Twenty years ago, according to a report of the Paris City Council, there were in all France 4,000 deserters per year among the soldiers of the army. Since then, the annual average has been increasing regularly, so that it has grown to nearly 20,000 of late years. Already within the one month previous to the date of the report, 50 of the 162 recruiting stations had reported 14,000 desertions, leaving it to be inferred that when the remaining 112 would send in their lists, the total number for this year would amount to over 40,000.

What a sad spectacle for the good French citizens to contemplate! No wonder they feel alarmed at the thought of war--no wonder they are beginning to view with concern a situation so fraught with peril. But, to be logical, they should turn to examine the real authors, bitter, unprincipled and unpatriotic, who are responsible for this peril.



Influence of the Stage.

In America almost everything relating to the public or the people in general, is a subject of discussion. The theaters and their productions are not excluded from such questions of debate. The influence of the stage on morality is a subject of universal comment.

Most critics of the stage blame the theatrical managers for the low standard of the performances. The managers are to blame, but indirectly. The tastes and

desires of theater-goers form the moulds, as it were, in which our plays are fashioned. Theatrical managers, as would naturally be supposed, are desirous of playing to large audiences. If there is a desire for the less instructive performances, this desire is gratified.

The performances of our theaters have a great influence, be it for good or evil, upon the public. "The pulpit teaches its thousands, whilst the theater either elevates or depraves its tens of thousands." Theatrical performances can be raised to a higher level by reducing the desire for low-class plays and cultivating and encouraging a taste for literary and instructive performances. In this respect, our colleges and young men's societies can exert a powerful influence for good.

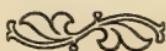


Worthy Benefactions.

The *Chicago Tribune* has prepared and published a list of charitable donations for the year 1908, aggregating about \$91,000,000. The list includes the principal financiers of the country: Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with his donations for relief purposes, to the hero fund and for libraries, heads the list with a total of \$7,437,000; Mr. John D. Rockefeller, with a grand total close to \$3,000,000, is next in order; and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's donations for the year amounted to \$192,500.

With the accounts of that dreadful Sicilian disaster and the suffering attending it still fresh in our minds, we cannot but render due credit to our philanthropists for their benefactions, especially those benefactions bestowed upon the worthy sufferers from poverty, and those made destitute by catastrophes similar to the earthquake in Italy.

J. T. McMAHON, '09.



OBITUARY.

We regret that we have to announce the death of another past student. EDWARD McLAUGHLIN passed away on January 6, in the Mercy Hospital, after an illness of six weeks. Always a favorite amongst the Alumni, a patron of the national game, and still an active participator in it when the present and past clashed on the college diamond, he was mourned by a large circle of friends. President Pulliam testified his respect and sorrow by paying a visit to his home before the funeral obsequies were held. The interment took place from the Epiphany Church. *R. I. P.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE annual spiritual retreat—to begin on February 2 and close on February 5—will be conducted by the Rev. D. J. FitzGibbon, C. S. Sp., a graceful, eloquent and effective pulpit orator.

AT last we have a student organist. Leo A. McCrory commenced to play at the chapel services on January 27, and accompanied the congregational singing on that day. He acquitted himself with distinction, and doubtless will become a master of the noble instrument. It is quite gratifying to note that at his age, fifteen years, he has developed marked talent for music and attained a very high standard in all his studies.

PETER OZIMINSKI, having been adopted by the Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, D. D., Bishop of Galveston, Texas, has gone to St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte, to continue his philosophical studies.

JOHN B. EMMONS has gone to the Passionist house of studies at Dunkirk, to become a member of the Order.

ALUMNI.

ON Tuesday evening, January 26, in the spacious College Hall, took place the annual Alumni Smoker, which was very largely attended by representatives of almost every period in the history of the College, and was consequently marked down as the most successful ever held since the origin of the Alumni Association. As the old boys came in, they were warmly received by the members of the Faculty, for whom such an occasion is a particularly agreeable one. Some there were who could remember the very first opening of the old College on Wylie Avenue, and many were the good stories that were exchanged between the pioneers and early graduates.

If there was any special feature to be mentioned as characterizing the proceedings, it would be chiefly the feeling of cordial and fraternal good humor that prevailed, coupled with an entire absence of formality, between old and young, between professors and their *quondam* disciples. Music was there to heighten the pleasure of the gathering; and the performances of the present members of the orchestra were most liberally applauded by their predecessors of former days. As a soloist, Mr. Clement Staud, only a recent graduate, evoked enthusiastic encomium for his selections on the xylophone.

To make the time pass by with still greater cheer and heartier good humor, the co-operation of Mr. Cohen, one of Pittsburg's most noted character-actors, was engaged, and it is needless to add that he was thoroughly enjoyable. Not the least acceptable part of the evening's programme, however, was the series of humorous moving-pictures which were thrown upon the screen, and which were of a nature to provoke repeated peals of uproarious laughter. As if to cap the climax of enjoyment, just before the luncheon was announced, there appeared upon the scene a member of the pre-historic "old squad," Mr. Ed. O'Connor, who was no sooner "lauded" than

he was called upon for a "speech or something." After being briefly introduced by Rev. Father P. McDermott to the younger generations, as "our Lady Macbeth of "ye olden times," Ed. launched off into an eloquent development of the glories of his *Alma Mater*, and tried to keep up the rhetorical and serious tone, reminiscent of Cicero, Demosthenes and Daniel Webster—but, as his oration was every now and then punctuated by the sallies and comments of his old rival, Frank McCarthy, it was too much for the equilibrium of both audience and orator, and all joined in a hearty uproar of merriment that put a further edge on the already sharpened appetite.

Nearly one hundred sat down about 11 o'clock to a well appointed and substantial luncheon which was prepared under the directions of the Rev. Father Goebel, and which was followed promptly by a call for nominations to the various offices of the Association. As a result of the subsequent elections, the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen to act for the coming year: as President, Mr. John E. Kane; as Vice-President, Mr. Frank T. Lauinger; as Secretary, Rev. H. J. McDermott; and as Treasurer, Mr. W. M. Weiss.

Oratory was now in order, and in addition to the splendid and spirited speeches by which the newly-elected President and the re-elected Vice-President acknowledged the compliment paid them by the members, as well as the responsibility of their respective offices, various other gentlemen were called upon to speak. Chief among these were the President of the College, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, who suggested to the meeting the advisability of holding an annual Memorial Service for the deceased Alumni; Rev. P. A. McDermott, who expressed his delight to be once more in the midst of so many of his old students; Rev. H. McDermott, who responded gracefully to the unanimous vote by which he was re-elected to the post of Secretary; Mr. Eugene Reilly, who expressed his deep gratification at being able to hand over to such an able successor as Mr. Kane, the

Association which had grown to so prosperous an extent during the several years of his incumbency as President. Mr. Weiss, also, in a few well-chosen and timely words, guaranteed to make his tenure of office as Treasurer, a notable and satisfactory one, if enthusiasm and activity could make it so. Having as our guest, too, on this occasion the well-known and amiable pastor of Cambridge Springs, Rev. D. I. Gannon, D. D., we took advantage of his presence to elicit from him one of those soul-stirring and polished speeches for which he is widely known. With this intellectual treat the proceedings terminated, and all retired to meet again in the near future at the annual Banquet.

The following were present: Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College; E. S. Reilly, President of the Association; F. T. Lauinger, Vice-President; Rev. H. J. McDermott, Secretary; Rev. J. A. Baumgartner, W. R. Berger, V. Bossart, J. J. Brennan, D. A. Brown, L. H. Callahan, J. Cawley, F. G. Cawley, J. Cawley, Professor J. M. Connolly, J. H. Cooper, T. F. Coyle, Professor P. Cronin, G. E. Curran, M. J. Daley, Rev. J. P. Danner, Professor T. J. Dehey, C. J. Drummond, B. P. Dunn, H. T. Frauenheim, Rev. D. I. Gannon, D. D., D. C. L.; C. A. Gibney, Rev. H. J. Goebel, F. H. Good, S. J. Heimbuecher, J. Herron, Dr. W. J. Hickson, W. G. Hollihan, L. A. Ivory, B. J. Johnston, J. E. Kane, J. P. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, J. C. Larkin, A. J. Loeffler, Esq.; J. V. Lynch, J. P. McAteer, F. H. McCarthy, M. McClafferty, W. H. McClafferty, C. J. McCormick, Rev. P. A. McDermott, J. F. McKenna, Esq.; Dr. W. J. McLaughlin, C. J. Martin, Rev. A. B. Mehler, J. C. Moorhead, Dr. F. D. Murto, J. P. Murray, Professor D. J. O'Connor, E. G. O'Connor, G. P. Parker, Dr. W. C. Puhl, Professors J. J. Quinn, J. W. Quinn and M. J. Relihan; Rev. P. Fullen, J. D. Reilly, Rev. F. A. Retka, G. J. Schmitt, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, C. J. Staud, C. M. Straessley, Professor J. B. Topham, G. J. Wandrisco, A. W. Wehrheim, W. M. Weiss, Dr. E. A.

Weisser, F. J. Wittman, Rev. T. A. Wrenn and M. J. Zsatkovich.

After ministering zealously for several years to the spiritual interests of the people of Wilmerding as assistant to the Rev. M. H. Ward, Father M. A. McGarey has been appointed first pastor of the new parish just established at Aliquippa, Pa. The work that awaits him is considerable, but he is fully equal to the task that confronts him. A neat and devotion-inspiring church is there already, but a school and residence have to be built in the course of time, and teachers have to be secured and maintained. The town is of recent growth, but it promises rapid development.

H. M. MALONE, '07, favored us with a call late in the month. He is now at home for a two weeks' vacation from St. Bernard's Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

FROM a letter written by Ralph Hayes, Rome, Italy, we learn that his class was to be called to tonsure and minor orders during the month of January.

M. B. KELLY, Treasurer of the American Steel Co. had a narrow escape from booking on the ill-fated steamer, *Republic*. Bent on a pleasure trip to Spain, he applied for a passage to England, but could not secure the accommodations he desired, and waited for the next boat.



How fading are the joys we dote upon !
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.—NORRIS.

ATHLETICS.

Roller Hockey.

Recently a meeting was called by Manager Bell of the Expo. Rink, inviting all high schools and colleges to enter the new Roller Hockey League. At the meeting four teams were selected to compose the League: Carnegie Tech., Pittsburg High School, Allegheny High School, and Pittsburg College. A schedule was drawn up. Manager McGraw attended the meeting. On the following day, he issued a call for candidates, and the following students responded: Muldowney, Wilson, McKnight, Egan, Dompka, Fedigan, Avermann and Snyder. During the last two weeks the team practised regularly. On January 27, the College opened the League race, by defeating Carnegie Tech., 1-0. Although the game is new in Pittsburg, the skaters of both teams did such excellent work that the spectators were highly pleased with the game. Captain Muldowney shot the only goal as the game was nearing the end. His playing was the bright feature of the game. Avermann, by his clever defense, elicited much applause, while Dompka at point showed up well, stopping many shots directed towards goal-keeper McKnight. We must congratulate Manager McGraw and Captain Muldowney on the fine showing made by the team. The line-up:

Pittsburg College, 1	Position	Carnegie Tech., 0
McKnight . . .	Goal . . .	Minnemeyer
Dompka . . .	Point . . .	Rutledge
Wilson . . .	Cover Point . . .	Hammond
Muldowney . . .	Centre . . .	Straub
McGraw . . .	Rover . . .	Rovegno
Avermann . . .	Right Wing . . .	Feigley
Fedigan . . .	Left Wing . . .	Rogers

Goal—Muldowney. Time of halves—15 minutes.

Referee, E. Brown. Goal Judges, Sivitz and Bailey

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The entertainments given by the Freshman and Commercial classes during the month were very enjoyable affairs. The Freshmen enlivened the proceedings considerably by rendering two excellent choruses. Varied and cultured talent is not wanting in the college, and enthusiasm is contagious; as a consequence, a spirit has been aroused from which we augur exceptionally good results from all our classes on the occasion of those delightful little Sunday evening meetings. As might be expected, the success achieved week after week has been noised abroad, and, though no special invitations are issued, a select audience, defying the inconveniences of distance and unfavorable weather conditions, make it a point to be present.

We must not forget to commend the boys of the Commercial Department. They acquitted themselves most admirably on their class night, and favored us with some choice recitations, songs and musical selections. Jerome A. Czarnowski made a model chairman, and William M. Gast took everyone by surprise by delivering a masterly speech bristling with arguments against undue encouragement of Rugby football. It is by such conscientious efforts that brilliant debaters are developed, and public orators of fluent speech and wide-spread influence are formed. The programmes.

January 10.

Medley Overture,	Merry Melodies,	<i>Mills</i> ,	Orchestra
Motion Pictures,	Life of Natives in Morocco		
	Life on the Western Coast of Africa		
	A Crocodile Hunt		
Duet, Piano and Violin,	Whispering Flowers,	<i>Blume</i> ,	
Francis S. and Charles Clifford			
Motion Pictures,	The Elixir of Strength		
	Jimmie's Apprenticeships		
	The Life of Moses		

The Baby Show

International Automobile Races

March, The Hub City, *Krauth*, Orchestra**January 17.**Mexican Dance, Dark Eyes, *Moret*, Orchestra

Recitation, The Fireman's Prize, R. J. Leahy

Song, Reed Bird, Freshman Class

Novelette, Laces and Graces, *Salzer*, OrchestraPiano Duet, Light Cavalry, *Subbe*, . . .
G. A. and G. L. Ley

Recitation, My Mother, E. J. Ley

Song, The Leader of the Band, Freshman Class

Waltz, There's Room for Us All on the Trolley, *Smith*,
Orchestra**DEBATE**—Resolved, That Universal Peace Is Probable

Affirmative—F. S. Clifford, T. H. Skarry

Negative—J. V. O'Connor, C. J. Mahony

January 24.March, Great Western, *Gernert*, Orchestra

Recitation, The Blue and the Grey, L. J. Pfohl

Violin Solo, Cadet March, J. H. Wagner

Vocal Solo, The Song of the Nigtingale, C. H. Guthoerl
Accompanist, J. P. EganCornet Solo, Heart's Joy, *Bowman*, F. M. Boenau

Piano Solo, Maple Leaf, D. V. Boyle

Vocal Solo, One Sweet, Solemn Thought, J. F. Tobin

Recitation, The Countersign, J. P. Schmidt

Violin Solo, Souvenir de Lubeck, *Riecken*, Op. 3 . . .
H. J. Wilhelm

Accompanist, C. S. Merkel

Finale, My Maryland, *Mygrant*, Orchestra**DEBATE**—Resolved, That Rugby Football Should Be
Encouraged by Educational Institutions

Chairman, J. A. Czarnowski

Affirmative—J. R. Engelman, E. Lew

Negative—W. M. Gast, M. J. Mahony

JUST JOTTINGS.

Now for it! The rivalry between the Freshmen and Sophomores is at its height.

No matter what others may say you need, Egan says, Uneeda Biscuit.

J. R. DALY is to figure as Nora in the play—Facing the Music—selected for this year's presentation. Look out for developments.

ACCORDING to McKenna, a pen may be driven, but a pencil must always be led (lead).

THE following is a faithful copy of a letter lately received from a West African boy. The writer—an excellent penman, by the way—displays an ignorance of English, that will provoke a smile on the part of our readers.

22. 12. 08

From WM A. CROFFIE

No 62 Bula Road

(To Holy Ghost College) Cape Coast

Pittsburg Pa

Dear Sirs

Having seen your name an apparel in a certain document of mine friend that you are the best College Trainers in the City of Pa I will be very much delicious that you would permit me to join you. I have been passed the fourth Standard in Elementry School, now I was in the fifth standard. My age is nearly 14 years. I am very clever and learner in Elementry School. You may attempt to send me learning books. My memory is very weak. If it is not possible for you, you may try to send me a Free Entrance ticket to come down I want some *Talisman* to wear it for *study* Because I am in a state of perflexcity. If it true I can deal with you forever

No more to say with kindest oblige I am yours faithful

WM A CROFFIE

LIPINSKI took the first and only prize in the baby show: he was the sole entrant.

AFTER the initial performance of Muldowney and Kelly's play, Uncle Tom's Cabin, given at the Pappa Theodorakoummontolakopolitan Theatre, a kind old gentleman found his way behind the scenes and complimented Little Eva on the artistic rendition of the part assigned her. "Ah, my child," he said, "just persevere, and some day you will be a second Sarah Bernhardt."

"That's impossible, sir," replied little Eva.

"Why so?" asked the old gentleman.

"Because I am a boy."

JAMES HAWKS has turned playwright and composer.

COUNT HANNAH is missing from Paris, and Count Sullivan is missing from the College.

Do not forget the Euchre and Reception at Montefiore Hall on the 16th of February.

G. V. DUGAN, '11.



EXCHANGES.

A genial Christmas atmosphere pervades the columns of most our Exchanges. The verses, stories, and prose articles are so well suited to the season that it would afford us great pleasure to insert some of the gems, but, alas, space forbids.

The *Mountaineer* ranks among our foremost Christmas numbers. In "American Colleges and the Clergy," a prize essay, the author shows that "religion is the *Alma Mater* of education in America, as it was in the old world," and bases his proof on the fact that the leading universities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as well as those of modern times, owe their existence to the efforts of the clergy. The author seems well acquainted with the subject, and expresses his opinions in a clear and simple style.

Philosophical essays are always welcome in our sanctum, especially if they be of such a high order as the "Building of Character," in the *St. Thomas Collegian*. After discussing in detail the influence character exerts upon our lives, the author asserts that habit, the training of the youth, the home, and especially religion, play an important rôle in character building. We cannot but admire the article, and should be gratified still more if it were the work of a student. "The Laborer" evidences earnestness and zeal on the part of the writer, but is not so complete as might be desired. Since this journal is a quarterly, it is necessarily wanting in editorials anent present affairs.

The subject, "Is Shelley Misunderstood," tempted us to review the *Fleur de Lis*, for which trouble we were amply repaid. The author adequately and in a scholarly manner refutes Francis Thompson's eulogistic essay on Shelley. The article, aside from its literary beauties, is timely and invaluable, when we consider that the victims of the deadly venom of Shelley's writings are ever increasing. The author justly remarks that we should shun Shelley's poetry, which, although fascinating and captivating in style, proclaims free love, discontent, and pantheism. "Not Shriving Time Allowed" is also an article of exceptional merit. Most commentators concur that Shakespeare wished to portray the true gentleman in the person of Hamlet. But on reading the passage in which Hamlet ordered Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to be executed, "not shriving time allowed," we find it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile this order with the character of a gentleman. The author pleads the necessity of instant action on the part of Hamlet, to safeguard his own life. We like your manner of handling the subject, E. A. D., and trust to hear from you again on Shakespearian topics.

The contents of the *St. Mary's Messenger* is in keeping with its excellent workmanship. "The Sibyls" is a novel Christmas subject in our sanctum, and proved to

be interesting. The editorial staff wield an industrious pen concerning up-to-date subjects.

The January number of the *St. Vincent Journal* delights both the mind and the eye. January 14th being the hundredth anniversary of Boniface Wimmer, the illustrious founder of the Benedictine Order in America, the editors have directed their attention chiefly to his works and a biographical sketch. The six full-page engravings considerably contribute to enhance the value of the journal. The gifted L. J. S. gives expression to the congenial class spirit existing among the seminarians in the sympathetic verses written on the occasion of the untimely decease of a class mate.

The *Trinitonian*, from sunny Texas, is classed among our most welcome Exchanges. "Henry M. Stanley," in glowing language, reviews the work of the illustrious traveler. Although we are aware that Stanley did much to alleviate the gruesome conditions of the Africans, still we think that the author gives him overdue praise. Had it not been for the persevering efforts of our missionaries, Stanley's efforts would have borne little fruit. "How Bobby Helped" is a model story for truth to nature and excellent dialogue.

C. A. MAYER, '09.

JOSEPH HORNE CO.

PENN AVE. FIFTH ST.

PITTSBURG, PA.

PITTSBURG'S GREAT STORE

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY

and always at the very

LOWEST PRICES

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV.

Pittsburg, Pa., March, 1909.

No. 6.

I Deem Him Great.

I deem him great who, though distressed by care,
Fulfills with smiling face his labors well,
Whom no deceptive motives can impel
To swerve from duty's path, and to impair
His probity, of treasures the most rare;
Who spares nor time nor effort to expel
The pains that in the breasts of others dwell,
So that they, too, serenest joys may share.

Of men I deem him greatest who attains
Not fickle fame, but treads the narrow way
Unsullied by sin's foul, corrupting stains—
Who battles in the perilous affray,
Unawed, nor burdened with sin's weighty chains,
Until his foes are routed in dismay.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER VIII.

*First Rude Separation from My Twin-Sister Seed, by "Ginning."
My Voyage to England. My Reception at the
Blackburn Cotton-Mill.*

I shall not pause to describe the gathering process, or picking of the seed along with its adhering fibre, which is everywhere the same, as I have already detailed, in speaking of the Cotton States of America. Let it suffice for me to say that the fruit, or seed-cotton, to which I belonged, was not gathered in the very first picking, but that I was plucked from off my protecting capsule only in the second "picking," which took place about the beginning of December, and which has been generally considered as the best, and the most productive of good quality of cotton. I was brought to the store-house, where I lay at rest for the space of two days, on a dry, matted floor, surrounded by thousands of similar little snowy bundles of seed-cotton. On the morning of the third day, my repose was rudely disturbed, first, by the hissing noise of a steam-engine, and then, by the sharp prods of a huge prong that lifted me up and thrust me into a large open box or trunk, called a hopper—and I understood at once that I was in the crucible, which we dread so much under the name of ginning machine. In those early days on the Onitsha Plantation, the machinery was not of the modern and perfect type which, I have heard, has since been introduced. But though the rude and rapid separation of our fibrous substance from its tenacious seed, with which it has hitherto led such a close and intimate existence, since the very first moment of life, is necessarily a painful one, under any form of operation, still it could be, and it was, made happily less brutal and less damaging in the case of the gins even then used at Akpaca, before the setting up of the present excellent and powerful gin of Dobson and Barlow.

It did not take me long to be drawn through the rollers, while my sister-seed, now naked and ungainly in appearance—with a few shreds of fibre still persistently hanging on to their former foundation—was thrust aside into a heap and subsequently stored into bags, being destined to continue, upon African soil, the further propagation of our species.

As for me, I was gathered up into a large bundle, which was roughly and temporarily baled, in anticipation of the more tidy and more secure baling operation of the “compressor.” Thus closely and firmly wrapped up, beneath the folds of a half-dozen iron bands, the bale, or package, of which I formed part was hauled in a few days’ time, down to the ’Nkissi Wharf, whence I was placed on board the *Valiant*, a large and comfortable stern-wheeler belonging to the Southern Nigeria Government, which on its arrival at Warri, near the mouth of the Niger River, transferred me to the great big ocean steamer, *Nigeria*, of the Elder, Dempster Co., Liverpool.

In this way I quitted, for the first time, my native land, and, after an uneventful voyage of twenty days, entered upon the busy scenes of the greatest cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving district in the world. My sojourn in Liverpool was but brief, and I was soon on my way, through Manchester, to the populous and prosperous weaving town of Blackburn, the local metropolis of North Lancashire.

On arriving in Blackburn, and while being driven through the streets, I wondered at the crowds of men standing idle around the corners, and at the dejected air which was visible on their otherwise intelligent and manly countenances. But my astonishment gave place to sympathy when I learned the cause of this wide-spread depression—for it arose from the dearth of raw material, from which Lancashire had been suffering for more than six months. No wonder, therefore, our arrival, humble and timorous as it looked, was hailed, with enthusiasm, as the harbinger of better times. No wonder, also, we

were hurried, at once, to the great big mill (the Highfield) of which Mr. Henry Harrison* is the genial director and presiding spirit, where we entered upon the threshold of a new life.

CHAPTER IX.

My First Experiences in Being Cleaned, Stretched, Combed and Twisted.

No sooner had the bales been opened than the foundations were laid for a stack of raw-cotton; though you must not think that we were thrown together inadvisedly or at random, like the sheaves making up an ordinary corn-stack. But with us, from this first moment of "opening," there came into play, on the part of every single functionary of the cotton-mill, that spirit of intelligence, of logic, of principle, that distinguishes this great art of cotton-spinning in all its features and degrees. To produce a perfect, uniform thread is, of course, the great ultimate aim of all spinning—and, therefore, from the very outset, even when the bales are barely opened and the cotton is laid out, every detailed means that can promote this end, is carefully weighed in the balance of judgment, and every contributing factor is eagerly seized upon and welded into the complex process.

Thus it was that when the first bale of West African cotton was opened and a layer taken therefrom to be spread upon the floor, in its reserved space, another bale of American cotton directly from the Georgia "Uplands," but of similar quality, especially in length of staple and delicacy of fibre, was "broken," and from its folds a corresponding layer was placed on top of the previous one, in which I lay. In like manner, five different bales were laid under contribution, to the formation of a very respectable pile, which, in its turn, was subjected to the

*I learn from the *Textile Mercury* of August 12, '05, that Mr. H. Harrison has resigned or rather retired from business life, and from all active participation in the cotton-spinning trade, with which he had been identified for 50 years.

powerful action of the first great machine through which I was now to pass. I need scarcely tell you—for you have already guessed it—that the simple reasoning or, rather, the principle, underlying this “mixture” was the importance of bringing the good qualities of one bale to bear upon, and strengthen, the weaker qualities of another; indeed, you will find the spinner, from beginning to end, keeping before his eyes this great principle of “uniformity” as the basis of his work at every stage.

But, all this while, the formidable-looking frame of rollers was waiting for us, and into it we were carefully placed, mingled as we were in the fashion described. In a twinkling, it seemed to me—by means of knives and spikes and steel bars and fans—it had revolved, and there we were laid out, cleansed of the greater part of the impurities concealed until then within our fibrous substance. When this first dreadful ordeal had ceased, and while yet I trembled from the shock it had given me, I looked down through the holes of the last sieve-like plate upon which I found myself stretched out in one white, solid sheet of straight and uniform surface, called a roll, or lap, of cotton, and I was really astonished to see the incredible amount and variety of loosened dirt and other foreign objects that had been detached from our macerated fibre, and were now lying in an ugly-looking heap beneath the machine.

Scarcely had I time to take a momentary breath, when (as I was destined for the finer class of yarn) I was whirled into a somewhat similar, but more perfect and more delicate machine, where the same process, on a more perfect scale, was repeated—and thus “scutched,” I emerged white and apparently immaculate, ready for the more interesting and more complicated operation of “carding.”

“Surely,” said I to myself, “there is no longer clinging to me the smallest speck of dust or foreign matter.” Alas! I was destined to be quickly undeceived

and humbled; for I was no sooner stretched upon the broad back of the entering roller of this next machine, than I was caught by a set of powerful teeth fixed on the "lick-in," and I experienced the final threshing and beating which was to disengage the remnant of impurities still desperately, but vainly, clinging to my sides. Even this was not enough in the way of cleansing, as you will shortly notice.

Awaiting us, at our sortie from the beaters, there was a wonderful cylinder whose surface was covered with such a vast quantity of little upright steel teeth that you will hardly believe me when I tell you they were nearly four million in number! Pressing against these teeth, were others of somewhat similar shape and strength, moving in a contrary direction, and fixed upon a series of small bars that, while just allowing us barely sufficient room to be squeezed through this double comb, drew off from our surface the various short, uneven, or unclean, fibres that still clogged our onward march to a perfect state.

To tell you the subsequent operations which immediately succeeded this great process of carding, would be to describe in detail, that might perhaps prove tedious, the intricate series of rollers and special apparatus, by which I was passed out, and coiled into a rope, and then, little by little, into a silver, or softer and thinner rope, that was deposited most compactly and most ingeniously, in a tall cylinder can, where I lay at rest, for a brief space of time, in the anticipation of the important function of "twisting."

Here I should observe that, if you have ever visited those remote districts of Italy, Brittany, or Ireland, where the old and primitive methods of spinning are still in vogue, or if you have ever seen a picture, even, of the ancient treadle and spinning-wheel of classic times, you must have noticed that the two chief functions of that venerable implement were those of giving to the yarn a continuous twist, and, then, of winding it up

readily upon a bobbin—and, of these, the first is the more important one, as it imparts to the yarn its real, intrinsical value. If it were simply drawn out in one straight and unvarying line from the mass of fibre, or raw material, it would be but a weak, emasculated and consumptive thread, of no consistency, of no real continuity and strength beyond that of the individual fibres themselves lying in a parallel direction, side by side, and liable to snap at every moment.

It is the "twist" that gives them their united and continuous strength. Besides, Nature has already provided them with a considerable number of twists, at certain intervals—easily discernible under the inspection of the microscope, and serving as an admirable basis for the further successive twists superadded by artificial means. But, even with the twist given to the first rough and fluffy rope of yarn, there is still much liability to uneven surface and weak places along the line of parallel fibres drawn from the one "sliver" that has left the carding engine. Hence the wonderfully observant and reasoning powers of those modern spinners have concluded to pull six or seven or even eight of these "slivers," by a combined and simultaneous drawing action, into another and more perfect little rope, in which all the empty places are filled in, and the weaker places are strengthened, and in which the reduction in size, due to the wondrous rapidity of the drawing rollers, has been thus compensated by the addition of fresh vigor, a firmer adhesion of the fibres, and a greater uniformity of the surface. In this condition, however, the yarn, which has not yet attained the dignity of a finished thread, is wound upon a bobbin, by means of a set of fly-frames, and thus becomes what spinners call a "roving."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



February Twilight.

The last rays of the setting sun
Have sunk beyond yon hill;
The chatt'ring sparrows have retired,
And all the earth seems still.

The shaggy trees are dim outlined
Upon the darkening sky;
As night winds sweep the branches bare,
They wierdly moan and sigh.

These sounds alone break in upon
The stillness of the night,
Except when some belated bird
Swift wings his noisy flight.

From off beyond the distant hills
I hear the church bells peal,
I see the traveller in the road
Now halt and meekly kneel;

Those silvery, rippling chimes announce
O'er hill and through the dale,
The death of day, the birth of night,
The old monot'rous tale.

HARRY J. GILBERT, '11.



The Trials of a Musician.

In that part of Italy known as Vincenza, there lived an elderly gentleman, Julius Colelli, with his two sons, Louis, twelve years of age, and Philip, ten. The father, now reduced to poverty, had seen better days. Through the persuasion of some of his friends, he had invested in stocks and bonds, but, in a great national crisis, he lost all the money he had invested.

He had married a young lady of noble descent,

Luscinia Clemenza. She was a spendthrift, and he soon saw himself obliged to sell his beautiful home and move to a modest dwelling in a poor quarter of the city. When his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, she took ill and died. At her funeral he was stricken with paralysis and was rendered helpless.

Louis, the older of the two boys, had the keen sense to perceive his father's distress; he noticed his continual worry and traced it to its cause. At once he resolved to come to his father's aid. Nature had gifted him with an exquisite voice, and he determined to go out into the streets and sing for the passers-by.

One evening, as he was singing in front of the largest hotel in the city, the proprietor, Signor Corrico, signalled to him from an upper window that he desired to speak with him. Louis responded immediately to the call and entered the beautiful *foyer* of the hotel. He quickly found his way up the main staircase to the Signor's apartments. On entering, he was warmly welcomed by the occupant and asked his name and the story of his life. At its conclusion, the following conversation ensued :—

“Cheer up, my little lad, and look upon the bright side of life.”

“That is rather hard at times, sir.”

“The darkest hour is that before the dawn. Better things are in store for you. I like your voice. Would you not wish to have it cultivated, and what do you think of following a musical career?”

“If my father should approve of it, nothing would give me greater pleasure,” said Louis, with his eyes sparkling, for it was his ambition to become a musician if possible.

“I shall call upon him to-morrow and endeavor to gain his consent.” With that, he slipped some money into Louis's hand, and the boy hurried home to tell his father the joyful news.

There were not three happier persons in Vincenza on

the morning of the twenty-fourth of December than the father and his two sons. Everything in the house had been put in perfect order, and the furniture, though not of the best style, looked clean and neat. With their hair combed and their faces well washed, the two little lads stood out upon the porch, waiting for the arrival of their guest. Soon they heard the sounds of horses, and in a few minutes a carriage had stopped directly in front of their house. When Signor Corrico stepped out, he placed certain packages in their arms, telling them they were some little Christmas presents. They thanked him, and then leading the way into the house, they introduced him to their father. Signor Corrico explained the purpose of his visit, saying that he had become interested in the family from what he had learned from Louis; he desired, he said, to send the boy to a school of music, and to receive the father and Philip as his guests in the hotel until Louis should be able to provide for them. It was hard to refuse so generous an offer, and soon Mr. Colelli was induced to give his consent. Having brought his interview to a successful conclusion, Signor Corrico withdrew amidst the expressions of thanks and wishes of a "Happy Christmas."

Seated at his desk a few days later, Mr. Alton, President of the Milan Conservatory, was gazing with a look of weariness upon the mass of letters, papers and magazines, piled up before him. At last, firmly adjusting his eye-glasses, he proceeded to sort them; this done, he tapped his bell, and a young gentleman, his private secretary, entered.

"For the Vice-President," said Mr. Alton, pointing to the mail for the faculty and the students.

The secretary bowed, took the mail in hand, and withdrew.

Mr. Alton now began to read his own letters. Amongst the first was one from his old school companion, Signor Corrico, informing him that he desired to

place under his charge a young boy with a voice of rare beauty and with a passionate love of music.

Mr. Alton answered this letter immediately, assuring Signor Corrico that the boy could at once be enrolled as a student, and that he would be treated with proper care and attention.

The glad news was speedily communicated to Mr. Colelli, and a day was set for the departure to Milan. With the help of his generous patron, Louis made all necessary preparations, and it was with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that he saw the day arrive when he was to part for the first time with the father whom he dearly loved and the brother to whom he was devoted with all the enthusiasm of his young heart. Tears flowed freely as he kissed them good-bye.

Accompanied by Signor Corrico, Louis reached Milan after a wearisome journey. The warmth of his welcome by the President made him quickly forget the fatigue of his ride in the train, and reconciled him to his new surroundings. After thanking his patron cordially for the great favor he had done him, he saw him off on his return journey and settled down to steady work. For four months he took vocal lessons, and applied himself with all the fervor of youth to his new duties. At the end of that period he asked permission to practise on the violin in addition, and readily obtained it. During the two years that followed he made wonderful progress: then an event happened that was to have a lasting influence on his life. The President received a communication from Rome, announcing an approaching visit to Milan from the King and Queen, and requesting that five boys be chosen from the Conservatory to compose a piece of music and render it in the royal presence, the best to receive a purse of money and a contract to play for ten years in the king's palace.

This announcement caused great excitement amongst the students, all being eager for the honor of contending for so valuable a prize. To Louis's intense delight,

he was selected as one of the happy five. He felt that if his effort was crowned with success, he could show in substantial form his appreciation of his patron's interest, and bring joy and assistance to his father and brother. With these sentiments at heart, he set to work at his composition. All remarked his earnestness, but few thought that he, the youngest, could compete successfully with the other boys who had the advantage of longer training. This did not daunt him, but served only as a spur to his noble ambition.

The time for the performance was drawing nigh. The boys, with one exception, had completed their compositions to their satisfaction. Charles Frédéric alone was not gifted with the talent of invention. Inspiration came to him slowly, and he feared that the prize would elude his grasp. Aware of the unusual ability of Louis and jealous of his chances of success, he hit upon a dishonorable plan to triumph over his rival. Endowed with a most retentive memory and a delicately attuned ear, he determined to find a means to overhear Louis at practice, to take down the notes, and present the piece as his own. Fortune favored him. When the sun had sunk to rest and the voices of the many were hushed in slumber, the stillness of the night was broken by sweet notes floating in the air. Charles Frédéric had gone to bed in mortification and in anger. His scheme so far had failed, and listen as he would, no sound had reached his ear, no inspiration had warmed his mind or touched his heart. Waking from a hideous dream in which he fancied himself defeated and disgraced in the contest, the music broke upon his troubled soul, and inflamed, not calmed, his passion. What piece was that? He had not heard it before. Surely it must be by some great master that was borrowing the notes from Heaven and giving them utterance with his violin! These were the thoughts that flashed through his mind, but then it dawned upon him that the celestial sounds proceeded from Louis's room, and that this was the composition his hated rival would

render at the coming competition. The demon of dishonesty whispered in his ear that this was the chance he so often looked for, and that now he might reasonably hope to grace his brow with the laurels he ambitioned. As Louis played his piece a second time, Charles listened attentively and drank in the notes as a thirsting flower sips the dew of heaven. Carefully he wrote them down, and soon both retired for the night, Louis hopeful and unsuspecting, Charles confident and unabashed by his perfidy.

At length the great day, so longed-for and so feared, arrived. The boys were escorted to the hall. Unknown to Louis, Signor Corrico, his father and brother were present. The King and Queen with their gorgeous retinue advanced, amidst an outburst of applause, to the thrones erected on the platform, and an overture was played by an orchestra selected from the best musicians in the city.

Now the contest began. Expectancy was in the air. The first two boys acquitted themselves creditably, but not brilliantly, and the third fared little better. Charles Frédéric next advanced upon the stage, much encouraged by the comparative failure of his predecessors, and confident that he would easily surpass them to the embarrassment of his rival. Louis stood behind the curtain, nervously awaiting his turn. But what does he hear? The composition that had come to him as an inspiration, that was to be the pride of his patron, the joy of his father and brother, and the golden key to the wealth he would bestow upon them, was stolen by an unprincipled rival, and he was to be cheated out of the fruits of his untiring efforts! Could it be possible? What was he to do? How could he face an audience, to be branded as a shameless plagiarist? The parting words of his father then came to his mind: "Be patient in disappointment and courageous in times of trial. To God and thine own self be true." With an effort he wiped away the streaming tears from his full eyes, and with a

fervent *Ave Maria* prepared to appear before the judges and do his very best.

No sooner had Charles finished his selection than the audience burst into enthusiastic and long continued applause. Cheers rang from all sides, and he retired, feeling assured that the prize was his. After the commotion had subsided, Louis modestly entered amidst the scarcely suppressed surprise of the many who had gathered in that vast auditorium, that one so young should be capable of composing a piece worthy of their consideration. But their surprise was intensified when they heard the youthful performer play over again the same piece that they had heard before, but, oh, with what a difference ! His very soul seemed to thrill at his finger tips and vibrate along the strings. What faultless execution ! What mastery of *technique* ! What marvelous expression ! What pathos ! What power ! And that one so young should be capable of it all ! The people sat spell-bound till the last note died away like a sigh of joy, and then the long pent up feelings found vent in an ovation such as never before had been accorded to any instrumentalist in that hall. All present rose to their feet; ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and men cheered until the walls rang again with the echoes of their approval.

Overcome by his triumph and unnerved by the severe strain to which he had been subjected, Louis swooned away and was tenderly carried off to one of the dressing-rooms, where medical attention speedily restored him to consciousness.

In the meantime the judges had held a whispered consultation and had called in Charles for an explanation of the identity of his piece with Louis's composition. Realizing that he had lost in an ignoble contest and courageously determined to make what atonement he could for the base act in which he must be detected, he acknowledged his guilt and threw himself on their mercy. The judges were mild in their censure of his self-

confessed crime, and brought their duties to a happy termination by announcing that they unanimously awarded the prize to Louis Colelli.

The announcement pleased no one more than Signor Corrico; he felt that his interest in the boy was justified, and his benevolence appreciated. The enraptured father pressed his favorite son to his heart, and Philip was not slow to express his congratulations.

Before the lapse of many years, Mr. Colelli was reinstated in his old home, and the family were reunited in the enjoyment of all the comforts that Louis could provide. He always acknowledged with gratitude that his success, prosperity and happiness were due to his patron and friend, Signor Corrico.

LEO A. McCRORY, '15.



Those Darkening Hills.

The cloudy day is drawing to a close;

In winter's twilight now all earth seems still,
And like a picture weird fantastic stands

The landscape backed by yonder darkening hill.

How grim they look, those cloud-capped, distant hills

As scathing tempests o'er their faces sweep !

Low bend the leafless trees beneath their blasts,

And thundering down the rocks, the torrents leap.

O summer, wilt thou ever come again,

With water babbling down beside the road,

With cloudless skies, with calm and sunny days,

That naught of winter or its storms forebode ?

Yes, hills, my hills, the summer soon will come

With flowers, birds and all the joys that were;

The storms that left their traces on your face

Were sent to you, to make you still more fair.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.

INDUCTION.

Man in his present state cannot attain a cognition of truth by intuition, but is obliged through assiduity, study, and comparison to infer one truth from another. In quest of truth the mind resorts to two processes; either it infers the truth of a particular proposition from a general law, or it establishes a general law arising out of the experiments and observations of particular and specific phenomena. The former mode of reasoning is called the deductive method, or the syllogism proper, and the latter process is known as induction.

In this article I shall confine my attention to induction for the reason that the syllogism proper has already been ably developed in the BULLETIN some few years ago, and that the underlying principles of induction are more apt to lead us to incorrect conclusions than those of the former method. Suffice it to say that while induction is the inverse of deduction, the former essentially requires the exercise of the latter.

In the inductive process the mind starts with particular observations and experiences in view of establishing a general law. But here a distinction must be made, for it sometimes happens that the mind has examined all the objects embraced in the general law, and then we have complete induction; on the other hand, it very often occurs that only some of the particulars which embody the general law have been experienced and enumerated, and this is called incomplete induction.

In complete induction all the individuals subject to the general law inferred must be summed up and experienced, as when we say that all the Presidents of our country were men of integrity and honesty, the validity of our assertion rests upon the fact that we have carefully scrutinized the public career of each individual President. Another important canon of complete induction is to conclude of the general class what we predicate of a particular case. The reason of this is because the

enumeration in the premises is complete and must therefore be identical with the conclusion.

The question may be asked what benefit can we derive from such complete induction, since it imparts no new information, and is merely employed in synthesizing particular facts already known. The mere fact that it synthesizes our cognitions is a strong argument in favor of such induction. The human mind, as I have already said, is not endowed with intuition, for experience proves that the imagination and the internal senses greatly impede it from exercising its proper powers and consequently it is an impossibility to have ever present before our minds all the facts we have ever experimented and observed unless in an abbreviated form. It is, as it were, an instinct in man to synthesize. Bearing in mind that facts observed soon escape the memory, unless classified and condensed, the mathematician, or, in a word, the scholar of merit frequently employs this process of reasoning.

However efficacious complete induction may be in expressing a truth succinctly, still in value it must bow to the incomplete but perfect induction. All scientific theories and all advances in the field of science owe their origin and being to this sort of perfect induction. Men in all ranks of society, whether consciously or unconsciously, and it may be added correctly or incorrectly, some time or another employ this process of reasoning. By means of it we, as the prophets of yore, behold the future and foretell its physical phenomena and events; by means of it we penetrate the starry realm of the heavens, and descry the laws and movements of its planets, and by means of it we even venture to approach the judgment seat of the Infinite Being, to attain some faint knowledge of His splendor and perfection.

In incomplete induction we infer a conclusion for a whole class of which we have considered and experienced only such objects as are in our grasp and are fair specimens of the whole class. But here at the threshold

a serious question looms up before our vision—what warrant is there for the exactitude of this process of reasoning? I shall illustrate its authenticity by means of the proposition: "All fires are combustive." How can I enunciate such a fact since I have not experimented on the fires of the past, nor those of the future? I have arrived at this conclusion because the experiments and observations I have made are so numerous and so varied in regard to time, place, and circumstances, that the effect, combustion, so constant in spite of all varieties of individuals, of time, place, and circumstances, can be attributed only to the one source which is above all varieties of individuals, time, place, and circumstances, viz., to the nature of fire itself; and since the fires of the past and those of the future, had and will have the same nature as the present fires, they must necessarily have the same effect—combustion. This act of identifying the unexperienced with experienced truths by an *a priori* proof is known as the compensating principle of incomplete induction, which makes the latter perfect, whereas of itself it would be imperfect.

In order to arrive at and detect apparently valid inductions, the observations and experiments of cases from which we infer a general law must be diligent, repeated, and scrupulous. This is the sole means of verifying the stability of a conclusion in incomplete induction. On account of overlooking or discountenancing this law, Darwin and other physiologists have rashly concluded from accidental similarities that man owes his origin to the monkey. Another important tenet of valid induction is to so diversify the experiments as to eliminate all consequences that might follow from accidental peculiarities of individuals.

Though great may be the value of this mode of reasoning in itself, still in the hands of a sophist, it often exercises a deleterious influence over incautious Catholics. In this age of modernism, when the captious portals of infidelity are thrown open to the whole world, when

the sophist in the guise of a theologian endeavors to gain our assent to his doctrines by means of an apparent induction, we must be circumspect and examine it according to strict rules, ever bearing in mind the prophetic words of Christ, "for there shall arise false christians and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders insomuch as to deceive (if it were possible) even the elect."

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.

CARDS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, William J. Linnermann; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

MICHAEL J. HAGGERTY
ANTHONY T. JOYCE
ALEXIUS SZABO

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself, on the same day and within the same hour, the grandparents of our fellow-student and companion, Raymond B. Yeager; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

EDMUND J. AVERMAN
FRANCIS B. CREAMER
WILLIAM S. GILES

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. McGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. V. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. McKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 5

EDITORIAL.

The Race Question.

In ordinary circumstances, or at ordinary times, it would not be surprising that the raising of the "Race Question," again, should elicit much comment, save on the part of those directly interested in its solution. But of late it has arisen in connection with circumstances which tend to give it a more than usual prominence.

It has naturally been one of the principal themes discussed in the orations commemorating the immortal Lincoln on his centennial. It has been especially dwelt upon and developed by the President-elect in one of the first formal addresses he has made since his election. His words on that occasion, taken, especially in con-

nection with his evident purpose of conciliating and softening Southern prejudices, and of restoring normal political conditions in the South, were pregnant with the soundest maxims of common sense, and with the most practical views upon the negroes and their claims.

What advice could be sounder than that which he gives, in such plain though sympathetic language, to the members themselves of the once oppressed race? "Negroes should be given an opportunity equally with whites, by education and thrift, to meet the requirements of eligibility which the State Legislatures in their wisdom shall lay down in order to secure the safe exercise of the electoral franchise, and when that is granted by law, and not denied by executive discrimination, he has nothing to complain of."

And when treating of the still more delicate question that has, ever since the days of Reconstruction, agitated the people of the South, he is equally plain, sensible and sympathetic, in addressing the members of the white race. "It seems to me that there is, or ought to be, a common ground upon which we can all stand in respect to the race question in the South, and its political bearing, that takes away any justification for maintaining the continued solidity of the South to prevent the so-called negro denomination. The fear that in some way or other a social equality among the races shall be enforced by law or brought about by political measures really has no foundation except in the imagination of those who fear such a result. The Federal Government has nothing to do with social equality. The war amendments do not declare in favor of social equality. All that the law or Constitution attempt to secure is equality of opportunity before the law and in the pursuit of happiness, and in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property. Social equality is something that grows out of voluntary concessions by the individuals forming society."

In view, therefore, of the self-imposed task which our new President has evidently undertaken at the very

outset of his administration, it will be for the future student of the present revolving period of our history to study the results of this wise and sympathetic policy and to ascertain whether it has attained the expected results; whether it has found an equal response from the people of the South as it certainly has obtained from those of the North, and whether he will have achieved what he so ardently now desires to see accomplished. "I pray that it may be given to me to obliterate all sectional lines, and leave nothing of difference between the North and the South, save a friendly emulation for the benefit of our common country."



National Holidays.

Many persons have within recent times been somewhat disturbed at the prospect of an increasing demand for more legal holidays. Their views—that such national festivals are not appreciated, are not productive of genuine patriotism, are not calculated to improve the machinery of business, and are consequently a burden rather than a healthy source of rest and refreshing vigor—have no doubt a certain degree of apparent justification. It is true that a large number of the more ignorant class have no clear conception of these national holidays, and of their significance.

But, all the same, it is essential to the growth and development of a genuine spirit of patriotism among the rising generation that we have such holidays. They will necessarily be abused of, here and there, for mere recreation sake—for games, for travelling, for a run out to the country, for a brief hunting expedition, in a word, for a breathing space from the weight of business care and preoccupation; but the underlying purpose of the day's celebration will insist upon making itself felt and impressed especially upon the youthful mind. The great names of Lincoln, Washington, as well as the memories

of Independence Day, of Gettysburg, of Bunker Hill, will arouse some echo in every breast that is not utterly dead to every good impulse, and callous to every feeling of love for one's country.

Let us, therefore, have such holidays commemorative of those who founded, as well as of those who redeemed and preserved, our land, but let us also not forget the ones who discovered this vast Continent, and who, with prophetic insight or rather inspiration, planted upon it the Standard of the Cross and dedicated it to a greater and a mightier purpose than commerce or human progress or the glories of earthly conquest.



Our Annual Euchre and Reception.

The success of the annual Euchre and Reception surpassed the brightest expectations of the optimists and falsified the gloomy predictions of the pessimists. Despite the facts that business has not yet recovered from the staggering blow dealt it by the money stringency of the last two years; that churches and societies had booked a number of entertainments for the same evening, and that "few would forego the excitement of watching election returns, to indulge in a game of euchre or even to enjoy the festive dance," Montefiore Hall was the mecca of some twelve to fifteen hundred enthusiasts, who thronged every available space, both upstairs and downstairs. Students were there from every class; their parents and friends came from every direction, undeterred by distance, or by weather prospects—even the neighboring States and distant towns were represented. And what a happy crowd they were! It would be hard to say which of the two elements enjoyed themselves the more—the young folk of recent years' graduation or the old folk that antedated Pittsburg College life. The more sedate amongst our patrons sat down to the fascination of a series of eight games of euchre, in the happy anticipation

of carrying off one of the fifty-six prizes provided for competition, while the young people "tripped it on the light, fantastic toe," to the lively strains of the C. B. Weis Orchestra. Refreshments were in abundance; exercise and excellent cooking whetted the appetite, and the variety of the menu lent a keener edge. Tasteful decorations appealed to the eye, and color effect was not without its charm. No detail that could make for comfort, ease or enjoyment, was overlooked. The management of the affair was judiciously entrusted to the Rev. H. J. Goebel. He was ably assisted by the Rev. A. B. Mehler, Rev. J. A. Baumgartner and Rev. P. J. Fullen. An enterprising and tireless bevy of young ladies under the experienced direction of Miss Jennie Curran, and several committees of students, all willing, intelligent and obliging workers, contributed most materially to the evening's brilliant success.

Committee of Arrangements:—C. J. McGuire, M. A. Shea, M. J. Muldowney, G. V. Dugan.

Door Committee:—G. J. Bullion, J. A. McGlade, J. J. Hawks.

Cloak Room:—R. A. Telerski, P. A. Lipinski, D. G. Creamer, T. A. King, E. A. Heinrich, J. R. Daly.

Euchre Committee:—J. N. Whalen, E. J. McKnight, C. A. Mayer, R. V. Conway, F. R. Shields, T. J. Dunn, H. J. Schmitt, C. L. Sanderbeck, A. L. Krieger, F. S. Clifford, F. B. Mihm, N. C. Huckestein, E. J. Fedigan, E. A. Wilson.

Reception Committee:—J. H. McGraw, C. K. Kaylor, J. A. Habrowski, T. J. Schultz, H. J. Gelm, H. J. Gilbert, J. J. Creighton, G. P. Angel, J. P. Egan, E. J. Averman, J. D. Locke, D. E. McNicol, T. H. Murray.

We are very grateful to the following young ladies for the efficient and valuable services they rendered before and during the Euchre:—Miss Jennie Curran, Miss Marie Angel, Miss Emma Cox, Miss Emma Curran, Miss Kathryn Duffy, Miss Cecelia Dugan, Miss Lucy

Dugan, Miss Rebecca Fogarty, Miss Agnes Kist, Miss Gertrude Kist, Miss Emma Klein, Miss Marie Lauer, Miss Anna Mellon, Miss Cath. Mulholland, Miss Anna McCabe, Miss Marg. McKnight, Miss Marie Stattler, Miss Eliz. Weis.

The expression of our most cordial thanks is due to the generous donors of prizes, a list of which, together with the names of the winners, we give below.

PRIZE	DONOR	WINNER
Five Dollar Gold Piece, V.	Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., M. A. Gloekler	
Dress Suit Case	D. Maginn	Harry Flanigan
Mandolin	C. C. Mellor Co.	Selman Frederickson
Lady's Silk Umbrella	Richard Pollard	Miss C. Hoffman
Medallion Picture	L. Krieger	B. McCue
Toilet Set	D. E. McNicol	Chas. Zetwo
Gent's Umbrella	Bennie Neiman	Jas. Garrigan
Fancy Vase	P. J. Fahey	Cl. Buisker
5 lb. Box of Candy	Reymer Bros.	Paul Schaub
Picture of Bishop Canevin	D. Rosser	Mrs. M. Madden
Silver Mounted Clothes Brush	Grafner Bros.	Fred Yagge
Silk Umbrella	Mansmann Bros.	Mrs. Ethier
Fancy Cushion	H. J. Schmitt	S. Heimbuecher, Jr.
Genuine Meerschaum Pipe	R. & W. Jenkinson Co.	P. O'Connor
Gent's Fancy Vest	E. Finkelhor	A. Frommherz
Portable Gas Lamp	Stinson, Kennedy & Co.	Mrs. J. McCarthy
Fancy Berry Dish	Murphy Bros. Co.	Miss F. Swaska
Cut Glass Nappy	Mrs. P. McGraw	Frank Carr
Large Fancy Vase	Rev. J. Willms, C. S. Sp.	Clara Simon
Lace Handkerchiefs	Miss O'Brien	Miss A. Swaska
Fancy Pin Cushion	Mrs. J. J. Freund	Miss A. Sweeney
Fancy Urn	Miss J. Curran	P. McKnight
Fancy Thermometer	A. Friend	P. J. Dwyer
Fancy Table Scarf	Miss A. Fieser	Miss L. Lamar
Fancy Plate	T. W. Nugent	P. S. Toldert
Perfume	L. Emanuel	A. Schmand
Military Brushes	W. J. Gilmore & Co.	Miss A. Grimes
Seal Leather Wallet, Rev.	D. J. FitzGibbon, C. S. Sp., D. Armstrong	
Walrus Leather Wallet	A. W. McCloy & Co.	Miss M. Herlehy
Box at the Grand	F. J. Harris	John Wilson
P. C. Pennant	Athletic Association	G. McGreevy
Remington Picture	Wunderle Bros.	Mrs. E. Auth
2 lb. Box of Candy	L. A. Butler	E. H. Kempf
Fancy Pin Cushions	B. Gloekler Co.	Mrs. J. J. Reilly

Fancy Table Scarf	Miss K. Gallagher	Miss B. Schwab
“Glenanaar”	F. M. Kirner	Miss E. Poehlman
Stein	Gillespie Bros.	S. Frederickson
Box of Cigars	L. M. Heyl	Miss B. A. Kelly
Gent's Silk Scarf	H. J. Schlelein	Miss C. Zetwo
Neckties	Curran Bros.	G. DeLowry
Box of Cigars	Raubitschek Bros.	F. J. Shade
Silk Suspenders	J. G. Bennett & Co.	Mrs. McAleese
Cut Glass Candle Stick	Mrs. Wood	Mrs. McCann
Compass	B. K. Elliot	C. J. Bayer
Suspenders and Necktie	McClure Bros.	Miss M. Finnerty
Pipe Rack	Chas. F. Smith	Mrs. R. Emmet
Seal Leather Wallet	Rev. J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp.,	E. Emmons
Suspender Set	T. Paul Darby	Wm. Sinnott
Box of Cigars	E. E. Lew	Miss C. Hickey
Lady's Scarf	Kaufmann Bros.	Miss E. Taylor
Box of Cigars	J. R. Engeman	J. F. Maxwell
Bon-bon Dish	Anna Mellon	Mrs. T. F. Smith
Medallion of Rossini	A Friend	Miss A. Tracey
Fancy Vase	T. A. Curran	Miss F. Hopper
Match Holder	A Friend	Miss Fanny Schmitt



COLLEGE NOTES.

THE results of the second term examinations were proclaimed in the college hall in the afternoon of February 1. It is very gratifying to note that the various examiners expressed their satisfaction with the application of the students as evidenced by their answering in their written and oral examinations. To the following students belongs the honor of leading their respective classes: (College Department) C. A. Mayer, J. H. McGraw, P. A. Lipinski, E. J. Misklow; (Commercial Department) C. H. Guthoerl, J. Byers, L. J. Pfohl, J. A. Brennan, K. J. Elsasser, F. Esser; (Scientific Department) D. J. McFarlin, R. Ostaszewski, M. J. Cassidy; (Academic Department) J. H. McHattie, E. A. Heinrich, L. A. McCrory, J. Arch, J. E. Hines; (Grammar Department) H. Lee, L. Stemplewski.

Competition in the classes was exceptionally keen. In the Junior Class, Joe McGraw led Theodore Szulc by the narrow margin of three points; in the Sophomore Class, Peter Lipinski scored three points more than Clarence Sanderbeck; in the First Academic Class, Herbert McHattie totaled 1169, and Otto Steedle, 1163, out of a maximum of 1300; in the Second Academic Class, out of a maximum of 1400, Edward Heinrich obtained 1278 marks, Frank Mueller, 1260, and George Baumer, 1240; in the Third Academic A Class, out of a possible 1200, Leo McCrory scored 1089 points and Clarence Buisker, 1079.

One hundred and thirty honor certificates were awarded.

A very successful spiritual retreat was conducted by the Rev. D. J. FitzGibbon, C. S. Sp. It began on February 2 and ended on February 5. All the students approached the Sacraments, and renewed their Baptismal vows.

On the Wednesdays after the retreat, Father FitzGibbon occupied the pulpit at the students' Mass, and addressed them on the subjects of vocation and total abstinence.

JOSEPH O'MARA, the star singer in "Peggy Machree," enjoyed a lengthy visit to the College on February 7. He has spent seventeen years on the professional stage, appearing with distinction in England, Ireland and Scotland, in grand opera. On the occasion of his next visit he will spend a "musical evening" with the boys.

JOHN MCVEAN, now Youngstown's chief undertaker, paid a visit to his *Alma Mater* on February 9.

JOHN DOWNEY was here on February 21. He has bright prospects of being Ambridge's next postmaster.

JOHN P. GWYER, '08, now studying theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, paid a visit to the

Faculty and students during his mid-year vacation, and assisted at the Euchre in Montefiore Hall.

GEORGE P. PARKER, '07, stenographer in the employment of the Allegheny Co. Light Co., called on Washington's birthday. Next month he will leave for California. We are sorry to see George leave Pittsburg, but we are confident that the sunny west has bright prospects for him.

THE annual play to be presented in one of the city theatres has been selected—"Facing the Music." The characters have been chosen, and rehearsals have been commenced. Even the most captious can not fail to be delighted with the comedy: there is a laugh in every line. The cast:—

Rev. John Smith	James J. Hawks
John Smith	Frank Hipps
Dick Desmond	Grattan V. Dugan
Colonel Duncan Smith	Charles K. Kaylor
Sergeant Duffell	Michael A. Shea
Mabel	John F. Corcoran
Nora	James R. Daly
Miss Fotheringay	Eugene J. Ley
Mrs. Ponting	Clarence A. Sanderbeck



ENTERTAINMENTS.

Owing to various causes there has been only one entertainment this month up to the time of our going to press. The chief feature on that occasion was Father FitzGibbon's graphic rendering of selections from *Ben Hur*. During the whole hour he occupied the stage, the audience listened to him with rapt attention. The programme:—

Waltz	The Enchantress	Blanke	Orchestra
Address	Patriotism	John A. McGlade	

Mandolin Solo	When I Marry You			
	Edward J. McKnight			
	Accompanist, Charles J. McGuire			
March	Silver Lake	<i>F. Toerge</i>	Orchestra	
Recitation	I'd Rather Be a Lobster Than a Wise Guy			
	James J. Hawks			
Piano Solo	Overture from William Tell	<i>Rossini</i>		
	Leo A. McCrory			
Intermezzo	Red Moon	<i>Humfeld</i>	Orchestra	
Selections from "Ben Hur"				
	Rev. D. J. FitzGibbon, C. S. Sp.			
March	The Great Divide	<i>Maurice</i>	Orchestra	



A T H L E T I C S.

Roller Hockey.

We cordially congratulate our Roller Hockey team on its well-deserved success in the Inter-scholastic League. Our boys have played four games so far and, having lost only one, stand at the top of the list. The first game, as recorded in the February issue of the BULLETIN, resulted in a victory over Carnegie Technical School. In their next game, they suffered defeat at the hands of the Pittsburg High School boys, the score being 1 to 3. It took two extra periods to decide the game with Allegheny High School on the 10th instant, fortune finally favoring our boys with a score of 2 to 1. The game on the 17th with Carnegie Tech. was fast and interesting to the end: two extra periods of five minutes were played; in the last two minutes of play, McGraw shot a goal, and our boys from that on played strongly on the defensive so that their cage was not endangered.

At the present writing the clubs stand as follows:—

		WON	LOST	PER CENT.
Pittsburg College	.	3	1	.750
Pittsburg High	.	2	1	.667
Carnegie Tech.	.	2	3	.400
Allegheny High	.	1	3	.250

The College is scheduled to play against the following teams on the dates mentioned:—

Wednesday, February 24, Pittsburg High
Wednesday, March 3, Allegheny High
Wednesday, March 10, Carnegie Tech.
Wednesday, March 17, Pittsburg High
Wednesday, March 24, Allegheny High
Wednesday, March 31, Carnegie Tech.
Wednesday, April 7, Pittsburg High
Wednesday, April 14, Allegheny High



EXCHANGES.

The engravings and the material of the *Exponent* continue to maintain their excellent standard. These are articles and articles in our recent Exchanges anent the centennial anniversary of Edgar A. Poe, and the majority of a high order, but, in our opinion, "Edgar Allan Poe, the Litterateur," bears off the palm. The author justly remarks that we as Americans should revere the memory of Mr. Poe as a man of letters because he "imparted to American literature the strangeness of tone which made it national" and "preserved the literature from any danger of uniformity and relieved it at once from the possible accusation of colorlessness." The article bears traces of painstaking efforts which made a good impression upon us. "Marathon" is not so complete as might be desired considering that this is a time honored theme. The diction is choice and impressive, but the essential facts are not developed satisfactorily. We cannot pass the editorial, "Prohibition," unobserved. After perusing the article carefully, we concluded that the author's attitude toward Prohibition is well based. The general reader will appreciate his convincing arguments.

There is not much to comment on in the *Xavier* except "Teleology." The purport of the article is that man is made for happiness and constantly strives, consciously or unconsciously, to attain it. Even criminals seek happiness. "They commit their crimes, not because they consider happiness to consist in the performance of criminal acts, but because of their perverted nature; they are deceived by a relative good, and seek by these unlawful means that which they desire, namely, happiness." All men constantly strive for perfect happiness, but no man attained it on earth. For the Intellect which seeks truth "infinite in capacity," and the Will, which "no natural good, no matter how great, can satisfy," since their object is infinite, cannot be satisfied until they possess the Infinite Being, namely, God. Those who have a philosophic turn of mind would do well to secure this interesting dialogue.

"Earthquakes" in the *Notre Dame* attracted our special attention on account of the late Sicilian disaster. The author exposes and creditably develops the theory of the modern seismologists that "the earthquake is a vibratory motion propagated through the solid materials of the earth, much in the same way as sound is propagated by vibrations in the atmosphere."

"The Sign of the Tankard," in the *Georgetown College Journal*, is a spicy story, replete with vivacity. For some reason unknown to us, the author employs such archaic terms as "quoth" and "certes." Dramatic interest in "A Dinner at the Pavilion" is somewhat blunted by the needless development of minor incidents. The fluent verses, especially "Virgil," manifest the vast improvement made along these lines since the first issue.

Pithy and charming sketches occupy the bulk of the space of the January issue of the *Solanian*. It contains a single editorial on politics from a Catholic's point of view, which, though well written, should not satisfy the ambition of the editor. We are anxiously awaiting the details of Honnickle's wedding-feast.

Welcome to our sanctum, *St. John's University Record*. The verses, prose articles, fiction, and editorials are of such merit that we prize this exchange as a valuable acquisition. The author of "State Aid for Parochial Schools" delves deeply into the subject and marshals facts which, though manifest to the Catholic layman, seem to pass unheeded. In "Prince," the writer has a story to tell, and narrates it with the ease and vividness of a master. Of the eight charming verses which adorn the February issue, "Song of the Boyhood Days" pleases us most.

C. A. MAYER, '09.

Cauchois "Private Estate" Coffee

is the Standard "Guests Coffee"
everywhere.

F. A. CAUCHOIS & CO.

THE "FULTON MILLS"—Established 1851

NEW YORK

Fulton, Front and
Water

PITTSBURG

1104 Century Bldg

CHICAGO

43-50 Water

We furnish Coffee Urn Bags free to our customers

**JOHN EHRLINGER,
PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,**

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1909.

No. 7.

The Child of Care.

(From the German of Herder)

There sat once by a murmuring run
The goddess Care, thought-worn and old;
A form from dreams by fancy spun
With clay her fingers deft did mold.

“Reflecting goddess, what wish you?”
Speaks Zeus, as he is drawing near.
“This image shaped from earth and dew,
Enliven, Zeus, my prayer hear.”

“Let it be so, then! Live! It lives,
But mine this creature fair shall be.”
A pleading glance the goddess gives:
“No, grant it me, your majesty.

I shaped and wrought the comely form.”
“I quickened with my breath the clay,
Spoke Zeus. The goddess shows alarm,
For Tellus, too, would say her nay.

“Mine is the creature. Peevish Care
Has clutched it from my rugged side.”
Thus Jove: “Such heated words forbear.
Lo, Saturn comes, let him decide.

And Saturn spoke in accents slow:
“Gods, thus decree the Fates abstruse:
Thou didst the form with life endow;
When dead, thine is the soul, O Zeus;

“The sturdy bones alone are thine;
 Thou couldst not, Saturn, ask for more.
 Be thou its mother, Care benign,
 Until it reach Elysian shore.

“Thou never wilt forsake thy child
 While still it heaves a weary breath.
 Like thee, fantastic phantoms wild
 It e'er shall chase till seized by death.”

Man is this godlike creature's name;
 The words of Saturn are his doom:
 In life, grim Care makes good her claim,
 In death, his God and moldering tomb.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER X.

*Preparations for My Entrance Upon the Final Stage of My Career.
 Modifications and Ameliorations Introduced in Modern
 Times into the Spinning Process. The Great
 Inventors and Their Machines.*

And now that I was enlarged, or rather enlivened and strengthened by this first artificial twisting and winding process, whose importance, no doubt, you have recognized, it was time that I should enter upon the final stage of my career. Here I must confess that often, when I listened to the stories told by the older members of our family (handed down to them by a tradition that started—some day with the Magi, or Wise Men of the East—others say with Minerva or with Penelope or with mighty Hercules, among the Greeks) about the antique spindle, and the more modern distaff, with the cruel hand-card or wire comb, that slowly tortured our delicate fibres, while opening them out, I could not contemplate

the approach of the final spinning process without feeling a certain degree of apprehension. And this rough handling and pulling and drawing we suffered, almost without change or amelioration, for centuries and centuries, until about forty or fifty years before the close of the 18th century, when relief came in sight—and our fears and anticipations of slow torture on the rack were to be forever dispelled. For it was then that the increasing demand for cloth elicited the spark inventive of genius from the minds of Hargreaves, of Blackburn, and Paul, of Birmingham,—who gave us, respectively, the spinning “Jenny,” and the “Rollers,” to be followed, in due time, by the “Water-wheel” of Arkwright, and the immortal spinning “Mule” of Crompton, both of whom were practically belonging to, or connected with, the great cotton-spinning town of Bolton.

I cannot, however, think of these great men and of their immediate predecessors without remarking how singularly unfortunate were most of the industrial pioneers to whom posterity owes so much. Kay, who laid the foundation of modern weaving, by inventing the “flying shuttle,” was so persecuted at home that he had to seek refuge until his death in a foreign land, because the deluded workmen imagined that the increased efficiency of the new machinery would proportionately diminish all handiwork and thus ultimately deprive them of their only means of a decent livelihood. Even after his death, and while Crompton was secretly at work, perfecting the “Mule,” the weavers of the great northern town, whose large population depends upon this branch of industry, continued a relentless persecution against Kay’s improvement and that of Hargreaves, who by his Spinning-Jenny made it possible for dozens of threads to be spun at the one time, and wound upon as many spindles. The workman resented instinctively any machinery that multiplied results without the accompanying demand for his own co-operation. No wonder Crompton himself was affected by this state of

things—and, in spite of a considerable Parliamentary grant, and the generosity of the Manchester merchants, who were always to the front in the encouragement of progress and invention, we find him dying in comparative poverty at an advanced age.

But you will, no doubt, be much more interested in my own experiences of those different inventions and wonderful machines that, within the space of a few years—because all the great cotton geniuses of the last century were almost contemporaries—revolutionized the cotton-spinning trade. At the same time you will allow me to add, though apparently scattering them at random, the shreds of information, and of cotton-lore, that the traditions of our family have gathered and handed down during those last one hundred and twenty-five years, since Crompton's "Mule" saw the light of day in 1779.

I can see you smile, indeed, at some of the funny names to be encountered in the list of machines or their parts, such as the Spinning-Jenny of Hargreaves or the Mule of Crompton or the water-frame of Arkwright—not to speak of the feed-rollers, traveling aprons, the licker-in, the doffer-comb, and other curious titles of portions of the carding-engine. But you may be sure that each one has its own important part to play in the great work—and generally, at least, to those who are ever so slightly initiated, the name itself tells part of its owner's mission or destination.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Earthly Joy.

The setting sun's beams sprent
From clouded sky on hillside, wold and mere,
Light up the land to sweet content,
And disappear.

The beauteous flowers bloom
A while, perfume the air, delight the eye
And cheer the convalescent's room,
Then fade and die.

The gold of earthly joy
We treasure in our heart of hearts,
Is mingled with some base alloy,
And soon departs.

HUGH F. COUSINS, '12.



St. Patrick's Day Address.

(Delivered in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburg, by the Very Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Allegheny County Branch of the A. O. H.)

We are gathered here this evening for the twofold purpose of honoring the memory of St. Patrick, and commemorating the Golden Jubilee of the A. O. H. of this city and district.

Let me say, first, that it is, indeed, a pleasure to find oneself again, after a decade of years, in presence of a kindly Pittsburg audience composed of the children and the friends and sympathizers of Holy Mother Ireland. Since last I looked on Irish eyes and countenances in this dear old Pittsburg, I have lived mostly at the fountain-head of our race, with rather exceptional opportunities for studying every part of the Old Land, and every aspiration of its people. And I have come back more convinced than ever of the grand, logical righteousness of our nation's cause, the high, imperishable ideals that form its motive power, the unbroken chain of continuity which connects the present mind and heart of Ireland with the past, the consciousness which possesses every Irishman that the dawn following on the wake of the long night is unmistakably come, yea, is advancing rapidly to the noon tide. And,

in all these observations of the old land at home, one could never lose sight of the immeasurable services rendered to Mother Ireland in these our days by her sons and daughters in every land beyond the seas, but especially by those living under the folds of those Stars and Stripes, the glories of which have been emblazoned more than proportionately by the blood and the sacrifice of countless of her children, such as Captain Daniel Dougherty, the first President of the Allegheny County Branch of the A. O. H. And among the organizations of Irishmen which have done most genuine, effective work to keep flying at home and abroad the twofold flag of our race's ideals—Faith and Nationality, none holds a more honored place than the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Since that dark night of the Penal Laws, made lurid by the raging fires of persecution, when the A. O. H. was born and christened in a mountain glen, beneath the canopy of the heavens, it has been faithful to the end for which it was brought into being; it has done a noble part, mid weal and woe, in good repute and ill, to keep alive the spirit of Nationality and the spirit of Faith in the crushed and scattered but indestructible remnants of our race. And in that noble work, the Branch which has been operating in this city and county for the past fifty years has done its part of soothing, encouraging, aiding, uplifting members of our race, in this great commercial centre, in a spirit of native Celtic Friendship and true Christian Charity.

The Allegheny County Branch of the A. O. H. has reason to rejoice on this day of its Golden Jubilee; and this time-honored St. Patrick's Day receives additional lustre from this celebration. The day and the occasion enhance one another; and both bid us reflect on the Past and the Present of our race, at home and abroad, and gather from our reflections additional motive and guidance for the Future.

St. Patrick's Day is the Day of Days for Irishmen. For, on this day, the world over, our ancient, yet fresh

and vigorous, race throbs with an indescribable feeling, a feeling of pathetic sympathy with the long era of the past, its joys and its sorrows, its disasters and its triumphs—a feeling of generous, warm-hearted brotherhood in the present, knitting together every element of our race—a feeling of unbounded, undying confidence in the future. What, my friends, is the secret, the spring, the cause of this unique depth of feeling, which wells up in the heart and bubbles over in the countenance of every child of Ireland on St. Patrick's Day? Other nations have their patron saints, their national festivals, their history of rising and of fall, of victories and defeats; other nations have their exiles, and their claims on the allegiance of their sons. But the Irish nation alone is moved on its Patron's Day with this unfathomable, inexpressible depth of feeling which attracts the admiration of the world, and spreads the contagion of its enthusiasm all around.

What, my friends, is the cause of it all? What but the fact that this day, above all others, brings to the minds and hearts of Irishmen their most valued gift and possession, the light which enlightened the bright intellects of our fathers, and sped them on to the highest planes of civilization, the light and life which gave strength and solace mid the dense gloom begotten of invasion and persecution, the light and life which have preserved the unity and perpetuity of the race, fresh and indestructible, the gift, the treasure, the light, the life, the victory, the triumph of the Faith.

The people whom St. Patrick met in the very centre of their power, on the hill of Tara, on that Easter morning, nearly fifteen hundred years ago were not a barbarous people. We have still left relics of their civilization which prove it to have been of a high order. The Occam stones, dating from centuries before that time, are, in many ways, a far more interesting monument of far-off learning than even the hieroglyphics of Egypt; and the exquisite Brooch of Tara still challenges imitation.

This high order of their pagan civilization was, in great part, the cause why our ancestors accepted so readily and fully Patrick's teaching. The Gospel came to them, in very deed, as a Gospel of peace, not thrust upon them by the force of conquest, not purchased by the blood of martyrs, but accepted for its own evident truth and beauty. The kings and princes and legislators assembled at Tara perceived with their quick intellects that there was in Patrick's teaching a logical harmony, a systematic explanation of the order and purpose of the universe, such as their Druids had never been able to supply. Hence their ready and full acceptance of the Faith. It came to them as an illumination of the reason, a satisfaction of the heart. And from that day to this there has been for the Irish race, and for everyone of its true children, but one system of truth, one supreme illumination of the mind, one supreme incentive of the heart, the light of Divine Faith, the glow of Divine Charity.

It is a commonplace of the history of European civilization that the Irish nation, immediately after its acceptance of Christianity, leaped into the very forefront of enlightenment and progress—an enlightenment which never became dimmed, a progress which was never retarded by any fault, by any internal decay, of the Irish people, but only by the ruthless invasions, the destructive persecutions of the foreigner. Ireland's schools and scholars, monasteries and missionaries, sages and warriors, form the brightest page of the history of Western Europe from the sixth to the tenth century. Armagh and Clonmacnoise, Kells and Lismore, Mungrat and Ardfert, and countless other sanctuaries of learning, not only spread the light around the four shores of Ireland, but opened their doors, and gave free tuition and even sustenance to throngs of students from England and the Continent. And, with the characteristic of true greatness and goodness, Ireland was diffusive of her treasures. She sent her missionaries to Scotland and England, to Gaul and the Rhineland, yea, to Scandinavia

in the icy North, as well as to the sunny lands south of the Alps and the Pyrenees. I have once stood on what is, to my mind, one of the most interesting spots on earth outside of Ireland, the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland, overlooking Lake Constance. There, in the noble library, one of the oldest and richest in Europe, is written in a series of paintings the marvelous history of our Irish Saint's progress in civilizing that country, from his first battle with a wolf to the founding of the monastery. There, too, are still preserved some manuscript books supposed to be in his handwriting, with the Irish, German and Latin words side by side. Standing there, or on any other of the numerous sanctuaries which enshrine the memory of our ancient missionaries, one could not but realize that our race has had from the beginning a missionary destiny. And one could thus more readily understand the Providential purpose of those episodes in our history which have sent us awandering to bear witness unto Christ to the uttermost ends of the earth. Where would the civilization of Western Europe have been, in the darkest period of the Dark Ages, without the lamp of learning and religion which was kept brightly burning in the Island of Saints and Scholars? And what would the Church of Christ be to-day in English-speaking countries without those sons of Erin and their descendants who were called on to give up home and language, to found beyond the oceans homes and habitations for their Divine Lord and Master, even before finding decent shelter for themselves?

There can be no reasonable doubt that if this progress of Ireland's civilization had gone on unchecked, it would have culminated in the establishing of a wide and powerful Celtic empire. But the polity of the nation had, in common with all other similar nations at the time, one feature which was destined to prove fatal, in presence of foreign invasion. That feature was the tribal, provincial, loose federal system. Much could be said in favor of such a system for a nation bent on work-

ing out the highest good of every portion of its people. Local, autonomous bodies are likely to promote the best interests of those immediately concerned far better than centralized systems of government. Those historic communities of Italy which kept up their separate organization all through the Middle Ages, and down almost to our days—Venice, Florence, Genoa, Pisa and the others—were far more glorious and powerful entities than what they are to-day under united Italy. The same may be said of the old Provinces of France with their separate parliaments and organizations, which constituted the *Grande Nation* of the days of Louis XIV. In fact, all the nations of Europe have passed through the process of tribal and provincial systems before attaining national unity. England passed through the several phases of British tribes, Saxon conquerors, Danish supremacy, all cemented by the Norman Conquest, which gave her the unity and organization which placed France itself at her feet during the fourteenth and a good part of the fifteenth centuries.

The first blow at Ireland's national unity was struck by the Danes. But the Danes failed to conquer Ireland; the deep injuries they inflicted on certain portions of the sea coast, such as at Waterford, Limerick and Dublin, were scarcely felt in the rest of the land. The partially national effort made against them at Clontarf showed how easily they could be crushed by the united power of Ireland; and little heed was given to their continued presence in some of the sea towns, where they gradually became amalgamated with the surrounding Irish. In like manner, the Normans long confined within the Pale, which extended to less than two score miles around Dublin, were practically disregarded by the rest of Ireland. Indeed, it is very probable that, were it not for the awful upheaval, both political and religious, caused by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, the great Norman chiefs, the Fitzgeralds, the Butlers, the De Burgoes, who had become *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*, would have gradually

united with the O'Neills and O'Donnells, the O'Briens and O'Connors, the McCarthys and O'Sullivans, the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, to build up a strong and united Irish nation. The Danish settlers in course of time, and the Norman barons, from the outset, shared one thing in common with the Irish people, the Catholic Faith; and they learned to love Ireland with almost the fervor of Irish nationality. And the crime of crimes against Ireland, the crime which is burnt into the very marrow of the peoples' bones from sire to son these past three hundred years and more, was the diabolical effort made by Henry VIII., and continued by Elizabeth, by James I., by Oliver Cromwell, and by William of Orange, to blot out every vestige of Catholicity as well as of nationality in Ireland, and plant the country with aliens in blood and in religion.

The specious argument used by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth to justify their openly avowed policy of rooting out the Irish was, forsooth, their concern for the bettering the civilization of the country, just as their professed motive for overthrowing the Catholic Church in England was their zealous desire for Godly reform. A celebrated French political knave of the Revolutionary period said: *Mentez, mentez toujours; il en restera quelque chose* (Lie and lie again; something of it will remain). And, indeed, it has been thus with the historical treatment of Ireland from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. A conspiracy of defamation was entered into by the Tudors and their hirelings, to show that the Irish outside the Pale were but a congeries of barbarous tribes, without commerce or wellbeing or learning or religion. They were, consequently, to be treated as so much vermin which the Lord God of Henry and his bastard daughter, Bess, of James the matricide and of Cromwell the regicide, and of the unspeakable Orange Billy, ordained to eradicate. But, *magna est veritas et prevalebit*; truth will prevail against the tyrant and the falsifier. Although every foul means was taken to besmirch the fame of Ireland in the later

Middle Ages; although the documents and monuments of her civilization were deliberately destroyed, yet sufficient has, in the Providence of God, survived the wreck, to show forth, with incontestable evidence, that Ireland enjoyed marked commercial prosperity, and the very best civilization of the age during those very centuries when her traducers represent her as having been steeped in barbarism.

The documents setting forth the true history of Ireland from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, have been recently collated and woven into a most remarkable book entitled, *The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing*, composed by an able and industrious lady of Irish-Protestant parentage, the widow of the well-known historian of the English people, from whom she probably learnt her up-to-date historical method. This book of inestimable historical value which we owe to the Irish spirit, and the indefatigable industry of Alice Stopford Green, is simply irrefutable in its facts and arguments. The perusal of it explains, as nothing else could, the far-off causes of the ingrained hatred and suspicion which every Irishman has for the British Government.

The work I am referring to is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the Trade and Industries, the second with the Education and Learning, of Ireland from the years 1200 to 1600. It proves conclusively that whilst "Danish and Norman invasions had interrupted the growth of Ireland they had not arrested it" (p. 3), and that "it was in fact the activity, the importance, and the riches of Ireland, that drew to it the attention of commercial England under the Tudor kings" (p. 4). There was a large "inland trade which fed and was in turn supported by a large European commerce" (p. 12). The noble harbors all round the coast of Ireland which to-day lie idle were then crowded with shipping which carried on an extensive trade with France, Spain, Italy and the Netherlands. Galway still possesses memorials of its centuries of thriving trade with Spain and Portugal. We

read of Irish serge, *Saia d'Irlanda* used in Naples, as trimming for the robes of the king and queen, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Irish friezes, leather and linen found a market in France and along the Rhine. Irish merchants and artificers wandered over Europe, spreading the trade and influence of their native land, just as the earlier missionaries had wandered to spread its religion and culture. At home, all through those centuries, the people lived in peace, possessing security of tenure and just administration of law under their respective chiefs.

Side by side with industry, commerce and art, Irish learning thrrove apace. Even as late as the close of the sixteenth century, the people are described by English writers such as Campion and Davies, as "sharp-witted, lovers of learning, capable of any study to which they bend themselves"—"lovers of music, poetry and all kinds of learning" (Campion, V. Davies Hist. Tracts). Latin was taught in everyone of the numerous schools throughout the land, and was used by traders on the Continent, and, at home, by students and chiefs, as well as by all educated women. Irish professors were to be found in all the great universities of the Continent, and Irish scholars were famous at Oxford, until a Pale parliament, in 1410, passed a law that "no Irishman shall be suffered henceforth to pass over the sea, by color of going to the schools of Oxford or Cambridge or elsewhere" (p. 267). Every tribe in Ireland maintained and rewarded its own poets, judges, historians, preceptors in law, music, and literature. The ollave, or chief professor, of his branch of learning, was given precedence everywhere; and every chief was expected to be a protector of literary men. The Irish brehons, or judges, interpreted and administered what jurists consider to have been the wisest code of laws in medieval Europe. There was a unity of learning as there was a unity of religion in Ireland. The scholar found himself at home in every part of the country. For, beyond all

tribal and provincial interests, our forefathers recognized their country to be comprehended in one Law, one Literature, one History, as well as one proud tradition of Civilization and one Religion (p. 353).

It became the fixed policy of the Tudors—a policy carried out for three hundred years by their successors—to destroy and obliterate every phase and vestige of Irish national life. There is no darker, more crime-stained page in history than the record of the deliberate uprooting of twelve hundred years of a nation's civilization. That ruthless havoc was entered into with a force and ingenuity begotten of hell. Religion was outlawed, its ministers banished, its temples robbed or levelled to the ground. Learning was banned, the schools of centuries were closed, the teachers were silenced. The lands were confiscated and the native commerce destroyed. "Our tyrants," wrote Dr. Lynch, the author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, "adopt the plans of Sylla in the confiscation of our properties, and taking an arrow from the cruel armory of Julian the Apostate, they consign all our youth to the darkness of ignorance" (Camb. Ev. I, 21). For three hundred years the foreign tyrants waged that infernal warfare against our race. You are familiar with some at least of the main facts—the butcherings and the pillagings, the imprisonment and confiscations, and, above all, the horrid Penal Laws which declared war to the knife against the very existence of an Irish Catholic within the four corners of Ireland. And with what result? With the natural result that the country and its rightful owners were beggared; that industry and the spirit of industry was ruined; that native culture was wiped out by centuries of enforced ignorance; that the effects of enslavement and degradation were felt on every side. This was the natural, the planned, the foreseen result of three centuries of incessant warfare. But what was not planned, what was not foreseen, has emerged from the last smokes of the conflict, the living, thinking, indestructible Irish nation.

I said, a moment ago, that the plotted destruction of the Irish race and civilization is one of the greatest crimes of history; I would say, now, that the survival of the race is one of history's greatest miracles. It has survived, thank God; and it has survived through the victory of the Faith, which, the Apostle tells us, "overcometh the world." Our race survives with all the elements that go to constitute nationhood. Its mind is as keen, its limbs as strong and supple, as of old. And, as it takes up to-day the broken skeins of its ancient language and civilization, it is cheered by the glories of the far-off past, enlightened by the bitter experiences of the long night of conflict, and radiant with the hope of an unbroken, undying future.

This brings me to speak of the present condition and prospects of Ireland and of the experiences to be gathered from the past. In such a consideration, the first place is due to that which is the most important of all—the Religious condition of the people. You will sometimes hear it said that, with the increase of civil liberty and well-being, and the spread of education, the old relations between priests and people have changed, yea, have swerved in the direction of positive Anti-Clericalism. This is an entire misrepresentation of the facts. Those who know modern Ireland, as well as its past history, best, have reason to maintain that, whilst some of the external relations between priests and people may have changed, the true religious relations are knitted more closely than ever; and religion itself was never more reasonably and zealously cultivated. The most intelligent and well-to-do in Ireland are the most religious. Nor has our ancient Irish church any reason to fear that the very highest development of culture and prosperity will diminish one whit the allegiance of her children. Whether it be due to the prayers offered by St. Patrick on that mountain of Mayo, which bears his name, Croagh Padrig, where he is said to have spent the last days and nights of his life, praying for his people the

same prayer that Christ prayed for Peter, "that their faith fail not," or whether it be the quickwittedness of the Irish race which to-day, as on that far-off Easter morning on the hill of Tara, finds in the truths of Divine Faith the only logical solution of the mysteries of life, and in the practices of Religion the only strength and solace and happiness of life—whatever be, under God's Providence, the explanation, the fact remains that, for the members of the olden Celtic race, the truths of the supernatural order are wound up with their very being. Firm confidence in the indefectibility of the Faith among the Irish people has recently been shown in a most remarkable manner by those who are most deeply interested in the subject, and who know the people best—the Bishops of Ireland. You are aware that, last year, the British Government passed a Bill which gives to Ireland a University which, in the course of a few years, will be absolutely autonomous, that is, will be ruled and regulated by Irishmen, without any interference on the part of Dublin Castle. But this measure of tardy justice could not be passed through the British parliament except as a secular, Nonconformist measure. Thus it makes no provision for religious teaching; it forbids the erection of a collegiate church within the university grounds; it recognizes no claim of the clergy to be represented on its governing body; it even excludes all professors in its own school of Theology from membership of the Board of Studies. In a word, this new University to be set up in the Capital of Catholic Ireland is, in its parliamentary constitution, entirely secular, not to say pagan. Yet the Bishops of Ireland have passively accepted it rather than see their people deprived still longer of the benefits of higher education; and the Archbishop of Dublin has accepted its chancellorship to which he was rightly and unanimously elected by its first Senate. And all this because the Bishops of Ireland, who are certainly among the most learned and the most closely in touch with their people of any Bishops in the world, have unshakable confidence that the faith and

genius of Irishmen will transform this colorless, secular creation of the British parliament into a great National, Catholic University. You will, I think, search in vain the annals of the Church for such a manifest proof of the confidence of a whole Hierarchy in the faithfulness of their people on the unknown and perilous seas of secular culture. The Bishops and Priests of Ireland know that religion is to-day as flourishing as in the very days of St. Patrick; and they have reason to trust that where fraud and direst persecution have failed to break or weaken the attachment of the people to the Faith, increased enlightenment and prosperity can only serve to strengthen the holy bonds of religion, which bind priests and people to one another and to God.

Speaking of the new University, which has been already christened "The National University of Ireland," it is well to emphasize the fact that its very distinctive feature will be the restoring to honor and use and pride of place the ancient language of Ireland. Of all the vicissitudes that have befallen our race, one of the saddest was the almost complete loss of our national tongue. It survived the direst hostility and set persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but it fell into a comatose condition under the influence of the so-called national schools, and of the methods of education which the Union with England entailed. But, thank God, it has been awakened at the very point of death, and restored to a new and most vigorous life. This result is due, under God's Providence, to two, especially, of Ireland sons, the one a graduate of Maynooth, who had never lisped a word of Irish in his boyhood, the other, a distinguished graduate of Trinity College—I refer to the late Father O'Growney and to Dr. Douglas Hyde. They brought into existence the Gaelic League which is to-day one of the most active and enlightened promoters of culture and nationality in Ireland. It has enkindled a new fire of intellectual activity and national self-respect all over the land; and it is backed at present by the vast majority of the Irish

race in its demand to make the Irish language an essential feature of the new National University. It is to the credit of this organization of the A. O. H. that it has contributed in no small degree to the revival of our language at home, and to enhancing respect for it abroad.

But the most fundamental question of all for the Irish, as for every other people, is that of existence. Ireland is an agricultural country. It is rich in everything that is really needed for the well-being and happiness of its people. But it can never become a great manufacturing country, owing to its lack of coal and iron. Nor would its sons wish it to become such, and thereby condemn a large portion of its children to the hard life of the mine and the furnace. However, with a fairly good government, Ireland has resources of industry and commerce sufficient to support in comfort and happiness treble its present population. Now the basis of the prosperity of an agricultural country is the land. We know how the land of Ireland was robbed of its rightful owners, the people in co-partnership with the tribal chiefs. We know, too, how the very active and lucrative commerce and industry of the nation was deliberately destroyed. The ownership of the land, as well as the exercises of trade and commerce, were by law prohibited as strongly as the exercise of the learned professions, and the exercise of religion to every Irishman. Only serfs and laborers of the Irish race were tolerated on the rich lands of Ireland; the others were relegated to the bogs and the mountains, or to exile or to death. What a marvel that a people should survive such an ordeal, and preserve in its survival any particle of its olden spirit! Thank God, the people of Ireland have survived; their spirit, too, has survived; and they are entering once again into their own. The land of Ireland is reverting to its rightful owners; and in a short time there will not be an acre of Irish soil, but will belong to Irishmen. And one of the satisfactory thoughts in connection with this vast change is that the British treasury has to bear

the present burden of the transfer, just as it has to disgorge some of its hoarded treasure to come to the relief of our aged poor whom its misgovernment has pauperized.

With the land in the possession of the people, with higher education within the reach of every talented child of Ireland, and with the olden Faith and olden spirit as strong as ever, there is every reason to hope that our country will take up anew the place she once held in the very vanguard of progress and civilization.

What is still wanting to Ireland, and what she and her children at home and abroad must still strive to obtain for her, is self-government, and the civil blessings which follow in its wake. Every nation has an inherent right to govern itself; and no nation has any right or mission to govern another. When God gives to a people distinct geographical confines, distinct character, distinct views and ideals, as He has given to the people of Ireland from the beginning, He evidently intends that they should work out their special destiny in their own way, in the free exercise of their God-given opportunities. It is only the pride and selfishness and greed of unscrupulous governments that seek to set up the rights and the supposed beneficent effects of conquest. Ireland, like every other country in the same condition, has been retarded in her progress ever since the first invaders, the Danes and the Normans, set foot on her shores; and, as we have seen, she was almost wiped out of existence by the persistent tyranny and persecutions of the Tudors and their successors for the past three hundred years. Had she imitated Scotland and given up both her religion and nationality to make friends with the invader, she might have profited from a material point of view, as the canny Scotch have done. But this is, precisely, what Ireland has never done, and never will do. She will never sacrifice her distinct nationality and ideals, any more than her Heaven-sent gift of Divine Faith, for any mess of potage. Ireland is a distinct

nation; she can never amalgamate with England. Nor will she ever rest, or allow England rest, until her right of self-government, of which force and fraud have robbed her, be fully restored.

With self-government will undoubtedly come the self-discipline, self-restraint, steadiness and industry, which can never flourish but in the healthy atmosphere of liberty. It is the favorite method of foreign tyrants at all times to crush and degrade a people first, and then point the finger of scorn at them as unfit to govern themselves. This has been for six centuries the policy of the British government in dealing with Ireland. But the achievements of Irishmen at home, in the days of their freedom, their achievements abroad—in Spain and Austria and France, in the days of the Penal Laws; in Australia and America, in our own days of famine and agrarian oppression—all this gives the lie direct to the calumnies of the wrong-doer. No impartial thinker to-day will hold for a moment that the Irish people, with their high intelligence and morality, are not fit to govern themselves. Yea, he will rather hold that modern civilization has sore need of this deeply spiritual race, and that it is yet destined to exercise, as of old, a world-wide influence. That Ireland may speedily obtain the blessings of self-government and that its influence for good may be felt wherever dwells an Irishman, a true Hibernian, is the cherished hope we fondly entertain to-night.

I pray God that this Allegheny County Branch of the A. O. H. may continue to exercise their beneficent influence through the practice of the virtues of their expressive motto—Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity—and that through these noble virtues it may confer blessings innumerable on its own members and reflex blessings on Mother Ireland. And I beg St. Patrick to bless anew his own land and its people beyond the ocean, and to waft a special blessing from the throne of God on his children here and on this their adopted land of America.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. McGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. V. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1909.

No. 7.

EDITORIAL.

Superficial Education.

A most striking characteristic of the present age is the great interest manifested in education. The advancement made in this line during the nineteenth century has been very extensive. Formerly it was only the wealthy that were learned: we find a different state of affairs at the present day. Recognizing the great demand for knowledge, enterprising instructors have instituted various methods of teaching adapted to the particular needs of each student; numerous academies, colleges and universities have sprung up in all parts of the country, and innumerable are the correspondence schools that have arisen within the last decade.

A famous writer has said: "Every man either is rich or may be so; though not all in one and the same wealth. Wealth is like learning, wherein our greater knowledge is only a larger sight of our wants." When "our greater knowledge is only a larger sight of our wants," how inadequate and incomplete are many superficial systems of that education whose sole object is to serve as a working basis for the acquirement of wealth. Such systems of education entirely disregard the ultimate object of education, the proper development of both soul and body.

Viewing education in this light, we cannot but condemn that system of education which omits from its curriculum the training requisite for the development of the spiritual side of life. Education bereft of Religion is unable to cope with the dangers of modern times; it is unable to restrain those who recognize the pleasures of the world and the gratification of their passions as their chief aim in life.

The laws of the nation may somewhat suppress the evils that accompany a busy, hustling money-mad age, but they can never eradicate them. "All the laws in the country cannot legislate a man to be pure and clean of heart whose will and intellect have not been vitalized, so to speak, by the religious sanctions and promises of Divine Relation." The moral, social, political and commercial life of America can be bettered by its educational institutions implanting in the hearts of the coming citizens of the country sound principles of Religion, without which education is truly a misnomer.



Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, the only living ex-President of the United States, is now a private citizen. On the fourth day of March he completed his brilliant career of seven years' rule as chief executive of the United States.

Theodore Roosevelt, in some respects, is a contrast to his successor, President Taft. President Taft is deliberate and cautious in all his decisions; Roosevelt is less so; he is impulsive, and quick to act in all his undertakings. But both types of men have had many excellent representatives in public and private life.

Roosevelt's policy as President was "equal rights for all men, and a higher level for humanity." As an advocate of such a policy, he became the loyal friend of many and an object of hatred to several. His administration was an excellent one to the honest, "Square-Deal" capitalists, but a source of great annoyance and trouble to many unscrupulous monopolists. Roosevelt and his administration have been criticised and censured in an exceedingly slanderous manner by many. But such criticism is to be expected in the life of an active man. The virtuperative attacks came from the capitalists, the foes of the Square Deal, and the enemies of labor.

The detrimental and menacing influence capital was assuming, an influence that threatened to put the control of the government and all business interests in the hands of a few millionaires, was the vital condition that faced Roosevelt when he became the Nation's chief executive. How the "wielder of the big stick" battled and conquered the enemies of the government and legal capital interests is now a matter of history. Roosevelt, as President Taft has said, was undoubtedly "providentially raised up to meet an exigency in the country's history that has only been less important than the Revolution and the Civil War."

The fame of Theodore Roosevelt is not confined within the boundaries of America: he has been recognized and honored by the leading countries of Europe. Sweden awarded him the Nobel prize as a testimony of appreciation for his noble efforts in behalf of international peace. "The greatest President since Lincoln," says the London *Times*.

Our New President.

On March 4, Mr. Roosevelt retired in favor of one who is in closer sympathy with him, who has been more intimately connected with him, and who shares his views on questions of government and public morality more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other American of presidential calibre. President Wm. H. Taft, the successor to Mr. Roosevelt, the principal character in the most picturesque chapter of American politics, takes office under a virtual handicap. Although his administrative policies are practically the same as his predecessor's, he has treated them in a manner that is entirely original with him. Just as vigor and aggressiveness, in all his dealings, were peculiar to the many-sided personality of the retired President, so also are gentleness and diplomacy peculiar characteristics of the new President. Cardinal Gibbons shows us the new President's administrative ability when he said: "He has an iron hand concealed in a silk glove." As a jurist noted for his wisdom, as a colonial administrator distinguished for his executive ability, and as a cabinet officer of the highest capabilities, President Taft has earned the regard and confidence of the whole nation. The chances are that he would have been chosen to succeed Mr. Roosevelt, even if the former President had not recommended him as the one man capable of continuing his own work in behalf of a better government.

All of the policies that President Taft outlined in his inaugural address, are of the greatest moment to us. None however is of such vital importance as the revision of the tariff. Since the passing of the Dingley Act there has been such a change in conditions that the tariff must be reduced in nearly every case. It has fallen most heavily on those branches of industry which are the basis of the prosperity of the Country. The manufacture of iron and steel, the most important branch of business, has been most severely affected. The revision of the

tariff so as to benefit all during the next four years, would alone be sufficient to insure President Taft's re-election.

Although the promises of President Taft are not very numerous, they are nevertheless most important. Should he succeed in fulfilling them, he will indeed have accomplished much. His opportunities are very great, coming, as they do, at a time when the nation is still in a very lethargic condition due to the stringency of money during the past few years. Should President Taft win back to his Country her former prosperity, his name will be handed down from generation to generation of freedom-loving Americans, while he himself will be remembered among our nation's great benefactors.

G. J. BULLION, '09.



CARDS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call from his family the beloved father of our esteemed friend and fellow-student, Michael A. Shea; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in the name of his fellow-students and especially of his classmates, convey to him and the bereaved members of the family the sincere expression of our heart-felt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

JOSEPH A. HABROWSKI, '10

JOHN A. McGLADE, '10

CHARLES J. MCGUIRE, '10

EDWARD J. MCKNIGHT, '10.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the mother of our fellow-student and companion, David R. Ferguson; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our cordial sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

ANTHONY T. JOYCE
ROBERT R. MELLODY
LEO J. PFOHL

II. Commercial.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Forty Hours' Devotion began on March 1. On the following days the students approached the Sacraments.

ON St. Patrick's Day, the boys enjoyed a free afternoon. Several went to hear Father Murphy's lecture in the evening in Carnegie Hall.

AT the Solemn High Mass on St. Joseph's Day, we were edified and instructed by Father FitzGibbon, who preached an eloquent sermon.

AFTER an interval of thirteen years, Will Kelly has returned to resume his studies in his *Alma Mater*. During these many years he has gained a world-wide experience, having spent a great part of them in the U. S. Navy. We welcome him heartily, and find him a most acceptable acquisition to the boarding body.

THE Third Term Examinations will begin on April 1. They will be written in all subjects, and oral in mathematics and sciences. The results will be proclaimed on Wednesday, April 14.

WE regret that lack of space prevents us from giving in detail the programmes presented at the several entertainments of the month of March. The numbers were exceptionally varied; the rendering, excellent, and the enjoyment of the audience, keen. Most worthy of note were the successful efforts made by James J. Hawks and Frank S. Clifford, as managers of their class night's

programme, to work up sketches of a lively and interesting character. The results were such as to encourage them to similar undertakings in the future.

The subjects of debate and the appointed speakers were :

(1) Resolved, That Washington accomplished more for America than Napoleon did for France;

Chairman, R. A. Telerski

Affirmative—C. A. Sanderbeck, J. E. Knight

Negative—J. J. Hawks, B. J. McKenna

(2) Resolved, That the warrior renders greater service to his country than the statesman;

Chairman, J. J. Sauris

Affirmative—J. P. Haley, G. A. Ley

Negative—R. J. Leahy, J. N. Hayes



ALUMNI NOTES.

RAYMOND McVEAN, of Youngstown, gave us a call lately. With a partner he has opened a printing establishment in his native town.

OTHER visitors were Alfred A. McCann and Richard J. Fitzgerald. Mr. McCann organized the correspondence department for the Siegel-Cooper Co., New York City, and is now entrusted with all the advertising for the largest wholesale grocery establishment in the world, Francis H. Leggett & Co.'s, New York. Mr. Fitzgerald, agent for the Alexander Brothers' Lumber Co., Cleveland, has been appointed general manager of their new office in New York.

ON March 7, E. L. Kearns, Esq., was re-elected by acclamation Major of the 18th Regiment. He is now commander of the first battalion of his regiment, and ranks as the second major of the second brigade.

J. E. KANE, President of the Alumni Association, called a meeting of the Banquet Committee for March 23 in the Fort Pitt Hotel. In addition to the President, there were present L. M. Heyl, F. T. Lauinger, A. J. Loeffler, Rev. H. J. McDermott, J. F. McKenna, Rev. L. A. O'Connell, E. S. Reilly, P. B. Reilly, W. Weiss and Dr. E. A. Weisser. It was unanimously decided to hold the annual banquet in the Union Club, Frick Building, on Wednesday, April 28. Several committees were appointed, and all have set to work enthusiastically to equal if not surpass the best records of previous years.

MESSRS. E. S. REILLY and P. B. Reilly, accompanied by their mother and sister Bertha, viewed the beautiful stained-glass window over the high altar, representing the Crucifixion, and erected in memory of their father, J. C. Reilly.

W. S. BUTLER is now Secretary and Treasurer of the U. S. Metal Recovery Co.

J. L. CURRAN, of last year's Freshman Class, has passed the preliminary examination for the legal profession, and has gone to Valparaiso University, Indiana, to continue his law studies.

CHRISTOPHER J. McCORMICK, '08, is clerking in the Superintendent's office of the Westinghouse establishment at East Pittsburg.

DAVID A. BROWN, '08, is messenger in the Park Bank, 6106 Penn Avenue.



A T H L E T I C S.

Roller Hockey.

Since the March issue of the BULLETIN, the college hockey team has played three games, winning one and losing two, and falling in consequence from first to third place in the race.

In the game with Allegheny High School, the College suffered defeat in an extra period by the score of 1 to 0.

We triumphed over Carnegie Tech., 2 to 1, in a fast and clean game. This victory put our boys in second

place with Pittsburg High School, but the latter by their brilliant performance on March 21 secured undisputed right to first place and sent us down to third.

It is to be noted that the four teams in the league are wonderfully well matched. The winners can rarely boast of more than one or two goals, and these they secure only after the hardest kind of play and often in extra periods.

Following are the names of our players and their positions:—McKnight, goal; Dompka, point; Wilson, cover point; McGraw, rover; Snyder, left wing; Avermann, right wing; Muldowney, centre.

Base Ball.

With the advent of spring the campus presents a new and lively aspect. The boys, both big and small, are out for practice, endeavoring to qualify for one or other of the four teams selected to represent the college during the coming season. So far, light work only has been indulged in, but even that has enabled the various managers to get a line on the most likely candidates for the several positions, and they all feel confident that this year's records will not pale in splendor by comparison with the best of the past.

The 'Varsity will be selected from the following time-tried players: Brady, Bulger, Creighton, Dompka, Dugan, Egan, Gelm, Graham, Joyce, Kress, McGuigan, McIlvean, McKnight, Martin, Muldowney, Rogers and Wilson. Creighton has been elected Captain.

The Reserves will be unusually strong. Confident in their ability to meet the best of teams in their class and keep the College colors flying, they have arranged a severe schedule. Telerski is Captain.

Material for the Academics is abundant, and a winning team can easily be evolved from amongst such promising candidates.

The Minims have a glorious record to maintain, and they declare themselves equal to the duty.

JUST JOTTINGS.

THE boarders do not want Tom Murray any longer; he is long enough—six feet, four inches.

PETE RAUTKIS is still working on the "Lumbering Set."

PAT BRODERICK and Edward Butler are longing for Easter; Pat has lost two ounces since the beginning of Lent, and Ed, one, if Fairbanks' Standard Scales may be relied on.

SOME of England's monarchs were Tudors and Stuarts: ours were interested in wood-craft—Washington cut down the cherry tree; Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter, and all of their successors were cabinet makers.

COUSINS and Sullivan have made a successful *debut* in comedy.

THE Sophomores and Freshmen deserve praise for their efforts in giving something new in the entertainment line.

JOE CREIGHTON has been elected Captain of the 'Varsity team. Good luck, Joe!

LAWRENCE KELLY, the College "Long-fellow" has to walk across the street twice to cast a shadow.

"RAGGED ROBIN" and "Peggy Machree," on "The Unbroken Road," met "Hamlet of Broadway" who interested them so much with "The Talk of New York" that, before they were aware of the fact, they were travelling on "The Great White Way." They overtook "The Yankee Prince" and "The Music Master," and wishing to see "His House In Order," they crossed "The Great Divide." Having seen "Shepherd King" in "The Land of Nod," they went to "The Devil."

THE Freshmen are hard at work on a novel entitled "In a Basket to Mars."

How many publishers are inclined to write as follows:—

“Lives of poor men oft remind us,
Honest men won’t stand a chance;
The more we work there grow behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.
On our pants once new and glossy,
Now are stripes of different hue;
All because subscribers linger,
And won’t pay us what is due.
Then let’s all be up and doing,
Send your mite, however small;
Or, when snow of winter strikes us,
We shall have no pants at all.”

G. V. DUGAN, ’11.



EXCHANGES.

We congratulate the *D’ Youville Magazine* on its successful *debut* in the field of college journalism. The editorial department, especially, offers an interesting array of reading on well chosen subjects. As a specimen, we point out “College Finances.” “Saint Thomas,” an appropriate eulogy on the work of the illustrious Angelic Doctor, is handled in a manner in keeping with the lofty theme. We were particularly delighted with the scholarly editorials: we consider them the most polished and thoughtful contributions to this excellent journal.

“Thomas William Parson,” the leading article in *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, fittingly pays tribute to a great, though somewhat obscure, poet. As mentioned in the opening paragraph, Mr. Parson has a claim to lasting remembrance in our literature, chiefly through his excellent translation of Dante’s *Inferno*. We expected to peruse an extensive appreciation of the translation, but, for some reason or another, the author directs his attention chiefly to the minor poems. However, the diction is flowery and the insertions from the poet appropriate. “*Traumerei*,” the only verse of the number, is quite creditable.

While perusing "The Pope and Modernism," the delightful verses, and the vigorous, convincing editorials in the *Abbey Student*, we were much pleased; but on reading "Shelley," we became somewhat embarrassed. Evidently the author of this puerile article is little acquainted with the sensual life of Shelley, or else he would not have referred to him in his introduction as a man "of high and lofty character;" nor is he excusable in making such statements as "the atheistic passages are the *only* blots on the golden pages of Shelley's poetry."

C. A. MAYER, '09.

Cauchois "Private Estate" Coffee

is the Standard "Guests Coffee"
everywhere.

F. A. CAUCHOIS & CO.

THE "FULTON MILLS"—Established 1851

NEW YORK

Fulton, Front and
Water

PITTSBURG

1104 Century Bldg

CHICAGO

43-50 Water

We furnish Coffee Urn Bags free to our customers

JOHN EHRLINGER,
PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV.

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1909.

No. 8.

When Spring Time Calls.

When in the fragrance-breathing woodlands sing
 The twittering sparrows, flitting as in play
 From woven tree to tree throughout the day,
And tuneful larks aerial courses wing;
When softly through the meadow blossoming
 The brimming brooklet winds its peaceful way,
 And children our dear Lady's shrine array
With flowers culled near yonder bubbling spring,

To hallowed spot where modest violet blows,
 Her brow with dew impearled on each bright morn,
And zephyrs fling the perfume of the rose
 Against the festooned tree and tangling thorn,
Shall I responsive turn to seek repose,
 By daily toils and cankerous cares outworn.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER XI.

The "Mule" and Its Functions. Details of Its Complicated Process, and of My Metamorphosis.

Such, for instance, is the "Mule," of which I have already spoken, and which has ever been, up to the present day, the only complete and direct instrument by which the raw cotton is fully and finally spun into thread. It had an anxious and laborious birth—out of Crompton's house, where he kept it from the prying eyes of hundreds of curious visitors, and from the fire-brands of the famished weavers who were on the hunt for all these new-fangled machines—but it has a glorious maturity. Hundreds and hundreds of eminent men have added the fruits of their genius to ever-growing perfection—but all, only to make it self-acting, as well as more rapid and more productive. No one has essentially modified the original mechanism introduced by Crompton himself—which is there, to-day, as simple as it was a century ago, though scarcely recognizable, beneath the complicated series of steel frame-bars and plates and wheels that whirl away in noisy and confusing intricacy.

Now, surely, you know what is suggested by the animal kingdom by the vulgar name of mule—between two distinct species of domestic animals, very visible combination of the qualities of both genitors. Well, it is exactly the same thing in the inorganic sphere of cotton-machinery. For Crompton, after fifteen years of observation, while working, in his widowed mother, at the spinning of the finer yarn, and after five years of actual experiment, succeeded in producing a machine that combined the best qualities of the two chief spinning machines of the period—the Jenny of Hargreaves, and the water-wheel, or perfected

carding-engine, of Richard Arkwright. The latter's great feature was the series of successive rollers that increased the delicacy and at the same time the strength of the thread, by gradually reducing it from the original thickness of its first state in the roving—while the former's important element was the travelling carriage, which kept the spindles moving, at regular intervals, to and from the frame of rovings, or first, rough cords of cotton rope, that have to be again twisted, and spun into the fine and ultimate yarn.

Here, then, is the great machine to which I must now introduce you, in order that you may enjoy a little of my experience in what I have called the final stage of my career, when I became a real, delicate Cotton-Thread.

Up to this, in spite of the numerous and complicated processes and machines through which I have passed—up to this, you have seen me only as far as the “roving” condition, that is, I was, until now, no further advanced than a rough, twine-like thread, as yet totally unfit for weaving, which, of course, is the chief ultimate purpose of all yarn. In short, I could not yet aspire to form part of any decent piece of cloth, unless it were to be like the uncouth calicoes and cambrics of the Northern Nigerian Hausas, or the heavy, though variegated, fabrics of the Hindoo weavers.

To those who have not seen, nor examined, one of those complicated machines, I can only say, to begin with, that, being placed, as he saw me at the end of the ninth chapter, on a bobbin, or lengthened and cone-shaped spool, the latter was attached to an upright and immovable frame, just high enough to be handled and controlled readily by the operator, while it was, itself, resting on a wooden peg, which allowed it to turn about as quickly as the steam-driven machine could give it motion and activity. But when I looked around me, thus fixed in my new position, I found that I was only one among a long line of bobbins that, all, acted and moved simultaneously, under the guiding impulse of the

single operator, who, with steady hand upon the lever, stood ready to let go the "mule-carriage" to its allotted distance of sixty-four inches. All of a sudden, I felt as if my whole life and substance was drawn out of me, and as if I was crushed into a mere shadow of my former self. As in a flash of lightning, I was drawn between two rollers, and then between successive pairs of smaller ones, until I emerged in a most delicate and emaciated condition—only, however, in appearance.

For, within my inner self, and along my entire length, I felt as if my forces had been increased and multiplied. "And, how was this?" said I to myself, when the sudden stopping of the opposite, vertical, but higher, range of spindles to which my farther extremity had been, meanwhile, attached, gave me a moment's chance to recover a fleeting consciousness. I now found, in looking back, that not only had I been joined, before entering the first of those rollers, by another comrade, from one of the neighbouring roving-bobbins, but that the various weaker portions of my lengthened anatomy, which I had previously noticed, here and there, at intervals, enough to make me solicitous about my ultimate strength, were filled in, as it were, by a contribution of friendly and fortifying tissue, on the part of the said comrade. Besides, during that brief transit, I felt as if I had been transformed into an infinitesimal corkscrew, having received from the revolving action of the far-off spindle, that drew me out towards itself (or rather to the bobbin fixed upon it), an incredible number of twists, as many as twenty to twenty-five for every inch.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Hail, Beauteous Maid!

Hail, beauteous Maid ! Hail, Queen of May !
To thy loved shrine we wend our way,
To deck it with the prettiest flowers
That oped their buds mid vernal showers,
And, at thy feet, to humbly pray
That we may follow Christ, the Way;
That steadfastly we may, in youth,
In age, believe in Him, the Truth,
And oft partake of Him, the Life,
To strengthen us in mortal strife.
Accept our gift. Obtain that we
From every stain of sin be free,
Until, life's "fitful fever" o'er,
We joy with thee for evermore.

JOHN F. CORCORAN, '12.



A Critic Answered.

It has been the policy of our BULLETIN, handed down to us as a sacred tradition, not to engage in unseemly controversy with any of our contemporaries. But there are occasions when the intrinsic nature of a disputed question demands at least an answer or an explanation, and, on such occasions, we must risk allowing a breach to be made in the aforesaid tradition by the exigencies of another tradition to which our BULLETIN has ever adhered, namely, that of exactitude of language and statement in the articles written by the members of the BULLETIN staff. No wonder is it then that the latter have been aroused to a sense of gentle but determined protest upon finding in the Exchange column of one

of our esteemed contemporaries a brief criticism which, though clothed in the garb of more or less flippant and ambiguous language, conveys the expression of an erroneous appreciation.

"Philosophers should be exact," says our critical ex-man. "In a thoughtful article on 'Induction' in the Pittsburgh College BULLETIN, a '09 man assures us that *Darwin and other physiologists* have concluded that *man owes his origin to the monkey*. As Dill remarks to Kolb, 'iss dot so ! !'"

—*The Collegian, Oakland, California.*

He evidently draws attention to two things, which from his own quotation marks, we have taken the liberty to underline. But assuredly he can have no scruple about numbering Darwin among the physiologists, no more than the French author Lamarck, both of whom Zigliara refutes, while calling them "physiologists." In fact, we could, with entire satisfaction and confidence, refute his insinuation with the simple quotation of the following passage from that distinguished author: *Accidit quibusdam physiologis nostrae aetatis, qui et levi quadam similitudine perspecta inter homines et simias, primos ex secundis aut derivari, aut saltem illas nonnisi accidentaliter quadam perfectione, excedere, pueriliter et absurde conclamat.* (Log. No. 39).

It is true we are more accustomed to hear Darwin classed as a *Naturalist*, but from the nature of the questions which he treats, we need have no hesitation in numbering him among the physiologists, even if we take as our basis the definition given by the *Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, which describes it as "the branch of Biology that treats of the vital phenomena manifested by animals or plants; the science of organic functions;" and the *Universal Dictionary of the English Language* explains it to be, "the science which brings together in a systematic form the phenomena which normally present themselves during the existence of

living beings and classifies and compares them in such a manner as to deduce from them those general laws or principles which express the condition of their occurrences, and investigates the causes to which they are attributable. It is divided into human, animal and vegetable physiology."

And not only is this the opinion of Zigliara, but it is the repeated and undisputed statement of the most recent writers on the subject of evolution, of whom it will be sufficient to quote the expression of an American, Dr. H. W. Mitchell, who, though *pueriliter et absurde*, thus speaks in his work, *The Evolution of Life, or Causes of Change in Animal Forms. A Study in Biology*.

"The great question of 'The Evolution of Life' upon the earth, and the causes that have led to the successive changes in animal forms, is one that should be treated from an anatomical and a physiological point of view. Scientists (*Sic*) have concurred in the opinion that the lower forms of life have advanced in the scale of development and in time have given rise to higher and newer forms. It is believed and generally accepted (!) that the protoplasmic cell was the first vital organism that appeared upon the earth—that, following this in order came the fishes, reptiles, the mammals, the higher apes and finally man, but no attempt has ever been made, as far as I know, to explain the physiological causes of these changes in the anatomy of the animal kingdom. It is only a part of the truth to say that . . . man was evolved from the higher apes. This is not enough. The world is advancing to that point when it demands to know how these changes took place, by what physiological process they occurred, and what was the reason that induced them to change . . . I have written this work from a physiological standpoint, and the ideas here set forth are substantiated by the writings of such men as Lamarck, Darwin, Haeckel, Wallace, Huxley, and others whose names have been made illustrious (!) by their able scientific works."

While we are upon the subject, we may as well quote from the same puerile and credulous physiologist a sentence which will show how he, at least, believes that "man owes his origin (and more) to the monkey." Says the eminent doctor: "His slow emergence from his form of a gorilla to the more advanced gorilla-man and finally to a black man, was an orderly, gradual, sequential process, requiring long ages to accomplish such a series of important changes."—"There was but one animal from which he could have descended, that was the great man-like ape, the gorilla, of equatorial Africa." To explain the advent and dawn of thought in man, Dr. Mitchell continues: "To compensate for these, and to secure his safety, he must use strategy and intelligent cunning to protect himself against his newly found enemies . . . and this requires a development of inventive genius, and this again requires a development of the cortex or gray matter, which is the thinking part of the brain."

So far, we may have been attacking a man of straw—a mere figment of the imagination, in the supposition that our critic may have hesitated either to include Darwin among the physiologists, or to allow that Darwin and other physiologists have claimed man to be descended from the monkey. Surely, he must have read Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and his later work, *The Descent of Man*. It is true that in the first of these, "Darwin recognized the creation of primitive types as a necessity. But his more advanced followers whispered in his ear: *principiis obsta*—resist beginnings; nip the principle in the bud. Admit the interference of a supernatural power in one case (in that of the primitive types) and it cannot be eschewed in others. Darwin harkened to their voice, and in his later work, *The Descent of Man*, withdrew the concession he had made" (Schanz).

Therefore, it is clear to everybody that Darwin (with whose name the doctrine of descent is henceforth linked) and other physiologists, as a matter of fact, "deny the constancy and even the notion of species"

(Schanz), "teach the transformation of races into species" (Perier), in other words, the blind and gradual evolution of man from some primitive organisms, and more proximately from the ape.

Now the only question that remains to be solved or rather to be touched is this: "Was the language, used to express this theory or teaching of man's descent from the ape, inexact, or calculated to convey a different doctrine, or anything but that specific doctrine?" We maintain that it was not thus inexact to say (they teach) "that man owes his origin to the monkey. If we were speaking of the time when Darwin still upheld a mere shred of the doctrine of creation and allowed some original forms and primitive types whose creation he deemed a necessity, perhaps that expression might be ambiguous—or if we were speaking of some of those modern philosophers and scientists like Zahm, who, though unwavering on the question of primitive creation, uphold a certain transformation that may not smack of utter repugnance, and which he thus alludes to:—"May we not, nevertheless, believe, as a matter of theory, that there has been such a (missing) link, and that corporally man is genetically descended from some species of ape or monkey,"—then, the word "origin" might again be ambiguous in expressing that "genetical descent."

But, to express the decisive, concrete and well-understood doctrines of a great many modern scientists, following the example of Lamarck and Darwin, we find the expression called in question to be among the commonest of those used by writers in English as well as in Latin, when treating of this question. Haeckel himself says that "somehow and somewhere in the past a living cell originated just once from the fortuitous concourse of atoms." Virchow, who is a most determined and powerful opponent of those so-called scientists and of their "utterly discredited" theory, uses the following terminology: "The origination of life from dead matter

is a necessary implication of the evolution theory." "The adherents of spontaneous generation (says Thein) pretended that infusoria and other microscopic animals can spring spontaneously, if not from inorganic matter, at least from organic elements, &c.," and "Redi had no trouble in establishing that the worms which filled putrified meat owe their origin to eggs laid by flies, &c.," Here, assuredly, is the language of descent absolutely identical with our own.

If we turn to the Latin language and the Latin authors of philosophical treatises, we find on every page such expressions as *derivari, originem vitae absque Dei influxu explicare, argumentum (sufficiens) ad belluinanam hominis originem repudiandam*. When they come to the explanation and refutation of the theories of Darwin, Lamarck, &c., they thus express themselves: *In sententia opposita, quae vocatur systema Evolutionismi, Transformismi, Descendentiae, omnes species plantarum et animalium per lentam et continuam variationem stirpium originem duxisse censemur ab uno vel paucis organismis primitivis*. Even in French it is the very same as we find in the well-known treatise, *La Psychologie*, by his eminence Cardinal Mercier, late Rector of the University of Louvain. In the third part, he introduces the subject-matter by stating: *Puis, nous rechercherons quelle est l' origine de l' homme (unde est): ce sera la matiere de Chapitre II.*: And, later on he gives the following refutation as a parting shot to the Transformists: *On demonstre en Theodicee que Dieu seul est capable de creer; si donc l' existence de l' ame est due a un acte createur, c'est a Dieu lui meme qu il faut faire remonter immediatement son origine.*

We might continue quoting reliable authorities *ad infinitum* to disprove the charge that our statement is tinged with inexactness in the eyes of our contemporary, but we think that the foregoing are sufficient to warrant its validity. Should our contemporary entertain any further objections, we shall be pleased to hear them. But enough for the present; we conclude with the parting

advice: ex-men should be exact while criticizing philosophical articles, especially if they be ' 10 men.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



Beside The Deep Blue Sea.

I stood alone one summer's night
Beside the deep blue sea;
No sound I heard save from the waves—
'Twas lonely as could be.

The moon, which rose above the deep,
Shone palely from the sky,
The stars, like diamonds, sparkled bright,
The wind voiced not a sigh.

I thought of those that sailed from port,
The many a doughty crew,
The young and old that found a grave
Beneath those waters blue;

It seemed to me a moan did rise
From out the murmuring sea—
A moan, repeated, deep, that spoke
Their drowning agony.

O sea, when thou givest up thy dead,
What tales wilt thou relate
Of hunger, thirst, of fire and sword,
Of daring deeds and great !

GEORGE P. ANGEL, '11.



Into Deeper Darkness.

“Good-night, boys.” With these words I left my companions one calm summer's night. The heavens had

hung out their myriad starry lamps, and the moon was bathing the earth with the glory of its soft effulgence. The evening had been so enjoyable and its memories so pleasant, that life seemed well worth living as I started on my walk home—two miles away—through avenues lined with luxuriant foliage trees that arched their branches overhead. As I neared one of the handsome residences set well back from the public thoroughfare, the strains of joyous music reached my ears. A sweet voice was singing snatches from an opera, and occasionally other voices joined in the refrain. I stopped and looked. There among the trees stood the stately Frederick mansion, with the light of many lamps streaming from the open windows. The guests, and they were numerous, arrayed in evening dress, seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of love and poetry. I passed on, and the music gradually died away. In the obscure light I saw something approach me. It proved to be a woman. As I observed her more closely, she appeared to be very poor. Evidently she had not reached the meridian of life; perhaps she was much younger, but the pinched face, the hard lines about the mouth, told their sad story of slavery and starvation. There is something infinitely more beautiful in an old ruined castle along the Rhine than in our solemn mansions of modern architecture: the former has its romance, its memories of the days of chivalry, its history; it appeals to our sympathy, to our imagination. So, too, we bestow upon a pretty face a passing glance of admiration, but a face of blighted beauty, with its lines of suffering, hallowed cheeks and sad eyes, will stay with us throughout the day and return to us at night. It was such a face that confronted me.

“For Heaven’s sake,” she said without any preliminaries, “come with me at once; if you have a heart, you will not refuse.” I followed unhesitatingly.

As we walked on through the silent avenues and crossed the railroad, the streets became narrower and the

houses, poorer. Once we met a policeman; he looked at us sharply, for we were an ill-assorted pair, and it was after one o'clock. On we went, the air growing denser, the streets, dirtier. I knew not whither she was taking me. I had never visited this portion of the city in the day time, and now I was traversing it with a strange, silent woman in the dead of night!

We turned into a side street. Ah, ladies and gentlemen, step cautiously here, for the road way is scarcely ever cleaned. There is no music in the air, but the curses of drunken wretches make night hideous, cursing themselves, cursing their wives, cursing their children. The midnight air is laden with the screams of babes and the sobs of mothers. No perfume is wafted on the gentle breeze; but the fumes of gin and of the cheapest of whiskies assail us from every opened door and lowered window. No cultured youths, and smiling ladies in immaculate and rustling dresses, move in the dance or speak the latest folly of the town. Far away is the gentle game of bridge affording amusement, if not subdued excitement, to the polished votaries of fashion. Instead, we see ragged creatures, unshaved, unwashed, with bloated faces and red, sunken eyes, feverishly bending over the dice box and raking in the jingling stakes that should go to the support of their famished families. Far, far away, apparently, is the moon, the stars, the amenities of social intercourse, the embodiment of love and poetry. Ah, does their radiance ever glow in the slums of a city?

I passed all these loathsome scenes on that calm summer's night, passed them all, and came to a delapidated hut, which we entered. The floor was uncarpeted, the walls unpapered, but the cleanliness of the place contrasted favorably with the scenes through which we had passed. On a mattress on the floor lay an emaciated boy not over ten years of age. That he was very sick, I, who knew little of disease, realized at a glance. His eyes brightened when he saw the woman at my side.

She turned to me quickly, and then her expression changed to disappointment. "Oh," she said, "I took you for the doctor. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do? He is dying, dying! Can I do nothing to save him?"

I volunteered to go for the physician. Instinctively I went to Doctor Frederick's home. I found him in, and he accompanied me immediately.

We reached the house quickly. The mother was supporting the drooping head of her dying child. He was speaking to her with difficulty between shortening breaths. "O mamma," he was saying, "the pain has left me now. I shall soon be happy. Good-bye, mamma, I am—going. Kiss—me—once—again. I—love—you—so."

I had been watching the woman. All a mother's tenderness shone in her face and made it beautiful, but, when her child had died, it yielded to the agony of hopeless, black despair. All this time the doctor was standing speechless at my side. I saw him pale, agitated, trembling, his long white hair growing whiter in the dim light. Several times he tried to speak, and at last he muttered the words, "My daughter."

Turning, she looked at him, not with surprise, not with joy, but with scorn in the flashing eye and tense lip. "Dorothy," he said, extending his arms, "forgive me, oh, forgive me. Come home with me now. All that I have is yours." He approached her, but she shrank from him as from a source of pestilence. With an energy of which I thought her incapable, she upbraided him for his neglect and heartlessness. "You, my father! Desecrate not the word. During these ten years of misery and poverty, what have you done for me that I should recognize you now? You disowned me when I married, and when my husband became a besotted drunkard, did you aid myself and child? When, on bended knees, I sought forgiveness, and humbled myself for my starving child's sake, did you listen to

my petition, was your heart moved by my prayer? To-night when my child was dying, your youngest daughter entertained a party. One-half the money she spent would have saved my darling boy. Now, now, when it is too late, you offer me the home you refused to my child. Too late, too late," she gasped. The tension of her overwrought feelings was too much for her weakened, emaciated frame to bear. Her heart had suddenly gone silent. The golden thread of life had snapped, and she was dead.

I turned away from the white-haired, conscience-racked father, and walked into the night. Not many steps away, I saw a familiar face bending tenderly over a cripple. I had always looked upon Jack Clarkson as a thoughtless, jolly young millionaire, and here I found him a philanthropist. He blushed when I recognized him. "It is just a hobby of mine," he explained. "I understand, old man," I answered, and warmly pressed his hand. How different from the hoary aristocrat! Here was a man of better family, of higher station, of greater wealth, but of tenderer heart. Later I discovered how much he was beloved by the distressed, and the victims of misfortune. He scattered sunshine where he went, and the prayers of the poor accompanied his departure.

On my way home I reflected on the vicissitudes of life and the difference between man and man. I thought, too, of Charles Dickens, of his practical sympathy with the lowly, and how sweet it is to be loved by the humblest of God's creatures.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. McGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. V. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

MAY, 1909.

No. 8.

EDITORIAL.

The New Review, "America."

The new Review, *America*, so loudly and widely heralded, so keenly awaited, and so brilliantly sponsored, has at length made its appearance in the battlefield of the Press. Most of us were anxious to know how it could, while inheriting the full popularity of the *Messenger*, replace the latter in its varied spheres of information and instruction, and respond to the far broader scope which its distinguished board of editors announced as its object. Great, therefore, was the surprise—and, no doubt, for not a few, the gratification, when it made its bow to the world in a garb that had for many long years become

familiar to the readers of Catholic English magazines. Even in more than the mere external garb does it resemble the well-known London *Tablet*—namely in the internal arrangement of its complex structure. But whatever be the comment elicited by its “dress,” it has entered, fully equipped, upon the arena.

There is about it, from the start, an atmosphere of deep, earnest, business-like activity in the choice and treatment of its subjects, which augurs well for such a brave, skilful and doughty champion as it is destined to be. It will, therefore, be welcomed sincerely, by friend and foe, all over the land—by the former, who will find in it, as its programme foreshadowed and as its early numbers demonstrate, a clear and fearless defender of every truth; and by the latter, who will look to it as the representative and authorized exponent of genuine Catholic thought, doctrine and principle.

Already its subscribers look forward to its every issue with increased interest, an interest ever freshened and renewed by the growing consciousness of the vast and important topics, which not only it proposes to treat, but which, we feel, are bound to elicit effective and masterly discussion at the hands of accomplished writers and thinkers.

That it may accomplish its broad scope; that it may exert a timely and wholesome influence upon the entire body of the American public, sincerely anxious, on the whole, for truth, and amenable, in the long run, to fair play; that it may attain world-wide popularity and success,—is the humble but earnest prayer of the College BULLETIN !



A Loss to Literature.

No literary journal, whatever be its religious affiliations, can afford to ignore the loss which modern literature has sustained in the death of Marion Crawford. Our age has been especially the victim of a foul and

noisome eruption of iniquitous literary lava that has cast its withering influence upon the morals of every people. Poetry, history, the drama and fiction have all been made so many channels of infection. No wonder, then, that a saddened and afflicted generation should have welcomed any champion of clean and genuine literature who had attempted not only to stay the advancing avalanche, but to divert it from its course, and purge the atmosphere of its obnoxious elements.

Such was the eminent and brilliant writer whose busy career has been so quickly and almost unexpectedly terminated in the repose of death. Though apparently destined by early training, as well as by instinct, environment and education, for other spheres in the profession of literature, he found himself attracted by the powerful influence which, he felt, was exercised by fiction, and to this he happily yielded, giving us the purest and most wholesome works in that department which later generations have known.

In fact, it was, to a great extent, by Crawford's novels, that we have come fully to realize how much of refining and elevating influence can be extracted from this maligned and abused class of works, in combination with what is most instructive, interesting and fascinating. In the pictures which he has given us of life; in the development of the characters which he has created; in the uncompromising expression of the sound principles which we unconsciously imbibe from the lips and lives of his heroes, the world, has become, in every language through which his works have been issued, his auditor, and, thereby, his debtor.

Others have been stronger and more daring in their themes, more elegant and accomplished in their style, more close to Nature in their plots and characters, but none have been more pure, more exalted and more wholesome, in their treatment of that most difficult, most delicate and most dangerous of literary mechanisms—the Novel.

The Annual Alumni Banquet.

Banquets and meetings and reunions of Alumni are, nowadays, ordinary and necessary features of college life, which, from year to year, have, perforce, a character of sameness and regularity that renders them easy of description. But very few of them can have the elements of effusive gayety, of unbounded and refreshing enthusiasm, and of cordial, whole-hearted cheerfulness, that characterized the twenty-sixth annual Banquet of the Pittsburg College, at the Union Club Rooms, in the Frick Building, on Wednesday evening, April 28.

In regard to such material points as mere numbers and perfection of Epicurean menu—*materialiter loquendo*, as a philosopher would say—it may not have surpassed its predecessor of '08, but in the many indefinable things and qualities, and *propria*, that go to make the quiddity of an old-time Alumni gathering, it certainly pushed all previous affairs of the kind into the "ordinary" class. That it would be so, seemed to the doubting Thomases a debatable proposition, when the spectre of hard times, panicky condition of affairs and tariff revision, was conjured up before the mental vision—but that it would assuredly be so, in spite of adverse circumstances was the foregone conclusion of the knowing ones who saw how the Committee of Arrangements hustled and worked, under the guidance and impulse of the new President, Mr. John E. Kane. To the latter, indeed, and his indefatigable energy, his cheerful optimism, his wise anticipation of possible obstacles, is therefore due in great part the magnificent success which it is our great pleasure to chronicle as the collective characteristic of the annual event of '09. But Mr. Kane had the good fortune to be surrounded and seconded by a very able body of assistants in the members of the Committee, who spared no pains nor inconvenience in the holding of the many meetings that culminated in the assemblage of the largest number of Alumni that have ever been known to gather around the festive board.

It was the first time in our history that we had the privilege of welcoming in our midst, as an honored guest, the chief magistrate of our city, the first elected Mayor of Greater Pittsburg, Hon. William A. Magee, Jr., who came early, accompanied by another of our earnest and representative Catholic young men, the Director of Public Safety, Mr. John M. Morin. Shortly afterwards came our Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, who has never yet failed to honor and bless our College gatherings and proceedings, thus evincing the deep and lively interest he takes in the chief Catholic educational institution in the city.

No words of ours could adequately describe the scene which presented itself in the foyer and parlors of the Club Rooms, shortly before the banquet proper was announced. The unexpected meeting of old school friends and comrades, the hearty laugh that heralded the repetition of some antique adventure, the bubble of overflowing wit and repartee between some gray-haired rivals of ancient days on the field of sport or of literature, the mutual reminiscences of professors and early pupils, who now for the first time, perhaps, acknowledged the authorship of many an escapade; these were some of the varied features that rendered such a gathering a happy one—one never to be forgotten.

Needless to say, the menu was what the most fastidious could desire or anticipate, and, still more needless to add, the guests did ample justice to the fare. What with the lively strains of the orchestra, and the unfailing stream of care-free, convivial conversation at every table, there was bound to be enthusiasm and gayety that put a fitting edge on appetite. But the Committee had provided a still greater and surer source of genuine enjoyment suitable to the occasion, in distributing to every guest a printed copy of those good old college songs and refrains that bring joy to every school boy's heart even when it beats in later years, beneath a hoary head. From every table rolled the flood of song in

harmony with the enlivening strains of music, until such enthusiasm was kindled that the memory of it will live and be cherished amongst the happiest reminiscences of our experience.

The speech-making was set agoing by the President, Mr. John Kane, who, with a few brief and spirited remarks, introduced the Toastmaster, Mr. Frank McCarthy. The latter lost no time in calling upon the Very Rev. President of the College, to whose words of weighty significance the entire body of Alumni gave the closest attention, while the cheering report which he was able to make of the present condition and growing prosperity of the College, evoked rounds of applause that betokened a lively interest in the welfare of the old *Alma Mater*. Scarcely had the echoes welcoming the President's speech died out, when the audience was aroused to renewed enthusiasm at the rising of his Honor, Mayor W. A. Magee, in response to the toast of "The Young Man In Politics."

It was the first time that most of those present had had the opportunity to hear the new Chief Magistrate of our Greater City. And he certainly was equal to the occasion, and fully arose to the level of their highest anticipations, in the cool, collected, logical and forceful presentation of his delicate and difficult subject-matter, which he analyzed in a masterly and dignified way that completely won the sympathy and acquiescence of his audience. Certainly from his treatment thereof, the science of politics took on a far more serious and elevated significance than it is usually supposed to bear. From the earnest and determined manner in which he sketched the needs of our city and the problems awaiting solution at the hands of his administration, it could well be gathered that we have the right man in the right place at the right time.

The Mayor was followed by the Rev. Dr. Gannon, of Cambridge Springs, who, in response to the toast of "American Catholic Alumni," made the banquet room

resound to the soft, deep, penetrating and eloquent tones of his rich voice. His manner was inspiring, as well as his theme; his treatment of his subject enhanced his wide-spread reputation as a thoughtful, instructive and inspiriting orator. In the next issue of the BULLETIN we intend to reproduce his eloquent address, together with that of the Mayor; we feel confident that our readers will find in them a rare intellectual treat.

Mr. Alfred Loeffler, in his quiet, humorous, and philosophical vein, brought the speech-making to a fitting close, by his remarks upon "The Alumni."

As our good Bishop was obliged to leave at an early hour, to our great regret we missed the words of deep, earnest conviction, of weighty and salutary advice, which come to us on such occasions from his lips.

The Reverend President's Address.

The subject assigned to me is one on which I have spoken repeatedly at our Alumni banquets, so that I am afraid there is little opportunity to say anything very new. However, the question of college, of college work and of education, is one in which all men are interested. It is one in which college men especially take a great interest, and in our day and age, they are expected to take an interest greater than in any previous time, for the question of education is among the great problems that confront us, as indeed it has been in every age of the world's history.

With reference to the college itself, matters are much in the same condition as last year. In spite of the stringent times, we have an attendance of four hundred students. These are taught by thirty professors. Every branch of study that present day requirements demand is taught by competent men, many of whom are specialists in their respective subjects.

Whilst keeping our Academic and College departments on a par with the attainments of the best colleges of the country, we are making special efforts to perfect

our Commercial and Scientific departments. I may add that one-half of our students are in these two departments at present. Our Commercial department, even if I must say it, is second to none of any college I know, and with next year we shall have a fully graded course of four years, leading to the degree of B. Sc., in our Scientific and Engineering department, thus fitting young men for higher scientific studies in our best universities.

In this same place, last year, I laid before you, gentlemen of the Alumni Association, the financial status of the college. I told you how it had taken us thirty years to pay for your *Alma Mater*, and that the present year, my twenty-fifth in the college, would practically see us out of debt. In this latter point I failed to be a true prophet, for the recent purchase of some adjoining property, so necessary to round out the college campus, has caused us to assume a new debt of \$12,000.

I also put before you the many pressing needs of our college. These needs are evident to any thinking mind, especially when in presence of an institution like ours, without a single dollar of endowment, depending absolutely on the moderate pittance of income received from the tuition of students. To supply these needs, I am still living in expectation that something may turn up, that some of our Pittsburg millionaires or prospective millionaires may give us an opportunity to help them to spend some of their thousands in the erection and equipment of new buildings and halls, thus enabling us to carry on the work of higher education here in Pittsburg in the most efficient manner possible.

In this connection, gentlemen, let us not forget that it is educated men, those who receive college and university education, who are and who must necessarily be the leaders in any community, city or country. Some few, by personal character, grit and ability, may attain prominence in one sphere or another, or may amass fortunes, but it is those that have availed themselves of the advantages of higher education who rank

best in their profession, who are the leaders of their fellowmen, and who take a prominent part in the framing of civil laws and in the direction of public affairs. The history of our country, and the history of European countries, teach us this important lesson. It is the boast of Englishmen that their victories on land and sea were fought on the playgrounds of their great schools, by which they mean to say that to the perfect training received in these famous seats of learning are due the bravery, courage and statesmanship of England's greatest men.

The chief object of a college, therefore, is to train young men, in order that they may become future leaders of men. For this they need the superior intellectual and moral training which a college gives. As we have our West Point to train colonels and generals for the army; as we have our Annapolis to train officers and captains for the navy, so we need colleges to train young men to become types of true manhood, to become Christian gentlemen, to become good, loyal and patriotic citizens, to become staunch defenders of faith, of religion, and of the Church of Christ.

If we have not more of these leaders of men from colleges it must be attributed to one of two causes; either our young men had not, until recent years, an opportunity of getting a rounded college education and had to content themselves with elementary or business training, or it must be attributed to the turn which education has taken in modern times. Many of you had opportunities of education about which your fathers knew little, and young men in our colleges to-day have far greater opportunities than fell to your lot. Then, the great tendency in recent years has been for technical training. In colleges and universities to-day, the crowded departments are the civil, electrical and mining departments. The liberal arts' courses are neglected or they are relegated to young ladies. Whilst it is most desirable to educate our young women in letters and in

arts to some degree, it is assuredly most regrettable for the intellectual advancement of our age, that young men neglect general culture and crowd the courses and departments that have as their objects mechanical trades and mere money-making occupations. However, this is the trend of modern education; thinking minds regret it, as liberal culture and the cultivation of liberal arts are essential for the true advancement of a nation and its people.

Gentlemen, when we consider present day needs, there is none that appears more imperative for the Church than the active co-operation of good, upright, conscientious laymen. The community needs them, the country needs them, the Church needs them. We are honored here this evening by the presence of the two representatives of this diocese and of this city, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin, during whose administration Pittsburg grew so great, and the Honorable William Magee, the first Mayor of Greater Pittsburg. It may be information for many here present, who do not, probably, study church statistics, to be told that Pittsburg, as a diocese, holds the second place amongst all the dioceses of America, and the seventh place amongst the dioceses and archdioceses of the country, whilst Pittsburg as a city is the sixth or seventh in the United States. These two worthy representatives have the interest, spiritual and temporal, of Greater Pittsburg very much at heart. I feel no hesitation in saying that there are no two men in our city who are more interested in its real welfare than Bishop Canevin and Mayor Magee. And as I have reason to know that our Rt. Rev. Bishop finds in the Alumni of Pittsburg College a rising generation of young men who co-operate with him, who give him a helping hand in the many good works which his office imposes and his zeal suggests, so I do express the hope that our young, intelligent, ambitious and self-sacrificing Mayor, the Honorable William Magee, may find among the same Alumni some of his truest and most devoted supporters, for the welfare of that city in which

we are all most interested; and I do hope that as the administration of our Rt. Rev. Bishop elicits from all who have occasion to study it, the highest praise, so may the administration of Mayor Magee be crowned with a success far superior to that of any of his predecessors, so that his name may pass down in local history as the best Mayor our city of Pittsburg has ever had.

The following gentlemen were present: Right Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg; Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the College; Honorable W. A. Magee, Mayor of Pittsburg; J. E. Kane, President of the Alumni Association; Rev. J. M. Gannon, D. D., D. C. L.; J. M. Morin, Director of Public Safety; Rev. J. A. Baumgartner, C. S. Sp.; Rev. A. B. Bejenkowski, C. R. Bucheit, S. Byrne, J. F. Casey, F. G. Cawley, J. Cawley, Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D.; E. G. Coll, Esq.; M. J. Connolly, E. G. Curran, Rev. J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp.; J. A. Dardis, J. J. Dean, T. J. Dehey, Rev. T. Devlin, LL. D.; F. X. Diebold, H. Dowling, J. B. Drew, Esq.; B. P. Dunn, H. C. Evert, Esq.; Rev. J. F. Fleck, C. S. Sp.; H. T. Frauenheim, Rev. J. Garrigan, P. C. Gillespie, J. G. Goldstron, F. T. Goodman, W. J. Greer, Rev. J. D. Hagan, J. Herron, Rev. P. J. Hesson, Dr. W. J. Hickson, C. J. Jaegle, B. J. Johnston, L. Kane, Rev. C. M. Keane, J. P. Kelly, M. B. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, W. J. Lamb, F. J. Lanahan, J. C. Larkin, C. F. Lauer, F. T. Lauinger, J. Lawler, Dr. R. J. Lawlor, A. J. Loeffler, Esq.; Rev. D. McCarthy, F. H. McCarthy, Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Rev. M. A. McGarey, J. R. McGovern, P. H. McGuire, Esq.; C. A. McKenna, J. F. McKenna, Esq.; Rev. W. J. McMullen, C. McNichol, E. McNulty, G. M. McNulty, L. McTighe, J. A. McVean, E. J. Madden, Rev. T. J. Maniecki, C. S. Sp.; Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp.; L. P. Monahan, Esq.; J. M. Murphy, W. O. Murphy, J. P. Murray, E. D. Nugent, C. A.

Nuzum, Rev. L. A. O'Connell, D. J. O'Connor, E. G. O'Connor, J. J. O'Connor, Rev. A. O'Hanlon, A. X. Phelan, R. Pollard, Dr. W. C. Puhl, Dr. J. J. Quinn, J. W. Quinn, E. S. Reilly, J. D. Reilly, P. B. Reilly, Esq.; J. H. Reiman, Dr. N. J. Resmer, Rev. T. F. Shea, J. A. Slater, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.; C. J. Staud, Dr. C. A. Stillwagon, Dr. W. A. Terheyden, Rev. C. Tomaszewski, C. S. Sp.; F. X. Toohill, J. B. Topham, W. H. Totten, G. J. Wandrisco, A. V. D. Watterson, Esq.; W. Weiss, Dr. E. A. Weisser, F. Wilkes, Rev. J. Willms, C. S. Sp.; Rev. T. A. Wrenn, C. S. Sp.; L. S. Zahronsky.



ATHLETICS.

Roller Hockey Team.

Our Roller Hockey Team finished second in the League. It was only one game behind the leader. This success should encourage our players to commence the season next year with confidence, as most of them will still be eligible for positions.

Varsity Base Ball.

The base ball season, so long expected and so ardently desired, has at last arrived, but it has brought its disappointments with it; the weather has been so cold and wet that there has been little opportunity for practice, and several games have been unavoidably cancelled. However, judging from the four games played, we are justified in the belief that our nine can cope with any that are scheduled to visit the campus up to Commencement Day.

The season opened auspiciously with a victory over the strong Adrian team, of the South Michigan League. Pitcher Slevin, a youngster of only eighteen summers, gave the visitors just six hits. He was ably supported by his brother, at the receiving end, and by Williams at first, Muldowney at second, McGuigan at third, and Dompka in right field. McKnight, Creighton, and Pitcher Slevin had, each, two hits.

Pittsburg College.....	0	3	1	1	0	3	0	0	x-8
Adrian	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0-3

Next day, Adrian had its revenge. The College pitcher, Kress,

weakened in the sixth and his fielders went to pieces. He was succeeded by Creighton, who fared ill at the hands of the opposing batters. Egan twirled during the last two innings and blanked the professionals. McGuigan had a triple and single to his credit.

Pittsburg College.....	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—3
Adrian.....	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	0	0—13

Gettysburg College sent its strong aggregation to seek glory on Western diamonds. The Easterners easily defeated Waynesburg College, and gave not a single hit to W. and J. On our grounds they made one run, were presented with another, and got two singles off Slevin. In the eighth inning, the squeeze play was worked to perfection by our boys. With three men on base, Bolger gently tapped the ball towards third, and beat Finch's throw to first, Kunkle scoring easily. McKnight's hits were timely and hard.

Pittsburg College.....	2	2	0	3	1	1	0	0	x—9
Gettysburg College.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—3

On the twenty-fourth of April, the 'Varsity went to Johnstown. The Leaguers took advantage of the many errors our boys made at crucial moments and tallied three runs in the second inning, and six in the fourth. Martin's home run saved us from a shut out

Johnstown.....	0	3	0	6	0	0	0	0	x—9
Pittsburg College.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Owing to heavy rains and soaked grounds, the games with Allegheny Lyceum, Indiana Normal and Westminster College were called off. Games still to be played, weather permitting (!):—

- May 5, Grove City College, at home
- May 7, Oberlin College, at home
- May 15, Homestead, at Homestead
- May 21, Bethany College, at home
- May 25, Muskingum College, at home
- May 29, University of Pittsburg, at home
- May 31, Homestead, at Homestead (2 games)
- June 5, California Normal, at home
- June 12, Indiana Normal, at home
- June 19, Westminster College, at home

The Reserves.

The Reserve team, so far, has won two games and lost two. Allegheny High School lost, 5 to 9; the East End Scholastics also lost, 2 to 4, but Braddock High School and W. and J. Academy both won close and interesting games, the former by 7 runs to 4, and the latter, 7 to 5. The Reserves have all the material needed to make a winning nine; with finer weather and more practice, together with

that steadiness which practice gives, they may be counted on to more than hold their own with the leading Academies and High Schools in and about Pittsburg. Rodgers, Strako and Tritsch occupy the mound, and Daley and McGuire attend to the receiving end. Fedigan and Kaylor are strong at the bat; the Creamer brothers, Curran, Hayes, King and Telerski make excellent fielders.

The Academics.

The Academics present a natty appearance, and give promise of doing things on the diamond. Somewhat weak in battery work, they have otherwise given a good account of themselves. When their batting eyes have been trained and their fielding improved with practice, unless we are badly mistaken, they will be superior to any team in their class. In the first encounter of the season, they played a clever game against the Braddock Scholastic Juniors, and defeated them by the score of 5 to 2. Their second game was with Wilkinsburg High School. Handicapped by bad grounds, by more than questionable decisions of the umpire, and by that nervousness which usually plays havoc with young teams subject to a rattling fire of vociferous rooters away from home, they still acquitted themselves nobly, but lost by the score of 5 to 7. They played their third game the day after, and succumbed to the onslaught of the older and more experienced Straetherns; they sadly missed the encouraging example and the wise generalship of their second base man and popular manager, Henry V. George, who was invalidated home for a few weeks on the advice of his physician. With his return and the advent of more propitious weather, the base ball spirit, dormant during those days of spring showers and drenching thunderstorms, will reawaken, to do and dare, and achieve an enviable record of successes, to be handed down as a legacy to Academicians yet unborn. We can not refrain from mentioning the all-round, excellent work of H. V. George and M. F. McManus, the batting of Collins, Heinrich, Mihm and O'Connell, and the fielding of Gianelli, Mamaux, F. Snyder and Yeager. In Burke, Moorhead and M. Snyder, the Academics have a strong trio of pitchers. Duffy justifies the hope that he will develop into a catcher of exceptional ability.

The Minims.

What can we say of the peerless Minims? The best that we could pen would be merely a reproduction of the many flattering things that have been printed about them and widely circulated in previous years. They have nailed their flag to the mast, never to be hauled down by hostile hands. There it flutters and waves, signalling defiance to its foes and encouragement to its defenders. This ever-brightening galaxy of base ball stars is composed of the following scintillators:—Adamczyk, Buerkle, Burry, Butler,

Emmerling, Gast, Heidenkamp, C. Holohan, E. Holohan, McGraw, McGreevy, McHattie, McNamamy and Rosa.

The Minims have defeated the E. T. Lipperts, 14-7; the Epiphany School, 6-3; the Anchor A. C., 13-7; and the Schenley Juniors, 8-0.



COLLEGE NOTES.

THE results of the third term examinations were proclaimed on Easter Monday. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: T. J. Szule, C. A. Sanderbeck, J. V. O'Connor, J. A. Czarnowski, L. J. Pfohl, H. C. Mansmann, K. J. Eßer, T. J. Reilly, R. A. Kernan, D. J. McFarlin, J. J. Piorkowski, J. F. Irlbacher, J. H. McHattie, E. A. Heinrich, L. A. McCrory, W. Heimbuecher, L. J. Schirra, A. J. Reilly and V. Nagode. In some of the classes, competition was exceedingly close. In the Sophomore class, P. A. Lipinski was only 10 points behind C. A. Sanderbeck, and J. E. Knight only 7 points behind him. In the Freshman class, out of a maximum of 1300, J. V. O'Connor scored 1177, and E. J. Misklow, 1173. In the Shorthand class, J. A. Czarnowski scored only 7 points more than J. H. Wagner. In his division of the Commercial Department, H. C. Mansmann led G. V. Lang by 5 points and J. L. Wasserman by 8. In the First Academic class, out of a possible 1300, J. H. McHattie made a total of 1227, and O. H. Steedle, 1216. In the Second Academic, out of a maximum of 1400, E. A. Heinrich placed to his credit 1311, and F. J. Mueller, 1292. In the Third Academic A class, L. A. McCrory totaled 1085, J. N. Diegelman, 1058. In the Third Academic B class, W. Heimbuecher scored 4 points more than J. Arch, and in the Grammar classes Albert Reilly and Victor Nagode led Eugene Vey and George Shively by narrow margins.

STUDENTS will be received into the several sodalities on May 5.

THE Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests will be held in the College hall on the evening of May 28. A gold medal for oratory will be competed for by the students of the College Department, and three silver medals for elocution, by the boys of the Academic and Commercial classes. The Elocutionary preliminaries have already been held; the following have qualified: (1) G. A. Baumer, J. R. Daley, I. V. Kennedy, O. H. Steedle; (2) A. L. Krieger, T. W. McDermott, L. J. Pfohl, A. H. Rodgers; (3) C. A. Buisker, W. C. Fielding, L. A. McCrory, C. J. Miller.

THE Annual Entertainment will be given in the Gayety Theatre on Wednesday evening, June 2. Part I. will consist of the mirth-provoking comedy, "Facing the Music;" Part II., of Dumb Bell and Bar Bell Exercises, Club Swinging, Fancy Drills and Pyramid Tableaux, together with other attractions that will go to complete a most varied and interesting programme.

WE desire to convey to the Rev. P. J. Fullen, C. S. Sp., the expression of our sincere sympathy in the loss of his father, for whom he celebrated a solemn high Mass of Requiem on April 28; to the parents of Mathew E. McCormick, who departed this life on April 4; and to George P. Angel, on the loss of his grandmother on April 11.

AMONG the Alumni whom we welcomed at the College during the month of April, are Brennan, Cox, Gwyer, J. B. Keating, P. G. Misklow—theologians; F. J. Neilan, lately with the Sunshine Coal and Coke Co., Uniontown; P. E. Duffy, of Butler, Pa.; Dr. R. J. Lawlor, of Cleveland, and J. A. McVean, Undertaker, Youngstown, O.

INVITATIONS to their weddings have been received from John Howard, Dover, N. J., and W. Mac Lane, Mulga, Ala. We wish both many years of unalloyed wedded happiness.

NEWS has reached us of the approaching marriage of William Weiss, Treasurer of the Alumni Association. We join with his host of friends in wishing our genial alumnus and the lady of his choice every pure earthly and supernal joy. May they walk, hand in hand, along the radiant vale of life to

"An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away."



From Day to Night.

The sun glides slowly o'er the hill;

The birds sing sweet and low,

The fields and woods are calm and still

In twilight's golden glow.

The pale moon mounts the heavens high,

And then, like diamonds bright,

The heavens hang out their myriad lamps

And lustre shed o'er night.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.

Winged Harbingers of Spring.

Birds are now appearing
 Flying here and there
 In the woods and clearing,
 Singing everywhere;
 They drive away all sadness, worry, pain and care.

Robins, sparrows, singing,
 Swallows flying low,
 Bluebirds hopping, springing
 In the golden glow.

Of morning's skies which ever bright and brighter grow.

CLARENCE A. SANDERBECK, '11.

Cauchois "Private Estate" Coffee

is the Standard "Guests Coffee"
 everywhere.

F. A. CAUCHOIS & CO.

THE "FULTON MILLS"—Established 1851

NEW YORK

Fulton, Front and
 Water

PITTSBURG

1104 Century Bldg

CHICAGO

43-50 Water

We furnish Coffee Urn Bags free to our customers

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
 P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV.

Pittsburg, Pa., June, 1909.

No. 9.

There Is a Love Both Bright and True.

There is a love both bright and true
Which permeates all lands,
A heaven-sent gift to lead us through
Our toils, with friendly hands;
A vernal zephyr mild which fans
The ardent hopes of youth,
And guards them from the blighting plans
Of Satan and untruth.

This love thrives in the humble home
' Midst poverty and tears;
It lives within the castled dome,
Where wealth her front uprears:
It flushes not the cheek nor brow
But beams from placid face,
And God will boons on him bestow
Who cherisheth its grace.

If thou wouldest know that love divine
Which other gifts excels—
That love unswerving, genuine,
Which hoary time ne'er quells,
Which hovers o'er us night and day
Wherever we may rove,
Though brightly still without display—
Regard a mother's love.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



The Autobiography of a West-African Cotton-Thread.

CHAPTER XII.

My New State. Increased Strength. Delicate Appearance. My Rapid and Extraordinary Growth. The Climax of My Career, as a Perfect Cotton-Thread. Prospects of My Declining Days.

To all appearances I remained as straight and uniform as before, and it would take an experienced eye to detect the change; it would take even the finest microscope to follow the new and numberless modifications I had received. But change and strength and uniformity and increase, of delicacy—all were there, along the entire line of my new existence. No wonder I felt, in that moment of consciousness which I am trying to analyze, a thrill of pardonable pride at seeing that, with all this increase in my physique, I had grown to nearly ten times my previous length!

Just when I was making this last reflexion, I experienced a sudden shock! The far-off spindle of which I have spoken, was reversed, and I began to fear that I was losing ground—in other words, that I was going back to my old condition and position. But such was not the case. It was the spindle itself that was brought back, and that, while doing so, was rapidly coiling and winding me upon its cone-shaped surface. This delicate task it was enabled to accomplish, not by its own unaided genius, but by the wonderful and accurate guiding agency of two little wires attached to every spindle, in such a way that one was moving up, while the other was moving down, and thus each one compensated, and brought into uniformity, the action of the other. Perhaps you will allow me to compare it, though not in a strictly similar sense or mode of action, to the double force or movement, centrifugal and centripetal, of the sun upon the revolving planets, attracting them by the latter, and yet, by the former, keeping them in their respective places. All this has taken me many

minutes to describe—but, would you believe me? it took only as long, or rather, as short, a time as you would need to count fifteen, in order to complete the whole complex and important operation.

Again and again, for the space of several hours, was it renewed, until at length that single spindle, before it stopped in its allotted task, had wound, upon its small surface of seven and one-half inches long, a coil of thread extending to the length of about 90,000 inches, which means nearly one mile and a half of cotton-thread!

You will, perhaps, be tempted to ask me how much of my original lint, or raw cotton, has gone into the formation of this long line of thread to which I have been drawn. Well, it just depends upon the grade of thread in question—and I can only answer for myself by telling you, that, as I am of one of the finest grades (no other would suit a Lady-Nurse for Northern Nigeria!), being marked down in the Cotton-Spinners' terminology as an 80's yarn, it took exactly one pound avoirdupois of my original fibre of raw-cotton to bring out a thread of 67,200 yards, or over 38 miles, in length. Because, as the Spinner will tell you, an 80's thread means a thread of 80 hanks, or stretches, to the pound in weight. Now, you can easily make the rest of the calculation when you are told that each cotton hank means a length of 840 yards.

At last, therefore, I was fixed upon my temporary resting-place, where I remained only for another brief space of time, until I was taken to the weaver's loom, where the flying shuttle soon drew me, as the fine, running weft, across a stationary warp of other thread, and brought me into the happy position in which, no doubt, I shall continue till a ripe old age.

Alas! that I should have to confess the frequent apprehension with which, spite of my present privileged situation, I view the approach of that inevitable termination of my adventurous career! For it arises from the experience I have but too intimately acquired of this

trying climate, where so many deadly enemies, in the shape of heat, moisture, and insects, are incessantly conspiring to destroy the comforts, and undermine the very existence, of all living things, whether animal or plant. But I must not repine. Rather shall I say with Addison: "Everyone ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is." Who knows but my worthy mistress may retain and sustain me long enough to enable me to anticipate (pardon my liberty with Goldsmith's words !)

"A blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that henceforth shall be mine."?

Whatever may befall me, I hope to attain the happy state of contentment that Goldsmith envied in him who

"Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way!"

P. A. McDERMOTT, C. S. Sp.



American Catholic Alumni.*

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own,
My native land!"

Four centuries ago the Western continent was hidden in darkness. The prow of the Santa Maria pierced the veil which concealed this continent from the knowledge of the world and revealed the stage upon which were to be enacted the most tremendous material and political achievements of the human race. The shuttle of history which, in its slow process, weaves together the web and woof of human history, began to move to and fro across the surface of the many waters

*Address by the Rev. J. M. Gannon, D. D., D. C. L., at the Alumni Banquet, Union Club.

that lapped against the Western shores. The English, known the world over for their unflinching perseverance to a given idea, entered their tiny boats, trusting Providence to convey them safely to this bleak land; the Irish, smarting under the lash of persecution and yet brimful with hopes for future opportunities, followed the peaceful rivers down their beautiful valleys to the coast, there, as the boats pulled beyond the horizon, to bid adieu to the land of their birth and love; the Germans, whose love for the higher arts and sciences; the French, whose sacrifices in the name of Christianity, have never yet been fully recorded in history; the Italians, the Poles, the Huns, the Swedes, and people of every flag and color, have migrated from the land of their birth to this Western continent, carrying the traditions and memories of their native soil, yet submitting to a new constitution and new political ideals, and out of this mixture of blood and language and traditions and hopes, there has loomed up on the horizon what we might call a new type of man, the American citizen.

Notwithstanding the marvelous advancement made in industrial lines, and the wide-spread blessings consequent to our political constitution, deep down among the springs and pulleys and complicated parts of our national life, out of which there is developed, in the course of time, that product we call our citizen, there is something radically wrong. We lack religious training. One hundred years ago, statesmen arose in the English House of Parliament, and predicted the downfall of the new and untried nation of the West. They could not see, from principles of political economy, how a nation, composed of many individual States each possessing legislative, executive and co-ercive powers under a federal government possessing the same powers, could possibly escape unending rebellions. However, the marvelous inventions of the century, which have almost annihilated time and distance, have so united the peoples of different States that State lines have almost vanished. Had these states-

men foreseen the difficulties that would inevitably flow from a constitution guaranteeing no protection or endowment to religion among millions of people who dearly love their religion, well might they have foretold difficulties which would rise from the neglect of a very fundamental principle of economic life. Stand in the dimmest twilight of history, trace the human race down through the ages while kingdoms rise to stately splendor and empires crumble to dust, while morality scintillates into holy lives or men sink into vices and corruption, while the dove of peace hovers above the homes of an obedient people or the dark hand of anarchy and rebellion rises out of the ignorance of the masses, and you will find that the one economic principle, not only flowing out of the logical conception of a political system, but demonstrated from the traditions of centuries by all the races under the sun, is that morality is absolutely essential to guarantee the integrity and permanency of any political system or national constitution. And right here is where the American Catholic Alumni reveal the mark that distinguishes them from all other Alumni. The national system of education, rising from the kindergarten to the university, centers itself in a secular and material education to the exclusion of religious and moral training. The result is a citizenship whose conscience is clouded, and whose duties and obligations, one to another, are lessening in force, while in their stead are rising false conceptions of the masses and the classes, of aristocracy and plebeians, of the wealthy and the poor. The American Catholic Alumni foster a religious system of education that must produce a citizen whose public and private acts, social ideas, and political life are squared with a conscience enlightened to fully realize the responsibility God places over his career. The panorama of vice and corruption which moves before us each morning and evening in our newspapers, is but a picture of the external sores of our political system. The seat of the trouble is deep down in the blood—among the

principles of our national education wherein no moral training exists.

Indeed, we should be proud to know that while the sane and sober educators of the nation are deplored the swelling torrent of Agnosticism and Infidelity which they, in their false systems, are unable to stem, the great Catholic Church, foreseeing some fifty years ago the inevitable results of our neglect in religious training, began, at tremendous personal sacrifices, the construction of a parochial and high-school and college and university system of education, which, if not yet recognized as the model system of education, has at least stemmed the tide of Materialism and awakened the conscience of the nation to a proper appreciation of the merits of religious training.

You know, gentlemen, that the full and proper growth of the oak depends upon the care and attention given it when it was but a springling. So with the child. His citizenship will be but the enlargement and development and application of those lessons learned in his youth.

The child's soul is like the vaulted deep of the heavens, or, a better figure, like the vast and mighty ocean. Now, the ocean may be viewed in two ways. Upon its blue surface are carried great boats freighted with the products of different lands, or perhaps its salty waters are made to render refreshing baths to men, or the hundreds of different species of fish are lifted from its bosom to replenish our tables. This is the utilitarian view. But another consideration is this, that its depths no man has yet sounded; its peculiar under-currents, its ebbs and flows are beyond the capacity of man to understand. Deep down beyond human soundings might be found mountains of gold and silver and jewels more precious than those studded in the crown of any living monarch, and, beyond that, possibilities the imagination of man cannot summon forth. So it is with the child's soul. Its depth no man has sounded, its possibilities are

unlimited, and the education men adopt may be two-fold. It may be utilitarian, such as is commonly given to a child in America to-day. This method runs over only the surface of the child's soul. It teaches it figures, writing, geography, grammar, in fine, all those things needed to preserve its health, to acquire and maintain a commercial position, rendering sufficient money to replenish the family table and clothe and sustain in their social positions those depending upon him. The other system of education is Catholic or parochial. It is both utilitarian and spiritual; utilitarian, in as much as it affords the child a knowledge of all those matters necessary for the material purposes of life, and spiritual, in as much as it opens the child's eyes to realize the infinite depths of its soul and the priceless possibilities and opportunities that are buried within those depths.

The soul is spiritual, and, as such, has no material limits. It can soar beyond the clouds and the moon and the stars into that unseen world where it finds its First Cause and Last End, and like two stars that will meet and burst into a magnificent blaze of glory, when the spiritual part of man and God meet, there is created a genius, and the form that genius takes in the world is what is known as one of the masterpieces of the arts. These masterpieces, which, mark you, are the higher expressions of a religious education, stand out like the eternal stars in the firmament, lighting the path of men and influencing them to think of God and His lessons contained in those masterpieces.

Try as you will to reduce the Madonna of Raphael to some principle of secular education, and you fail miserably. Endeavor to find that principle of logic upon which Michael Angelo based his Pieta, and you seek in vain. Analyze Dante's Inferno or Milton's Paradise Lost, to determine the secular principle that inspired them, and you will look for what can not be found. And so with the others. And why? Because there is an element in these productions that did not come out of

a secular education, for they were born of spiritual meditation and training, and have their expression only in a material form. The masterpieces which live and influence, were those of the Christ, the Madonnas, the Transfigurations, etc., while the present-day attempts at masterpieces are in the form of a flock of birds or a herd of cows, or certain nudities, such as have won prizes in many of our art galleries. . . .

The remarks of Father Hehir regarding the progress and condition of the College have been most interesting. Father Hehir goes to the very heart of modern collegiate life when he tells us he needs funds for additional technical schools. I can well sympathize with him on account of the burden he has to bear and the unequal struggle he must carry on in keeping pace with competitive technical institutions. It is sad to see, but nevertheless true, that the trend of the national schools is away from the classics and traditional forms of education and into the different branches of technical education. Americans, though they will regret it some day, care little for the Latin or Greek authors, rhetoric, composition or the classics. What they seek is a knowledge of those branches which will be of service to them in their future commercial careers. Hence it is that the different branches of engineering and the practical sciences have taken the lead in American college courses. While unflinchingly upholding the better traditions of education, one must keep pace with the trend of the times, and therefore, all true Alumni of Holy Ghost College must grow enthusiastic in the support of Father Hehir's appeal for funds to construct additional buildings and equipments with which to better teach the technical branches.



Gone Before.

On slope of yonder mountain kissed
By westering sun's last beam,
There stands a cottage ivy-clad,
Beside a purling stream.

With tear-dimmed eyes and drooping head,
A mother, old and gray,
Beholds the portrait of her son,
Now buried far away.

Her one great pride to war had gone
And mingled in the strife;
To save the Union and its flag,
He sacrificed his life.

And thus she sits and ponders long
On him, her long-lost boy,
And hopes and prays to meet him soon
In everlasting joy.

G. P. ANGEL, '11.



The Proper Treatment of Destitute Children.*

In the last few months of his administration, President Roosevelt took an active interest in the treatment of pauper children, and appointed a commission of experts to report upon the best means of taking care of them. The great question which confronted this committee was whether these poor children should be housed in public institutions or with private families. Much can be said in favor of both of these methods.

There is not the least doubt that in all our large cities there are many children without homes or even the means to sustain life, who are dependent on the charity of the public. In most cases the public has

*Written for the May issue of the BULLETIN.

treated them well, but it has used the system of caring for them in large institutions, such as St. Paul's Orphan Asylum of our own city.

This is certainly a good system, for it provides a home and a beneficial environment for those who would otherwise be left to the mercies of a hard and cruel world. The inmates of these institutions are brought up in the knowledge which will later make them useful members of society. They are taught to be good men and women. Still they labor under a great disadvantage. Dependent as they are upon the support of others, they are not able to take proper care of themselves. Thus, when they leave the asylum, they are thrust out into the world to fight the battle of life unaided. There they can no longer look for assistance from the public. They are full grown men and women, and must look out for themselves. Untrained as they are, this is almost a physical impossibility. Look at the children brought up in private homes. What a difference!

This brings us to the other alternative in caring for destitute children. In some localities the children of the poor are placed in the care of private families. If proper precautions are taken, the families that adopt these unfortunates, will be such that they will receive the best treatment and the most judicious training. In this case the vigilance that is exercised over the children will be as good as, if not better than, that which they receive in the public asylums. Besides this, they will gain the advantage of continual contact with the world. Thus, when they do enter the arena of life, in the trades, in business, or in the professions, they are fully capable of combating and overcoming the trials which beset them. Still the great difficulty with this system is the proper selection of families which will bestow due attention upon the charges they adopt. There are many such families, but in the majority of cases they are unwilling to undertake this added burden. When they do assume the responsibility, the best results will be obtained, and

the system will be found to be the best that can be devised.

The commission mentioned in the beginning of this article has not yet made its final report, but it seems to favor the second method. Of course it treats of the causes of pauperism, and advises means to eradicate it or at least to lessen it. This seems the best solution of the question, but in the meantime we must look to the welfare of the defenseless victims of poverty, for the moral and physical well-being of hordes of future men and women is at stake. This being the case, every effort on the part of organized government and of private citizens should be made to bring about a beneficent and beneficial remedy.

J. H. McGRAW, '10.



Thy Sacred Heart.

Thy Sacred Heart, O Jesus, glows
With love's intensest fire,
Enkindling hope, enlivening faith
And chastening desire.

May its bright, cleansing flames consume
The dross in me, Thy child,
So that my soul be in Thy eyes
Gold pure and undefiled !

JOHN F. R. CORCORAN, '12.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	J. T. McMAHON, '09.
ASSISTANT EDITOR,	J. A. MCGLADE, '10.
EXCHANGES, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
LOCALS, . . .	G. V. DUGAN, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	E. J. MCKNIGHT, '10.
ALUMNI, . . .	J. J. MILLARD, '09.
SOCIETIES, . . .	J. B. McCANN, '13.
CONCERTS, . . .	J. N. HAYES, '12.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,	M. L. MULDOWNEY, '09.
	F. B. MIHM, '09.
	C. J. DOMPKA, '09.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1909.

No. 9.

EDITORIAL.

Another Loss to American Literature.

Scarcely had we time to chronicle the death of Marion Crawford, the brilliant novelist of modern romance, when we were apprized of the sad loss which Literature and the Catholic Church, especially in America, have suffered by the death of Charles Warren Stoddard, the distinguished traveller and lecturer.

Both of these eminent men of letters were sincere and exemplary converts to the old faith, which they embraced in the fullness of their literary career, and in the heyday of their world-wide reputation. There was a further remarkable coincidence in their lives from the

fact that both gave up, in an unexpected and somewhat abrupt fashion, the career which they had at first mapped out for themselves and for which they had prepared, to take up another of a far different character, in which they both succeeded ultimately, and in which they have achieved literary immortality.

What a lesson in the sad contrast between their happy death in the bosom of the Church and the doubtful end of another great author and convert who, though unwavering to the last in his intellectual adhesion to the doctrines of the Church which he had, late in life, embraced, would not recall from publication the scandalous works which he had in earlier days produced, and thereby was deprived of Christian consolation and burial at the supreme *finale*. We mean to speak of the poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, who, in the tragedies which he composed on some of the incidents connected with the life of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, as well as in his earlier *Poems and Ballads*, shocked, not only the admirers of the Scottish Queen, but the moral sense of his contemporaries of forty years ago. Even his devoted friend and admirer, Dante Gabriel Rosetti, who took his part in replying to the critical outcry which those works elicited, could make no better plea for Swinburne than the sad admission: "In fact, Mr. Swinburne's mind appeared to be very like a *Tabula Rasa* on moral and religious subjects, so occupied is it with instincts, feelings, perceptions, and a sense of natural or artistic fitness and harmony."



Boy Choristers.

On every side we find the most gratifying evidences of the growing impetus which, in our Churches and Colleges, is being everywhere given to choirs composed of boys or young men, in accordance with the plain recommendations of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X. The most

recent indication of this development, which has come to our notice, and which aims at securing more than local notice and reputation is that of the Paulist Chorister Society of Chicago, which is just now making an Eastern tour, in preparation for a European trip, for the purpose, not only of exhibiting the good results that have, in this one case, been achieved, but also of illustrating all the wonderful possibilities of artistical musical work to be attained with such a choir when well directed.

Here in the College, during the past year, we have been hard at work in this direction under the enlightened guidance of Professor Koch, who has no superior in this particular line of musical instruction, in Western Pennsylvania, and who, from his experience, from his own training at the best sources, and especially, from his absolute familiarity, and entire sympathy, with the latest and most authorized phases of the Gregorian Chant movement, is an ideal director of such a choir. The boys who are now under his instruction are enthusiastic in their response to his daily solicitude, and expect to give a very good account of themselves at the coming Commencement Exercises in the Bijou Theatre.

There has been severe and perhaps well-merited criticism of the character of selections rendered by the Paulist Chorister Society, to which we have alluded above. But there is no doubt that their example will produce good results, and will stimulate more activity in many places where such an institution is needed, and it will assuredly be doing inestimable good, even if it only contribute to bring out the beauties of the boy's soprano voice, which is "incomparably the most perfect vehicle for the expression of sacred music in the world. It possesses a subtle sweetness and an almost divine something which is an intimation of an unseen world."

We hope for wonderful results from the College Boys' Choir and their brilliant instructor.



Playing and Play-grounds.

It is a healthy and gratifying sign of the times, when the most prominent men and leaders, in our municipal and even in our national administration, devote their thoughts and their energies, to the study of questions affecting our children, and even, at that, the humblest of our children. Such was the case in the latter part of ex-President Roosevelt's term, when he appointed a Commission to investigate the conditions of destitute children, and to devise the best means for the disposal and amelioration of these unfortunate wards of society and the nation. Now comes President Taft in a letter of approval and commendation of the efforts made by the Playgrounds' Association of America to uplift and purify the moral standard of our boys and girls in the big cities, by affording them the means to obtain sound and healthy recreation. Two of the President's remarks are more particularly pertinent, and of a character to appeal both to the parents, in any degree solicitous for their children's moral welfare, and to the children themselves, in their instructive craving for exercise and play. "In the first place idleness and confinement in a narrow space in the city, in houses and cellars and in unventilated dark rooms, is certain to suggest and bring about pernicious occupation and create bad habits. Gambling, drinking and other forms of vice are promoted in such a restricted mode of life." "In the second place, an opportunity for hard, earnest and joyous play improves the health, develops the muscles, expands the lungs and teaches the moral lessons of attention, self-restraint, courage and patient effort." No language could be more simple, and yet more logical, or more thoroughly expressive of what constitutes the chief and earliest source of crime in the byways and purlieus of our great, populous centres.

The Mayo. of Pittsburg, in which was held the Playgrounds' Association Congress, addressed the delegates and spoke to them in much the same serious and

practical strain, assuring them that their playground work was "the most interesting phase of a great government that has been the outcome of conditions created in the Nation's congested centres."



COLLEGE NOTES.

ON Friday, May 7, a large number of students were received into the several sodalities. A very instructive sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp.

ON Wednesday, May 21, a solemn high Mass of *Requiem* was offered up for the Rev. J. M. Desnier, C. S. Sp., who had died during the week previous in Philadelphia. Father Desnier was born in France and made his preliminary studies in that country. He completed his classical course in Ireland, and taught there for several years. After his ordination in Paris, he was sent by his Superiors to the Holy Ghost College in Para, Brazil. On the expulsion of the religious orders from this South-American republic, he was transferred to Martinique. When the college in St. Pierre and its inmates had been wiped out of existence by the fatal eruption of Mt. Pelee—a fate that he narrowly escaped by being absent down the bay on temporary missionary duties—he was assigned to this college as Director of Scholastics and Professor of Latin and French, posts which he filled with all the piety, devotion, zeal and scholarship, that were always marked traits of his character. His health failing, he was called to Philadelphia for treatment. During his illness, which was destined to prove fatal, he was at all times heroically patient and calmly resigned to God's holy will. He had no fear of death; in all his works he remembered his last end, and made his entire life a preparation for the supreme moment. *R. I. P.*

Who amongst the students of the last generation does not kindly remember Joseph R. Garry, our star elocutionist, sensational second-baseman and rooter of unfathomable depth of voice, sepulchral in its note and penetrating in its intensity? Early in May, he came to Pittsburg with the Clansman Co. and took a leading part in the cast. This is what one of our dailies has to say about his ability:

"By far the most clever actor in the cast is Joseph R. Garry, in the character of Silas Lynch, the lieutenant-governor of South Carolina. His delineation of the part is admirable and given with such force and character as to make his part seem the chief role. . . .

Garry is a Pittsburgher, but aside from any praise which would naturally fall to him in his home, it is but right to say that he is the peer of any member in the company when it comes to acting and general histrionic ability. The hisses accorded to him by many even in the pit shows how cleverly he brought out a rather difficult character."

Mr. Garry visited his *Alma Mater*, for which he cherishes a deep affection.

His many friends will be glad to hear of the success of Hubert E. Gaynor, of Parksburg, W. Va. A scholar of distinction and a gridiron hero of note, he has made his mark in the Georgetown Medical College. He will graduate with honor on June 11, and continue his duties as Senior Intern in the Georgetown University Hospital, having obtained first place in the competitive examinations recently held.

To the delight of the Sisters and Nurses the students gave an entertainment in the Mercy Hospital on May 21. The "cast" acquitted themselves admirably; C. J. Miller, G. M. Dugan, J. J. Hawks and J. R. Daly charmed with their recitations and impersonations.



Annual Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests.

Medals for elocution and oratory were competed for in the college hall on Friday evening, May 28, in the presence of a large number of the students' relatives and friends. The competition was keen, the selections being well rendered, and the speeches thoughtful, vigorous and elaborately worked out. The awards went to C. J. Miller, A. L. Krieger, J. R. Daly and J. P. Egan. The programme:

OVERTURE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

ELOCUTIONARY CONTESTS.

DIVISION III.—SILVER MEDAL.

LEO A. McCRORY	"An Incident of the War"
WILLIAM C. FIELDING	"The Owl Critic"
CLEMENT J. MILLER	"How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost"
CLARENCE A. BUISKER	"The Unknown Rider"

TENOR SOLO The Palms Faure
JOHN F. TOBIN

Accompanist, PROFESSOR CASPAR P. KOCH

DIVISION II.—SILVER MEDAL.

LEO J. PFOHL	"The Prisoner's Plea"
HAROLD A. RODGERS	"The Corn Song"
THEODORE W. McDERMOTT	"School Days"
AUGUST L. KRIEGER	"Curfew Must Not Ring To-night"
INSTRUMENTAL DUET	Symphony, No. 3 Dancla
	JOHN P. EGAN, CHARLES J. MCGUIRE

DIVISION I.—SILVER MEDAL.

GEORGE A. BAUMER	"College Oil Cans"
JAMES R. DALY	"The Death of Benedict Arnold"
OTTO H. STEEDLE	"Prentiss's First Plea"
I. VICTOR KENNEDY	"The Power of Eloquence"
ANVIL CHORUS from "Il Trovatore"	Verdi
Seniors; Accompanist, PROFESSOR CASPAR P. KOCH	

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

JOHN A. McGLADE	"Chivalry"
MICHAEL A. SHEA	"Our Country's Heroes"
EDWARD J. MISKLOW	"The Saviour of Our Country"
JOHN P. EGAN	"Our Country's Permanency"
JOSEPH J. CREIGHTON	"The Spirit of Memorial Day"
MEMORIAL OVERTURE	Rosey
	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Decisions of the Honorable Judges

JOHN MARRON, Esq.

REV. THOS. F. COAKLEY, D. D. JOHN E. KANE, Pres't. A. A.

FINALE . . . Jubilee March . . . C. B. Weis

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

**Our Annual Entertainment.**

The students gave their annual entertainment in presence of a full house in the Gayety Theatre on the evening of June 2. The attraction consisted of a three-act comedy, entitled "Facing the Music," and a series of gymnastic drills interspersed with instrumental and vocal selections. The entertainment throughout was most enjoyable, and reflected the utmost credit on the teachers, as the participants all showed careful training and acted their parts "as to the manner born." The comedy—one of the most humorous and, at the same time, most difficult that the boys have ever attempted—is full of mirth-provoking situations, and demands lightning exits and entrances; all contribute to the amusement of the audience and the bewilderment of the chief character, who is obliged to "face the music" from start to finish, and finds at every stage the complications thickening around him, as he loses the confidence of his wife, and falls under the suspicions of his friends and even of the detective whom he has called in to disengage him from the entanglements in which he has, in the first instance, unwittingly involved himself. This part, the leading one, was admirably portrayed by Mr. Frank Hipp. From the moment of his entrance after a midnight adventure in Leicester Square until, towards the conclusion of the third act, he found himself sinking deeper and deeper into difficulties, and the more he struggled to extricate himself the greater they grew, he controlled his audience at will, often convulsing them with laughter.

John F. Corcoran, James R. Daly and Eugene J. Ley impersonated the ladies. They were beautifully and appropriately gowned in Princess dresses, with hats, gloves and jackets to suit. John Corcoran made an exceedingly pretty Mabel. As the anxious wife, the pretended housekeeper and the imagined mistress of John Smith's apartments, he acted his part with a grace, an ease, and an interpretation of his lines, that might be expected only from a lady that had trodden the stage for years.

Eugene Ley proved to be a stunning Miss Fotheringay. Make-up, movements, voice and gesture were all adapted to the sprightly role entrusted to him.

James Daly was especially effective when he appeared as Nora arraying herself before a mirror in Mabel's hat and boa, which her husband pretended he had purchased for her as little surprises; and, again, in the third act, when she upbraided her prevaricating husband for passing off his uncle Duncan as the gas inspector, Mabel as his wife, herself as the dressmaker, and Nora's umbrella, hat and boa, as testimonies of his thoughtful affection.

Clarence Sanderbeck was faultlessly dressed up as a respectable, elderly housekeeper. He appeared at his best during the call of the minister in the first act when he showed a keen sense of humor in intentionally misinterpreting the reverend gentleman's references to Mrs. Ponting's fate and, in declaring, when he expressed his condemnation of betting on races, that "she liked a little flutter now and then, and a little flutter she must have."

Grattan M. Dugan faithfully impersonated the easy-going, laughter-loving, imperturbable Dick Desmond, ready with suggestions and devoted to his friend "Smiff," to whom he served as an invaluable foil, bringing out the salient points of that gentleman's character.

James J. Hawks made an exemplary minister. By

his solemn denunciations of the evils of the turf and the iniquity of profane language, and by the expression of his fears of the violence that drink occasions, he justified the detective's title of "Saintly Sam."

Michael A. Shea, as Sergeant Duffell, the astute detective—"not one of them narrow chaps, but one who finds out things"—added much to the humor of the scenes. Imagining that he was on the track of one of the cleverest gangs in Europe, and expecting to take them all with one cast of the net, he believed that he was on the road to promotion; but, alas, for human wisdom! he found out in the end that "the best laid plans of mice and men full often gang aglee."

Charles K. Kaylor, the jolly, but punctilious, Colonel Smith, entered thoroughly into the spirit of his character. Whether pronouncing his nephew's indisposition a punishment for his being a teetotaler, or contributing to the aid of spinsters as deserving of help for remaining single, or mystified by Smith's apparent inability to determine which lady was his wife, he put himself in sympathy with the audience and won their repeated applause.

Several sets of gymnastic drills followed the play. It is more than probable that a Pittsburgh audience was never before favored with so striking and beautiful a scene as was presented to their view when eighty-three students, in contrasting costumes, evolved a series of complicated exercises, kaleidoscopic in their changes, graceful in their arrangement, and modulated to the strains of martial music proceeding from the orchestra. The well-timed and admirable execution of arm, leg and body movements, appealed to the eye with a charm that was quite fascinating. Judged from the performance, Professor Koch works wonders with his physical culture classes.

Vocal selections by R. V. Conway, J. F. Corcoran and C. A. Sanderbeck, and instrumental solos by R. Griffith, H. J. Wilhelm and C. J. Staud, were cordially applauded.

Professor C. B. Weis ably conducted the college orchestra of fifteen pieces.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY.

Act I.

SCENE—Breakfast room in John Smith's flat at Kensington. Time—Morning. After a midnight adventure, Smith comes home to find a strange lady occupying his wife's apartments. He suspects that blackmail is her purpose. His wife returns from a visit to Dover.

Act II.

SCENE—As in Act I. Time—Thirty minutes later on the same morning. To prevent the ladies from meeting, Smith has recourse to various expedients, and calls in a detective to remove the intruder. The detective insists upon her staying, imagining that he is on the track of a clever set of swindlers; he lays his plans to entrap them all, and thus secure a long-delayed promotion.

Act III.

SCENE—As in Acts I and II. Time—Thirty minutes later. Smith falls under the suspicion of the astute detective. His wife's confidence is undermined by his series of prevarications. When Smith's domestic fortunes seem at their lowest ebb, Desmond brings the welcome news that the real conspirators have been arrested. Duffell finds that he has been on a wrong scent, and the discovery is made that all the trouble hinged on an identity of names and a mistaken flat.

Clippings from the Papers of Thursday, June 3.

“The Dispatch.”

Pittsburg College students, as disciples of Thespis, pleased a large and fashionable audience at the Gayety Theatre last night. The attraction consisted of a three-act comedy, “Facing the Music,” and offered the young

men an opportunity of displaying excellent talent and also of literally "facing the music." Frank Hipps, as the "other Smith," while endeavoring to extricate himself from the numerous complications arising from a confusion of names and ladies, convulsed the audience with his serio-comic rendition. John Corcoran as "Mabel;" James Daly as "Nora;" Eugene Ley as "Miss Fotheringay," and Clarence Sanderbeck as "Mrs. Ponting," were all tastefully gowned and deported themselves quite naturally, despite their previous inexperience with skirts, feather boas and things. James Hawks, Grattan Dugan, Michael Shea and Charles Kaylor added zest with their clever acting. The comedy was followed by a series of gymnastic drills marked by smoothness and regularity of execution. The college orchestra rendered an excellent program of music, while the vocal numbers were well received. J. Corcoran and C. Sanderbeck sang "Greetings" in perfect harmony. Ray Conway won applause with his "Gypsy Jan."

"Gazette Times."

Their acting was of a high order for amateurs, showing careful training and a whole lot of ability. The audience, and it was a large one, was delightfully entertained from start to finish. There were several "young women" in the cast. The quotations are used because the parts were taken by young men, and in a very clever manner, too. There also were pleasing musical features by a number of students. In every way the evening's entertainment was a delightful one.

"Chronicle Telegraph."

The students of the Pittsburgh College of the Holy Ghost displayed much dramatic ability last night in the presentation of a three-act farce, "Facing the Music," at the Gayety Theatre. Their acting was of a high order and showed careful training and study of the various parts. The theatre was crowded. There are several female parts in the play, which were portrayed by young

men in a clever manner. Pleasing musical features were presented by a number of the students. "Facing the Music" involves a domestic mixup, and there are many laughable situations. The play was put on with a dash that would do credit to actors of more experience.

"The Sun."

The show was the best and most successful that has yet been put on by the College, and it was enthusiastically received by the audience. The College Orchestra furnished the music for the entertainment. Several vocal and instrumental solos were well rendered.

"The Press."

The comedy was entitled "Facing the Music," and was well presented throughout. There were three female characters which figured extensively in the plot, all assumed by boys and dressed exquisitely. John Corcoran as "Mabel;" James Daly as "Nora," and Eugene Ley as the "actress," were very effective.



EXCHANGES.

"Exactly" in the columns of an Exchnnge is an instance of plagiarism of the grossest kind. We certainly commend the author's (?) good taste in pilfering such a heart-stirring plot and its development for the material of his story, but, as to the rest, we would rather remain silent, were it not that such an indulgence might be an incentive for the writer to continue his literary activities along these lines. To avoid obvious detection, the writer finds fault with the title, "Quite So," of a masterpiece written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in years gone by, and changes it to "Exactly." With the exception of an occasional grammatical difference, typographical changes, and an abridgment of incidents, the stories are identical, in most places, even as to the

punctuation. "Exactly," as in the original, is narrated in the first person; John Bladburn assumed the *nom de plume*, George Harvey; in the copy, that Latin Grammar, which forms the nucleus of the denouement is relegated for the more enticing and puerile "Tales from Wonderland." There is only one minor incident in the version which differs from the original. In Mr. Aldrich's plot "the little woman who was true to me and didn't love me," accounts for the eccentric actions of "Quite So," while in the story in question the mishap of "that mother who alone believes in me" unbalanced "Exactly's" mind. We had intended to reproduce both the original and the copy to prove that our statements are correct to the letter, but, alas, the printer's frown forbids us to do so. Hence we must conform ourselves to exigencies by merely reprinting one or two passages.

(*Quite So*) Of course that was not his name. Even in the state of Maine, where it is still a custom to maim a child for life by christening him Shadrach or Ephraim, nobody would dream of calling a boy "Quite So." It was merely a nickname which we gave him in camp; but it stuck to him with such burr-like tenacity, and is so inseparable from my memory of him, that I do not think I could write definitely of John Bladburn, if I were to call him anything but "Quite So."

(*Exactly*) Of course, that wasn't his name; not even in the New England towns, where they handicap a man from the cradle with some such name as Tobias or Ephraim, would anybody ever dream of calling a boy "Exactly." It was a nickname we had given him at camp, and it clung to him so tenaciously that I don't believe I could relate the story of George Harvey, as it should be related, if I called him by any other name than "Exactly."

(*Quite So*) The night before we struck tents, I climbed up to the crest to take a parting look at a spectacle which custom had not been able to rob of

its enchantment. There, at my feet, and extending miles and miles away, lay the camps of the Grand Army, with its campfires reflected luridly against the sky.

(*Exactly*) The night before we struck tents about an hour before taps, I was sitting on the crest of a small hill that overlooked the camp, to take a parting look at the spectacle, which custom had not been able to rob of its enchantment. There, at my feet, lay the camp, extending for miles around, with its fires glimmering among the trees, and its tents dimly outlined in the faint light.

(*Quite So*) "And now," said Bladburn, rising suddenly from the tree trunk, "if the little book ever falls in your way, won't you see that it comes to no harm, for my sake, and for the sake of the little woman who was true to me and didn't love me? Wherever she is to-night, God bless her!"

(*Exactly*) "And now," he said, rising suddenly from beside me, "if that little book ever falls in your way, won't you see that it comes to no harm, for my sake, and for the sake of that mother who alone believed in me? God bless her!"

And so on, *usque ad nauseam*.

"Tracy's Failure," in the *Dial*, prompted us to make these remarks. Within the compass of a few pages the author manifests his ability for story-writing. The naturalness with which he brings into play the theoretical and the practical sides of life, together with the tender thread of feeling running throughout the story constitute, its excellence. "The Song of the Buccaneer," the leading poem in the April number, has a true lyrical swing.

The editors of the *Agnetian Monthly* confine their attention chiefly to local events. The articles are worth reading for their appropriate phraseology, although inaccuracies sometimes come to the surface, probably due to some eccentric printer. An appreciation of "Alexander Hamilton" contains some valuable bits of information, embellished with elaborate language.

The author of "Passim" in the *St. Ignatius Collegian*

has the happy faculty of enunciating facts teeming with sound common sense in humorous and unpretentious verses. It often happens that a reader will not be impressed with an argument presented in cold, didactic diction, though based on sound, logical reasoning, but readily stores it up in the chambers of memory as a treasure when expressed in a humorous tone. The author of "The Test of College Spirit" evidently had in mind the *utile* and the *honestum* of Cicero while writing this pithy editorial.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



A T H L E T I C S.

'Varsity Base-Ball Team.

The base-ball season is drawing to a close. As in previous years we have to record a brilliant series of victories over college teams, broken only by one defeat.

In the game with Grove City, McGuigan and Hartmus carried off the batting honors; Williams, Kunkle, Martin and McGuigan distinguished themselves in the field.

Pittsburg College.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	x-3
Grove City College.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-1

Battery—Martin and Kunkle.

Oberlin College sent a fast team from the region of Cleveland to try conclusions for the first time with a Pittsburg nine. They expected to win, as they had previously defeated with ease all opponents, but they went back to Oberlin sadder if not wiser men. Williams, Creighton and S. Martin wielded the willow most effectively.

Pittsburg College.....	5	0	0	2	0	3	1	0	x-11
Oberlin College.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1-2

Battery—Slevin and Kunkle.

Amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm the College boys triumphed over the University of Pittsburg in a twelve inning game. The victory was largely due to the control of Martin, the head-work of Bolger, the batting of

Williams, and the fielding of Williams and S. Martin.
 Pittsburg College..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2-3
 Pittsburg University..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1

Battery—Martin and Kunkle.

The Dayton Normals fell easy victims to the onslaught of our batters, supported by the clean fielding of N. Martin, Bolger, Williams and Kunkle.

Pittsburg College..... 0 0 5 1 0 0 1 0 x-7
 Dayton Normal..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Battery—Kress and Kunkle.

To increase the fund started for the relief of the families which had lost their bread-winners in the Woods Run disaster, a team of Pittsburg professionals with Sitton, of the Pittsburg National League team, and Quinn, of Braddock, as battery, played our boys reinforced by Pitcher Adams and Catcher Simon, of the Pirates, in Exposition Park on May 22. One run was all the Professionals could make, to our eleven. John M. Morin, Director of Public Safety, and Edward Swartwood, Chief Deputy Sheriff, officiated as umpires.

Pittsburg Professionals..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1
 Pittsburg College..... 0 0 3 1 1 1 2 1 2-11

Battery—Adams and Simon.

Through wildness on the part of the pitcher and errors by the fielders, Muskingum College scored a victory over our boys in their first inning on May 25.

Pittsburg College..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0-4
 Muskingum College..... 7 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 8

Battery—Kress and Kunkle.

In the return game with Pittsburg University in Exposition Park, the gold and blue colors were again lowered to the red and blue. The victory was due in the main to the stellar performances of McGuigan, S. Martin and Kunkle.

Pittsburg College..... 0 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 1-5
 Pittsburg University..... 0 0 1 1 0 0 2 0 0-4

Battery—Martin and Kunkle.

The Reserves.

Instead of the Greensburg High School team, to which a challenge had been sent, the Triton Club, representing the City League of that suburban town, an unknown quantity, put in its appearance, and, being altogether out of our class, played havoc with our Reserves. Inning after inning was played, during which the visitors ran up the very respectable total of 10 runs, whilst our boys failed to score a single tally. It is disappointing to be beaten; it is discouraging to be white-washed, but we congratulate ourselves on being able to hold such formidable opponents down to so low a score, all the circumstances being taken into consideration. This game was played on January 6.

The next game on the schedule was that with the Union High School of Turtle Creek. The result was of a character to brace up our players for the rest of the season. In a clean game, the Reserves came out ahead, the score standing 6 to 4 in their favor.

The Mayflower A. C. was relegated to a place amongst the defunct. Their storm-tossed and leaky barque was never in the running with our speedy craft, the Reserve. Within the time-limit, it covered 15 knots, whilst the Puritan boat could make only two.

One week later, our heroes had a pitched battle with the Sharpsburg Indians. Modern methods and modern death-dealing machines triumphed over Indian craft and Indian tomahawks. When the smoke of the fray had cleared away, and the last Indian scream had rent the air, the Reserves were masters of the field (3 to 2).

Of the team, the following members have played most brilliantly and consistently: Fedigan, Tritsch, Rodgers, Curran, Hayes and D. Creamer.

The Academics.

Since the previous issue of the BULLETIN, the Academics have a record of two defeats and three victories.

On May 20, they enjoyed a pleasant trip up the Monongahela and were most hospitably treated by the people of Clairton; not to be outdone in generosity, they courteously lost to the home team by a score of 2 to 10, six of the runs being gifts of the fielders.

They lost to the Irving A. C., 2 to 7. Weaknesses were manifested in several spots in the college make-up, and changes were decided upon. How judicious these were was manifested on the occasion of the next game.

In their tilt with the Palm A. C., the Academics made a garrison finish; at the beginning of the second half of the ninth inning, they were three runs to the bad, the score standing 8 to 6 against them. By a magnificent rally, they plucked victory from the jaws of defeat, and won out by one run.

The Amber A. C. was downed in a close and exciting game. Fedigan scored the first run by achieving a feat hitherto unaccomplished—he swung his mighty bat and sent the ball in a graceful curve far over the centre-field fence, and came cantering in round the bases amidst enthusiastic cheers. The Ambers tied in the third, but the tie was soon broken; the Academics secured the lead in the sixth, and held it tenaciously until the end, winning by a score of 2 to 1.

Not to cast a gloom of absolute darkness over the South Side Grays on Memorial Day, the Academics allowed them just one run, putting to their own credit a total of eleven, on fifteen safe hits. Ledwidge did the twirling for the winners, and did it nobly.

The team that played this last game was made up of the following players: King, s.; McManus, r.; George, 2nd; F. Snyder, 1st; Gallagher, c.; Baumer, 3rd; Heinrich, 3rd; Gianelli, l., and Ledwidge, p. They have many reliable substitutes to fall back upon.

The Minims.

Just to prove that they are human, and not too selfish to send away at least one team rejoicing, the

Minims lost one game, and that to the Dunlap All Stars, a pretty little aggregation of players, well selected, well placed and well managed. The score was 6 to 1. In all the other games they played, they were victorious. They defeated the O'Donnells, 6-4; the Melwood A. C., 4-3; the Reilly A. C., 6-5; the Crubro Juniors, 7-2; the Yale Juniors, 5-2. In the game with the Crubro Juniors, McHattie distinguished himself by making a home run. The Minims played an errorless game against the Yale Juniors, and Emmerling made what seemed an impossible catch of a foul fly far over from third base.

Well done, Minims!

Cauchois "Private Estate" Coffee

is the Standard "Guests Coffee"
everywhere.

F. A. CAUCHOIS & CO.

THE "FULTON MILLS"—Established 1851

NEW YORK

Fulton, Front and
Water

PITTSBURG

1104 Century Bldg

CHICAGO

43-50 Water

We furnish Coffee Urn Bags free to our customers

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XV.

Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1909.

No. 10.

Fare You Well, Loved Alma Mater!

Hark! the blasts of blaring trumpets shrilly bid us to depart

From the halls of *Alma Mater*, and our comrades tried and true;

But with lingering, tardy footsteps and with quivering, throbbing heart,

Now we enter life's grim turmoil and the wide arena view:
For the past bedecked with splendors brighter than the Iris glow

Or the rose's flushing color, memory spreads before our eyes;

And past sorrows, few in number, have been banished as a foe—

They are buried in our heart's depths, and are doomed no more to rise.

Ere we part we crave your blessing, rest upon our brow
your hand,

Bless this shield, this keen-edged falchion which you tempered with much care.

In your prayers, dear *Alma Mater*, think of us, a sturdy band,

Who must labor in a country rife with every hidden snare,

Where wealth marks a nation's greatness, adds a halo to its name,

Where the problems of true science are but deemed a madman's dream,

Where the rich man's lavish bounty glosses heinous wrongs and shame,
Undermines the Rock of Ages and bedims each virtue's gleam.

Fare you well, loved *Alma Mater*, to our grateful hearts most dear !

May those happy, cherished moments we enjoyed these fleeing years

In your halls be an incentive in our toils to persevere, To uphold all that you stand for, to allay heart-rending fears !

When our brows are seamed with wrinkles, when our locks are sparse and grey,

When our breasts are chequered over with the scars of many a fight,

Our good shield and trusty falchion, may we, each and all, display,

With ignoble dint unsullied, but with deeds sublime made bright !

C. A. MAYER, '09.



Baccalaureate Address.

REV. P. A. McDERMOTT, C. S. Sp.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—ST. JOHN, XIV. 6.

My dear Boys and Graduates:

This evening, with more solemn surroundings and in the presence of a larger audience, you, especially the graduates of 1909, will have abundant occasion to hear more lengthy discourses and no doubt more eloquent ones than what I may be permitted to indulge in during this morning's exercises. But no matter from what source may come the parting words of to-night, no matter how solemn their accompaniment, no matter how deep and important their lessons, I make bold to say that none of them will come from a more sincere, more earnest

source than from the one who now, deputed by his fellow professors, has come thus to speak to you the last words to be heard within these walls by all of you this session, and by some of you forever.

Now, my time is strictly limited and yet, were it not so, I could not have the heart to detain you for any length, because I know how you feel on this last morning of the year—like the athlete of speedy foot and exultant hope that, coming into the last lap of the home-stretch, sees the goal in front of his straining eyes. I know too that your task is done, and that nothing of what I could say would add substantially to the lessons taught, to the precepts laid down, to the knowledge communicated, by the splendid staff and faculty of which any teacher might with pride desire to be a member. But neither the faculty nor I myself could willingly allow this last occasion to pass by without profiting of it, to drive home, once more, in summarized form, the lessons inculcated during the year now passed.

There was one ambition which this faculty, as a body and as individuals, entertained and cherished, an ambition that has been a tradition with us from our very infancy, an ambition which, if I may be permitted to say so, has been with our respected president a genuine passion, namely, to take hold of the boys confided to us, and, moulding them into the scholar, the gentleman and the Christian, to make them fit to take their proper part in life. This is the aim and the goal of all education. And when I speak of education, I do not mean that soulless thing, that bloodless skeleton, that mockery of the word, which now-a-days is made to consist in cramming the youthful mind with a multitude of names and dates and rules and theorems; but I mean the education which consists in bringing forth into full play and into full vigor every part and faculty of the whole man, from the perfect body to the enlightened mind, to the wholesome, uncorrupted heart, and the sound, well-balanced will.

Now, in view of such a purpose, so fearfully important, as preparing you for the great battle of life, we have unfolded to your eyes during those years of study the history of every nation on the earth, ancient and modern; we have unlocked the mysteries of every system; we have introduced you to every science; we have analyzed every philosophy; we have trained your mind to every good method, so that you may be perfectly equipped with knowledge, with ideals and with principles. We want you to have the biggest, largest possible stock of intellectual currency. We want you also to walk forth with open eyes upon the road that lies before you; we want you to know the truth upon every possible problem; we want you, in a word, to lead a happy life, a successful life and a useful life—useful for yourselves and for society, useful for time and for eternity.

To know these things, to attain these ends, has been the aim of philosophers from Confucius and Zoroaster of old, or from Plato and Aristotle, down to the latest period of modern times. They searched and meditated and reasoned; they disputed and argued and wrangled through every form and process of induction and syllogism, of dialectics and sophistry; they tested every method and every hypothesis; and when you and your professors, almost to the point of weariness, had reviewed that long and complicated line of teachers, you found that none of them could show you the way, none of them could give you the truth, none of them could solve successfully for you the problem of life. None but one, none but the One Who alone could say—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

But when you found His Principles and His Maxims and His Doctrines, then all else in philosophy became stale, or, rather, all became easy to understand, easy to solve, and easy to accomplish.

Where the others groped, He stands forth in the open light, *Ego sum Via*; where the others wavered and changed and floundered, He speaks steadily as the

unquestioned Authority, *tanquam potestatem habens*, as the unchanging Truth, *Ego sum Veritas*; and where the others made life's end and life's aim consist of expediency, like Socrates; of aesthetics, like Plato; of reasonable happiness, like Aristotle; of apathy, like the Stoics; of the vague resolve to do what is right, like Descartes; of self-interest, like Locke; of the balancing of social and selfish interests, like Shaftesbury; of sentiment, like Hume; of the grandeur of the moral law, like Kant; He, Christ, the Eternal Truth, was able to say, "I (also) am the Life," because He is the Eternal Good. His Principles, therefore, must be ours, if we wish to succeed. Our Ideals, that is, the standards (abstract and concrete) of what is right and true and good, must be found only in Him. Those must be our views. They are not the world's views, and the time may come when both views will be in conflict. But you must not waver in your views, in your principles, if you wish to succeed.

And to come down to the simple but sublime language of the Catechism, which even Napoleon considered as holding more genuine philosophy and wisdom than all the books of Plato, let me repeat: Be faithful to your prayers, go to Mass regularly, frequent the sacraments, never allow your soul to fester and wither beneath the blighting influence of sin. You can have no blessing, no luck, no success, no peace, no liberty, as long as you are in sin: *Qui non colligit mecum, spargit*. But, being free with the freedom with which Christ hath made you free, being firm in the consciousness that you have the solid rock of eternal truth to stand upon, being fearless of human opposition and of public opinion, in the possession of those great principles that need no logic in their defence, go forth into the city's life, into your country's life, or into the Church's life, and take no second place to anyone; be leaders, not with pride, but with the feeling that leaders are needed, leaders that are bound to succeed on one condition: *Quaerite primum regnum*

Dei et justitiam ejus, et haec omnia adjicientur vobis—“Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.”



The Resurrection of a Nation.

JOHN T. McMAHON, '09.

In the history of Christian nations, as in the lives of Christian individuals, there are times when the guiding and sustaining hand of Divine Providence seems to have been withdrawn when mortal disease or decay or persecution has fallen upon them and brought them to the verge of decadence or actual dissolution, while, in reality, Providence was preparing for them in a way unsuspected of men, the remedy, the instrument, of their salvation and resurrection.

Such has been repeatedly the case with a nation to which we are much indebted; a nation that has been our friend, our confidant, and ally, at every critical period of our history since the days of our infancy and of our early struggles for liberty; a nation that was the first to send us money and ships and the bravest of her sons to fight our battles on land and on sea; a nation that sent us our first explorers, our first missionaries and our first bishops; a nation that was the first to recognize our existence as a great and separate government. Such has been the case, I say, with France, the one nation of modern times that has been historically and popularly called the Christian nation of Europe. Time and again her death-knell as a people, as a civilized government, as an independent nation, has been sounded in spite of the prophecies and the popular belief that she was predestined as a civilizing and christianizing power. Her vocation was to be an apostle of peoples, a beacon light among nations, and such, indeed, she has proved to be in latter times to all the extremities of the globe.

Many a time, indeed, she was sick unto death, and on the verge of decay. At times she has, in the hands of anarchy and revolution, been practically dead, as a civilized nation; at other times she has gone to the very extremes of folly, and yet, as Samson releasing himself from his bonds, she has invariably arisen from her stupor, her lethargy, her bondage, to the astonishment of Europe, to the astonishment of civilization, to the astonishment of her enemies. Even in that stormiest and most tumultuous period of her history, the great Revolution wrought by the iniquity of her kings, the impiety of her scholars, and the infidelity of her people, the great master mind that arose to stay her downward course, despot as he was, and statesman as he was with human views and motives, found the remedy for her evils and the solution of her problems in the rehabilitation of her old religion.

Since then France has been crushed in her pride by enemies from without and weakened by her own sons, her worst enemies, from within. Only yesterday men thought and prophesied that she was descending into the lowest depths of Atheism and Rationalism. When behold, almost suddenly, the nation has been awakened to a sense of her ancient glories, and of her Providential mission by the simple but significant act of an aged Pontiff, seated on the throne of Peter, who, listening to the voices and protests of centuries past, has glorified the name and person of that nation's humblest daughter of the Middle Ages. In that one act of his by which he raised upon our altars, as the worthy object of our veneration; by which he placed in the catalogue of the Church's Saints the peasant warrior-maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, he has settled forever the controversies and doubts of centuries; he has declared to the entire world that Joan of Arc, when she came forward five hundred years ago as the saviour of France, came forth in that capacity only by the direct message and intervention of God.

Her mission, therefore, to raise the siege of the beleaguered city, to proclaim and crown the rightful king at Rheims, to bring back every conquered province, town, and castle, was thus a divine one and a miraculous one, no matter how astonishing it may appear to us that God and His Saints should thus look down, with love and compassion, upon that unfortunate country, in the hour of its need, in the darkest hour of its apparent dissolution, as if with the resolve that the nation of the Franks should not perish from the earth.

But alas for human designs and human plans! When her mission was accomplished, and she was retiring to the solitude and peace of her humble home, she was destined for further trial; Providence had reserved her, through martyrdom, for greater things in later ages. Abandoned by those whom she had saved, she was sold to her enemies, who burned her at the stake as a witch, thus casting discredit upon the mission she professed to have accomplished. But out of that apparent and final ruin of her career, God has wrought out wonderfully His divine plans and purposes. In that olden day as well as in ours, there were intelligent men who refused to give her the glory of her miraculous achievements, and who denied to God the right to interfere in national destinies. They forgot that God is deeply interested in every single movement and in every event in the history of nations, as He is in those of individuals. He has repeated in modern days the miracle of Judith. And even when Joan of Arc, the modern Judith, declared her mission, prophesied its accomplishment, and achieved her prophecy, adding the sanction of martyrdom to confirm her divine message, men doubted and denied, men called her an impostor and a wretched dupe.

But when she was burned at the stake, protesting the innocence of her life and the divinity of her mission, her dying cry for justice upon her memory was taken up by her own mother in the flesh, who appealed to God's living representative on earth, and cried aloud within the

walls of Notre Dame de Paris, for the rehabilitation of the memory of martyred Joan! God heard that cry and it reechoed all the way to Rome, and although four centuries have intervened, and although the charge and the calumnies and the falsehoods have been perpetuated and multiplied, justice has at length been satisfied, the memory of the Maiden has been rectified, and the justice, wisdom and intervention of a loving Providence has been vindicated.

To her sons that realize her condition, and to us who have reason to feel interested in her welfare, the France of to-day may well give cause for discouragement and sympathy. But let us be consoled. With the same lips with which Pius X proclaimed Joan of Arc Blessed, and thus declared the truth of all that she claimed on the part of God—with those same lips and on the same occasion, the holy pontiff kissed the flag of France, the flag not merely of the olden and heroic days, of kingly days, but the flag of Republic France, the France of to-day, and, with tears in his eyes, spoke these significant words: “And in this I am confirmed by the protection of the martyrs who gave their blood for the faith and by the intercession of Joan of Arc, who, as she lives in the hearts of the French people, continues also to repeat in Heaven the prayer: ‘Great God, save France.’” Would it be necessary even to quote his prophetic words in order to bring reassurance to the hearts of those who are interested in the resurrection of France? Is there not in this great and solemn act of his an evident pledge for the future—an evident assurance that God, once more, through the influence of the Blessed Maiden and the diffusion of her spirit, will intervene to bring about the resurrection of France?

And even to us, and to every people on the earth, her name will appeal as a source of inspiration, as a stimulus to the purest patriotism. She has universally appealed to the hearts of mankind as the noblest, most heroic and the most spiritual-minded woman of her age;

she has been loved for her patriotism, admired for her genius, and now, after a period of almost five hundred years, she is invoked and honored as one of God's Holy Saints.

"O martyred child of God, O blessed maid,
O soul e'en whiter than the Alpine snow,
Behold thy crowning glory here below.
Lo ! speaking by the Holy Spirit swayed,
The Church proclaims thee holy, and thy name
In prayer familiar round the world shall course,
And yet may wield for France a saving force,
As wielded once thy sword of peerless fame.
While flush and fade all years, earth shall not fail
To chant : 'Hail, Blessed Joan of Arc ! All hail !'"



What the World Owes to Pius X.

THOMAS J. DUNN, '09.

When we look abroad over the face of the world, and contemplate the forces that, in their varied spheres and multiplied forms, are working out and shaping the destinies of mankind, we cannot but arrest our eyes upon the figure of a man to whom look up for guidance and for counsel and for precept, a large proportion of the inhabitants of this earth. Strange situation of this aged man, who, from a peasant child has, step by step, ascended, through the force of character and the secret agency of a something divine which the world can not understand, to the summit and supreme command of the greatest organization, of the greatest, most compact, most determined body of men upon this earth. There is no part of the known world that is outside the sphere of his influence; no country, no people, no government that does not feel the effects of his activity. Were he seated upon a temporal throne with a navy and an army at his beck, we might not wonder at this influence. It is not of the kind that armies or navies wield, and it is not

of the kind that reposes on earthly power. Nor do we find its expression or its proof in the fact that rulers of states, whether they be empires or republics, hesitate not to bow before his dignity, to visit him in his prison, and to acknowledge in him a sovereignty which is none the less real because it is invisible.

This aged man is none other than the Roman pontiff seated upon the throne of Peter, in whom we, Christians, can not fail to recognize at least that spiritual power which was given to him from on high for the welfare of the world. He is the 266th successor of the one to whom in person God handed that wondrous power, and in all his predecessors for centuries past, the world has acknowledged the same unchanging source of influence and authority. But while all have equally exercised that spiritual power, not all have been alike in their personal characteristics, but have left upon their century or their generation the varied impress of their personal genius. In this latter respect, we of later generations have been more especially favored. And if we may to-day have the courage to stand up before any audience to tell them of the debt which the world owes to any single pope of the last century, it is because none but the most narrow-minded historian or the most bigoted observer can fail to acknowledge the great, the numerous, and the illustrious achievements with which, even at a human point of view, he must be credited. And if to-night I am compelled to narrow down the sphere of eulogy and draw attention to the record of what our Classics call a single *lustrum*, it is not because other popes, the predecessors of Pius X., have not accomplished as many noble deeds and endowed the world with as many generous benefactions, but because the achievements of to-day are still before our eyes and their echo still rings in every ear.

In olden days, when civilization was in its infancy and Europe was slowly emerging from the thrall of barbarism, it was from Rome that sprang and issued the

foundation of our schools and universities. The Roman pontiffs were the parents of learning and the patrons of Science and of Art. And so, no wonder we find our present pope the magnificent benefactor, to the threshold of whose palace the learned of every land are welcomed. We find him creating and endowing, out of his personal resources, that magnificent observatory which is destined to be for the world one of our most progressive and authoritative sources of astronomical experiment and knowledge.

He has opened liberally and cordially to the artists of the universe those Vatican galleries in which have been collected the master-pieces of every genius and of every century, so that from this fountain head, where genius lived and wrought and flourished, the inspiration to ever higher ideals may spread to every land.

What shall I say of him in his efforts, successful ones indeed, to encourage the highest type of architecture—efforts which, begun at Venice, are now finding their climax at Rome?

To enumerate the works he has originated and fostered in behalf of Literature, sacred and profane, would be to state with details for which one single night would not be sufficient, the various and complicated and astonishingly erudite institutions that he has been able in those few years to create in the domain of biblical learning and criticism. His ambition would seem to extend, not over any single department, but over the universal range of Sacred Literature, that has been the theme and battlefield of scholars since the days of Jerome and Augustine. In this alone we can see his admirable and paternal solicitude for the attainment and maintenance of truth, as well as we have seen, and all have acknowledged, that same determination in the giant strokes with which he has crushed the hydra-headed spirit of error personified in Modernism.

What pope in modern times has done more for the purification and re-establishment of genuine Music, which

he has made once more the handmaid of Religion? Or who amongst his learned predecessors has had the courage to conceive and to achieve such a mighty task as the codification, in a simple, practical and accessible form, of that wonderful system of canon laws and statutes, which have come down to us through centuries, from successive generations of popes and doctors and jurists, for the direction, not only ecclesiastical but moral and civil, of the men of every period and of every race? In this alone the jurisprudence of every nation, borrowing its laws, century after century, from the decretals of the Roman pontiffs, owes to him a debt, the greatness of which only posterity can realize.

But what are all these things, great as they are and momentous as they are, either in present magnitude or in future result, to the eyes of him who feels that he is the father of the Christian world, and who, in that capacity, feels his heart throb in response to every cry of pain or affliction that arises from the extremes of the universal world! It matters not whether it be a famine or an earthquake; it matters not whether it be from Italy itself or from Ireland, from France, or from San Francisco, that comes the cry for relief. It finds a ready and generous response from that aged man—a response that from him alone, dependent as he is upon the alms of his children, outweighs a hundredfold the contributions of any single monarch.

Thus the world is to-day his debtor, and, it must be said, a willing and a grateful one, for it has come to realize the heartfelt charity and the lofty disinterestedness of its holy, high-minded and generous benefactor, whose name will go down to future generations as Pius the great, the holy and the magnanimous.



MAKING A PEOPLE.

RAYMOND V. CONWAY, '09.

Our forefathers have given to us a nation, whose rights and independence they established, but whose permanency and destiny depend upon our efforts to weld from the representative mass of every nationality one harmonious race to be true to American principles and ideals. To overcome the present animosity of the different racial groups, to harmonize our ideas, to learn to live in common with all—this is the problem which our country now faces, unique in the history of the world; this is the test of true Americanism, the refining process of our stability, our greatness, and success.

Within our territory, which is washed by oceans and bounded by zones, are found the peoples of every race, of every country, and of every creed. They have come with a foreign language, with customs and traditions alien to America, to find a home free from persecution and tyranny. Here is the asylum for the persecuted, the home for the wanderer and the exile, the promised land of the human race. America has received all into her bosom, and as she makes her own one band of immigrants after another, she takes with them their traditions and ideals, their memories and their hopes, to blend into an intellectual heritage for her children.

The principle of Nationality demands the association of the people. Nationality demands the amalgamation of our races into a new people whose bond of unity is more than freedom or politics. But here we are confronted by a diverse population, people unrelated, people in the land, but not of the land. Will they ever become so? Will the racial groups throughout this great Republic unite and form ultimately a more or less distinct, American type? The slow but inevitable change is already taking place, and is adding a new crisis to our country's struggle, to live and stand as one Nation, one Republic, one People!

The Old World has revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the rise and fall of nations, the formation of new races, the slow but effective process of their assimilation. What required centuries in the past, is being accomplished in the New World in a comparatively short time. Look at the material on which we have to draw! We have here, not only the factors and conditions for the making of a new people, but the influences to make a good and great people.

We have indeed a notable advantage compared with other countries of the past. A single language has become dominant with us since the founding of the Thirteen Colonies. A common language is essential to the unity of our races, because it is the organ of common thought and action. Upon this instrument depend largely our efforts to quicken, to improve, and to perfect the movement of race assimilation.

Many factors tend to unify the varied elements of our rural groups, and primary among these is Education. There is such a thing as a national Education just as sure as there is a national Memory and a national Will. Is there not in our country a national Memory of the heroic struggles of our forefathers to achieve their independence? Is there not a national Will to have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people?

Religion exerts a powerful influence in breaking down the ethnic barriers of the land. The Church, like the Constitution of the United States, knows neither nation, race, nor language, but spreads its broad aegis over all peoples, for such was her mission, to teach and baptize all nations. We, as Catholics, regardless of race and language, are united by one faith, one creed, and one baptism.

Education and Religion are the primary and essential factors which tend to stimulate the movement, but there is a factor instilled into the heart and mind of every

individual by education and association with his fellow-men—

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own,
 My native land !”

Yes ! It is love of country that will modify our racial prejudice, and unify the races, as it was love of country that called the North to fight and die for the permanency of our Union. What was it that made the strength of the Thirteen Colonies when they framed together that memorable Declaration of Independence wherein they say:

“Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, we do solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States”?

It was not a simple nor an easy matter to resolve in that definite and unalterable fashion. No, it was fraught with a depth of immeasurable consequences which perhaps the framers of the Constitution could themselves but vaguely fathom. Though gathered from the persecuted of every land, and representing every phase of religious belief, and even religious fanaticism, they had in the course of one century of their colonial existence come close enough in language, in ideals, in love of freedom, and in the similarity of their institutions, to fall without hesitation into the mould of a united and homogeneous people—when the test was applied, when the moment of crisis came ! That supreme moment must come for every people. It came for the Latins when Hannibal crossed the Alps. It came for the Franks when the Saracens were stopped by Charles Martel. It came for the Goths when Aragon and Castille united to wrest Grenada from the Moors. It has come for us at times in our brief but chequered history—at Valley Forge, at Gettysburg, and, last of all, at Santiago, when every race and every language were represented under the one, broad flag of the Stars and Stripes !

Such tests may be needed as a manifestation and a proof of our national unity, but God forbid that we should need them to attain it! The process will go on infallibly, uninterruptedly, as long as true education, founded upon correct principles, and strengthened by religion and morality, takes hold of the rising generation. Education of the child may be diverse and varied in its accidental forms, or in the channels through which it is communicated—but it is essentially above all race and all conditions. It reaches the inward man, the soul, the character of the child, and out of him it makes the man, the Christian, and the citizen. But this it cannot do, if our so-called Educators, in their zeal for a barren and superficial knowledge, look not beyond the mind and body of the child. This it cannot do, if the higher being of the child, its spiritual and moral nature, be not fashioned and educated. How can there be patriotism, how can there be love of country, when the child, as father to the man, is taught to believe that materialism and material comfort are the end and aim of all things in this life? How can there be that feeling of perfect equality which our Constitution presupposes, accompanied by the necessary recognition of unavoidable, social differences, if there be no Religion, no Christianity, no Divine Sanction, to permeate that education, and make of it a living body instead of a lifeless skeleton?

These are the dangers to our permanency as a united and independent people—dangers which are, alas, not far removed from our very midst—dangers which threaten us more than the fear of a foreign invasion, of a transitory panic, or of commercial failure. But let us hope that, with the spread of genuine education, with the increasing efficacy of religious and moral training, reaching into the daily lives of our families and our children, these dangers will be eliminated or minimized, and the various elements that contribute to our strength, our energy, our progress, and our genius, will be welded into one great and lasting Nation, the greatest and the

happiest people, whose object for all time will be, "to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common Defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity."



The Ideal Knighthood of Modern Days.

(Master's Oration)

WILLIAM O. WALKER, '00.

In our early childhood, we have all listened with rapt attention, awe-inspired, to the tales of the mythological knights, to the relation of their feats and accomplishments, their superhuman skill and energy, their prowess in battle, their chivalric sense of duty and their love of justice and the manly virtues. Little wonder, then, as we grew older and received our second impressions from the poet, the novelist, the painter and the historian, we were loath to believe that the knights of old represented any other than the highest type of humanity.

No subject, perhaps, has afforded more wholesome food or more abundant material for the imagination of the poet than that of knighthood, and to his music the spirited, picturesque steed of the perfect knight of old is ever stepping, prancing, dancing, proud of the noble personage it is favored to bear. We are impressed with the dignity of the rider, a masculine perfection, broad and tall, a splendid giant, seated gracefully upon his plunging charger, "with drawn lance and tossing plume, with broidered doublet and jewelled girdle beneath the graceful cloak which hangs with careful carelessness over the left shoulder."

The lovers of fiction, romantically inclined, may have recognized in the fundamental characteristics of the heroes of the primitive novels—their magnanimity,

courage, devotion and reverence for women—the ideals of chivalry.

The deft skill and magic brush of the painter may have pictured for us a representation of the youthful aspirant to the brotherhood of chivalry, in his white robe and red cloak, kneeling before the altar of God—the vigil of the young squire's consecration into the order of knighthood; his intense, rapt expression indicating a firm resolve; the uplifted eyes and the earnest mouth, the hands eagerly clasped on the cross-hilted sword, the firm, ready attitude—all witnessing the high purpose of the young soldier of the Church.

In the annals of history we may have been taught to recognize knighthood as an institution, whose members, upon the eve of their consecration into its ranks, were solemnly sworn to exert their strength and power, not for selfish ends, but in the service of the poor, the weak and the oppressed, who could not help or defend themselves—"to speak the truth, to succor the helpless and never to turn back from an enemy."

But no matter from what source we may have received our impressions of the knights of old—I speak now of the knighthood which was the guiding spirit of Catholic laymen in the period from about the middle of the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century; the period to which impartial historians usually refer as the golden age of chivalry—we are at once convinced that knighthood and virtuous, Christian manhood are synonymous; although such a distinguished writer as Sir Walter Scott, with his implacable animosity to everything that bore the stamp of Catholicity, would have us believe that the institution of chivalry was practically equivalent to a license for the commission of the wildest acts of plunder and personal emolument.

The Crusades were at once the cause and the effect of knighthood, says Gibbon, and I need not dwell upon the noble motives which inspired the Crusaders to go forth and battle for the rights of the Church and of suffering

humanity; it was the spirit of self-sacrifice, the spirit of devotion to a just cause; the desire and determination to protect the weak and to uplift and humanize society, that thrilled the souls of those Christian warriors as they marched forth on their godly mission. They were men who took a manly, heroic view of life, who realized the opportunities for the exertion of their influence and efforts in the way of bettering social conditions, and they were ready and quick to act.

Knighthood, it is true, in modern times, does not assume an outward form as it once did; it is not embodied in its own institutions, with statutes and courts of its own jurisdiction, and customs like those of other social institutions. To-day it exists for us rather in spirit than in visible form. It no longer comes to us with the symbols of war-horse and strength of arm, with its protestations of love and gallantry; yet we are ever conscious of its presence, silent and unobtrusive as it now is. The lady and the gentleman receive our recognition as surely now as in days of old, and we appreciate the powerful influence of knighthood as the humaniser of society.

At the present time, when our great, financial institutions are struggling for a complete recovery from the disastrous effects of a far-reaching panic—brought about, not so much by the drastic steps of reform which had been instituted by the nation's chief executive, as through the rascality of the selfish, unscrupulous individuals who manipulate the wealth of the country to their own advantage—I say, at this particular time, when the echo of the calamity-howler's cry, denouncing all rich men as grafters and scoundrels, has scarcely died away, such a subject as "The Ideal Knighthood of Modern Days" offers food for reflection.

Our country is not so wicked as some people would have us believe; there is still some manhood within its borders. The spirit of knighthood which actuated the Christian warriors to deeds of heroism in the period

to which I have alluded, is the same to-day as then, and we can not help but feel its influence in every walk of life. There are just as many opportunities now for the exercise of deeds of heroism and generosity, and there are many men (would though that there were more!) who display the ideal spirit of knighthood; who take the manly, heroic view of life; who realize the adequacy of present opportunities, and who assume their part in endeavoring to meet the social and economic problems of the times. The very actions of the knights of old bespeak the manly, heroic view which they took of life, and their eagerness to take advantage of every opportunity to do something for the sake of humanity and the improvement of conditions. But why go back so far, why revert to the Middle Ages for exemplars of Christian manhood, when we have men of the same type in our very midst, men of our own day, of our own faith—members of a society still in its infancy but rich in its achievements, opulent in its harhest of blessings garnered from the field of its charities? The soul of every loyal Catholic must have been stirred to its depths by the announcement, recently made through the Catholic press, that the grand society of which I speak—the Knights of Columbus—had formulated definite plans to raise an endowment fund of five hundred thousand dollars for the Catholic University. What a magnificent manifestation of fealty and devotion to the Church! Following so soon in the wake of their first magnificent offering—the endowment of a chair of history—we are all the more convinced that the sentiments which animated the Knights to give such a responsive accord to the suggestion of the Chancellor of the University, were those of genuine faith, patriotism and culture; a desire for progress—for advancement—along the lines of higher, Christian education. And it is not only in the matter of education that the Knights of Columbus are actively interested. To-day, steps are being taken to encourage their members to assume an active share in the movement for better

civic and social conditions, with the object of establishing the absolute necessity of complete honesty in everything that relates to the public or private life of their fellow-men; of making their religion practical; their "interests in education intelligent"; their "participation in civics free from graft or peculation"; their "activities in economics energetic but clean."

Such movements evince a genuine spirit of manly knighthood. And so it would seem to me that the men who, in their business and social relations, take a similar view of life and strive to make the world better, be it ever so little, by their having lived in it and contributed towards its improvement; the men who accept life as it is instead of complaining at its hard conditions—setting themselves confidently to the task of conquering those conditions—are the manly men of to-day; they are filled with the spirit of self-help, and they not only help themselves, but they contribute their contagious courage and helpfulness to the atmosphere of their country. The lives of such men demonstrate the resourcefulness, the worth and the opulence of human nature. Such men must of necessity take a heroic view of life. They not only wish to look after their own welfare, but they will try to live such productive lives that they may, in legitimate ways, help the world; they not only wish to improve their own conditions, but they wish to better the conditions of their fellow-men.

This is the spirit which makes the world fit to live in; without it there would be no advancement, no progress; humanity would retrograde and society would assume a sickening state of imbecility. The genuine spirit of knighthood makes men realize the necessity, not only of creating conditions for themselves, but of making them more favorable for those who follow them; and if this world is to be made better, if the conditions of life are to be made easier for the generations who follow us, then, I say, such improvements will only be brought about by those heroic men who have learned that "it is

more blessed to give than to receive"—a sentiment so beautifully exemplified in the life and character of the eminent French writer, Frederick Ozanam, the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. And what opportunities are not presented to those to whom God has given the riches of the world! Whatever may be said of the successful man, he at least possesses one of the essential qualifications of a helper of humanity; he is able to take care of himself and to help others, if he will. The immense disparity in the members of our society—its amazing masses of poverty—its stupendous accumulations of wealth—present a contrast which must cause every thinking man to view the future with awe; and our anxiety can only be lessened if those upon whom fortune has smiled and lavished its earthly treasures and influence, realize the necessity of employing the means at their disposal to supply the wants and better the position of their poor fellow-countrymen.



Address by the Very Rev. President.

With the exercises of this evening, the 31st annual commencement of the College, we bring the school year of 1908-'09 to a close, and we confer diplomas and degrees on some thirty of our students who have completed their courses in the various departments of the College.

Owing to the many addresses already made, and as the principal one of the evening is yet to come, I shall try to be brief in my remarks. With reference to the school year itself—a year when people have had reason to complain that the times were not prosperous, and although Educational Institutions are among the first to suffer from such times, it is a pleasure for me to be able to say this evening that the past year has been for us a very successful one. We have registered 411 students, a

number almost as high as during any year in the history of the College.

On occasions similar to the present, your attention has been directed to the necessity of Christian Education for the young, and also to the importance of secondary and higher education in itself; still it may not be amiss to refer again to the question of higher education. It must be admitted that higher, literary education is neglected at present. All are aware that millions of children crowd our primary schools, but only a small percentage ever go farther than the elementary grades. It has been calculated that fifty per cent. of our children finish their education with ten and a half years, and that 97 per cent. of them drop away before they reach the eighth grade. Then it has been calculated that one million boys and girls are in our High Schools, Academies and Colleges; in all the Universities of the country, the number is less than 200,000, and of these less than thirty thousand are engaged in purely academic and literary studies, the remaining 170,000 entering the professional and technical schools. Hence it is upon our secondary schools, i. e., our High Schools, Academies and Colleges, that the bulk and burden of literary education fall. Our age then is not favorable to liberal culture; our youth frequent schools that prepare for gainful occupations; they overcrowd the scientific and technical schools. This is the trend of modern education. Thinking minds regret it; they regret the neglect of the cultivation of the liberal arts in education, which is so essential for the true refinement of a people. It evidently is the duty of parents, to whom Providence has given the means, to give a liberal and higher education to their sons, seeing the need we have of learned men in every walk of life—in the business as well as the professional world.

Allow me also to direct your attention to two mistakes made by our people, made by parents, even when they make an effort to give their children a higher

education; first they do not leave them sufficiently long in college, and, secondly, they allow too many inroads on their studies. It is no uncommon thing for us to receive students who remain with us just for one year or two. Whilst it helps to spend a year or two in college, after completing the courses in our free and parochial schools, still much cannot be done with students in such a short time. It takes a year to get acquainted with boys, to judge of their talent and ability; and evidently much higher education cannot be imparted in such a short time.

With reference to the second mistake made by parents in our day, I find that it is on the increase. In the many social parties and entertainments with which families occupy and preoccupy themselves, younger members are allowed to share in a measure which is a serious obstacle to home work and even to regular attendance at school. It is not necessary to state what a serious impediment this is to advancement in the studies of the class-room.

It is then the duty of parents to give their children, not only a Christian education, but also a higher education, according to their means, as it is their duty to give them every opportunity to devote their time regularly and seriously to the work required for higher intellectual studies.

In conclusion, I would wish to direct your attention to the good work of helping deserving students. For years, the College is doing its part in this respect, especially by offering a free scholarship to every parochial school of Pittsburg. This year I made serious efforts to increase the number of scholarships in favor of deserving boys who may desire, but who do not possess the means, to pursue a college course. My efforts have met with fair success. Several have promised to found scholarships in the near future, and I am happy to be able to announce three new scholarships for the next school year—one founded by Rev. A. A. Lambing,

Rector of St. James' Church, Wilkinsburg, who founds a scholarship in favor of a missionary student; the second by the Rev. H. J. Goebel, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Mt. Oliver, who founds a scholarship in favor of an ecclesiastical student from his parish for the diocese of Pittsburg; and the third, a Perpetual Burse, founded by the Rev. James Doyle, Rector of St. Kieran's Church, Lawrenceville, who also founds a scholarship in favor of an ecclesiastical student from his parish for the Diocese of Pittsburg. I need scarcely add that the College Faculty feel most grateful to these three Reverend gentlemen, who, out of very limited incomes, so generously and in such a true apostolic and sacerdotal spirit, wish to help deserving students on the road to the holy priesthood.



Address by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

In the course of his address to the graduates, the Rt. Reverend J. F. R. Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburg, said: "The spirit of materialism and infidelity is rampant in the land. Even our young Catholic people, though under the most careful direction, imbibe something of this spirit unconsciously after they pass from the classroom into the world of action. The newspaper is for them the source of most of the danger. From it they accept the speciously sound principles of pseudo-authorities on political economy; they accept as well the maxims of grossest materialism as to the vital things of human existence, in politics, in social conduct, in business affairs, and even in the very life of the home and family."

The Bishop also scored places of amusement for the dangers with which they threaten public morals, places which he hoped our Catholic young men would stand aloof from and fear as the abodes of moral infection.

Pool-rooms, clubs, and other places of public resort should be avoided for the same reason. For the most part these have a most baneful influence upon Christian morals, so evil are their associations.

Touching upon the question of entering societies, the Bishop said in part: "Certain societies and associations have evils peculiarly their own. I need not speak of secret societies bound under oath to the detriment of government and of the Church. But I speak of societies which pass under the name of Catholic, or are noted for the number of their Catholic members and directors, but who are Catholics in name only. Their methods of public entertainment and of raising funds to carry on the work of their associations or their societies of whatever kind, deserve the most severe censure and condemnation. You, young men, should not affiliate with them, no matter how Catholic may be their name nor how Catholic may be their membership. Insomuch as these societies are opposed in spirit to the spirit of the Church and to Christian morality, they are absolutely to be avoided."

In speaking of Catholic societies worthy of the name, Bishop Canevin made especial mention of the notable services of the society of St. Vincent de Paul to the Church and to the world at large. Such a society was well worthy of existence, and its membership should be strengthened by recruits from among our Catholic young men.

The Right Reverend Bishop closed his remarks by urging the young men to enter upon their life's work with a determination to discharge conscientiously all their duties—moral, social and civic—and to conform their conduct in all their affairs to the standard placed before them by Mr. Walker in his masterful oration on the subject of modern knighthood. He referred to Lincoln's manliness of conduct, when, though merely a day-laborer on a flat-boat, this sturdy young westerner on seeing a woman sold at auction, said to his companions: "Boys, if I ever have the chance, I am going

to hit that thing, and hit it hard!" Like Lincoln, wherever and whenever they should meet anything wrong in business life, in social life, and in the conduct of the city's affairs, they should hit, and hit hard.



VALEDICTORY.

GEORGE J. BULLION, '09.

The thoughts and sentiments that fill our minds and hearts to-night, are such as only a graduate can realize. Elated with the honors and attention bestowed on us, our joy is restrained only by the knowledge that when dark night shall give place to the dawn of to-morrow, our happy days of gay but thoughtless boyhood will exist only in the memory of the past. When, however, we look out over this magnificent assemblage, we are at once comforted by the sympathy and kindness depicted on each welcoming countenance. To express how deeply we appreciate this manifestation is indeed beyond the power of words. Moreover, we feel exceedingly grateful to you for the interest, great though unmerited, you have taken in us; for your courtesy in gracing these academic exercises to-night with your presence; and especially for the sympathy and kindness with which you have received us.

The trying ordeal through which a graduate must pass, together with the sentiments arising in his breast, makes his position, on commencement night, extremely difficult. For the first time, after many years of studious and persevering application, he feels pressed upon his youthful brow the wreath of triumph; for the first time, he is the recipient of many honors, and the object upon which the eyes of his friends and well-wishers are focussed; and for the first time he realizes that, at the completion of his college course, he is looked upon and

recognized as a man—a man who has had special opportunities.

However, in spite of this one glimpse of the serious though practical side of life, we are happy. Joy takes possession of our very being; we revel in it, knowing full well that such pleasure will be ours only once. Indeed, we are as helpless to stem this flood of joy, that bears us onward as is a frail barque to resist the rolling billows on the boundless deep. For, have not our efforts been finally crowned with the success that we ambitioned? Has not all this pomp and splendor been designed in our honor? And are not our friends, in gay and pleasing attire, present, to encourage us and stimulate us by applause, their hearts beating in unison with our own? Who would not be happy?

But amidst all this jubilation there is a chord that every now and then vibrates within the inmost recesses of our hearts—we are leaving our *Alma Mater*! These many years she has watched over us most tenderly. How anxiously and affectionately she fostered us from the time we entered college till this very moment, guiding us carefully along the narrow path of virtue, cultivating in us a love for goodness and truth, and, when we lagged, presenting before our eyes this day, in order to spur us on to renewed efforts! She it was who, by long and tried experience, foresaw the dangers and pitfalls that awaited us, and warned us accordingly.

Now we are about to enter the arena of life. Timidly we pause on the threshold, eager to go forward, yet sorry to leave. Mournfully we cast back one long look, our last, on our happy college days. Before our eyes in rapid panorama pass the scenes, the joys and sorrows, which have been ours. They are gone! Now we see our *Alma Mater* waving us adieu, regarding us with eyes full of tenderness and love. Turning away from this saddening spectacle, we face the scenes that lie in front of us. Now we are preparing to take that final step into a new life, which knows no return. But before we take that

step, we must speak the one word which Shakespeare says "goes out sighting," a word which in every language is the hardest to utter, yet that which we have assembled here to-night to speak:

"Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell !"

Round about us we see those at whose feet we sat whilst imbibing the knowledge which had taken them many years to accumulate, and which they, nevertheless, most unselfishly imparted to us; who guided our faltering footsteps until we were able to venture forth without assistance; and who sacrificed every human prospect to make us men—yes, real men. Know then, most zealous and loving professors, that, although we part to-night, we shall always regard you with a love that is only weaker in its ardent intensity than the love we owe our parents. Farewell, most honorable and beloved professors. May you be rewarded a hundredfold for your patient and tireless zeal in our behalf !

And now, dear friends of the undergaduating classes, we too must part. No more shall we share in those inspiriting games on the college campus; no more shall we together cheer the Red and Blue on to victory. If, however, we never meet again, we still have the memory of the happy days we spent together. And remember that, even as we, you too have a calling in life. But, if you heed the precept of Epictetus, "appear to know only this, never to fail nor fall," and you will soon reach the goal of your ambition; for, as you know,

"In the lexicon of youth—
— there is no such word
As fail."

Farewell, dear friends of college days, we leave you to fill the places made vacant by us. Oh ! may you fill them more worthily !

At last, dear comrades and fellow-graduates, that supreme moment is at hand, which we have dreaded, yet

looked forward to, for so long. We pause on the threshold of a new life. One step forward, one word, and all is over. After many years of common joys and sorrows, we must part. Gladly would we cry, should it avail:

“ Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight !
Make me a child again, just for to-night.”

I know not what destinies Fate has in store for you or myself. Short may be the term of years for one; long for another. Full, indeed, to overflowing may be the chalice of sorrow for one; for another, brimful the cup of joy. And if we must part to-night, dear comrades, let it be in body only; in spirit let us always be united. Let us be faithful to the precepts and admonitions our *Alma Mater* laid down for us; in a word, let us, above all, prove worthy to be called her children. Fare ye well, dear comrades,

“ and if forever,
Still, forever, fare ye well.”



Our Very Rev. President Honored.

At the Commencement Exercises of Mount St. Mary's College, held on June 16, the Faculty bestowed the title of Doctor of Laws upon our Very Rev. President, Father Hehir. Coming from such a source, the honor is doubly welcome. That venerable seat of learning was founded over one hundred years ago. For upwards of a century, Mount St. Mary's has been training eminent dignitaries of the Church, zealous priests, tireless missionaries, and distinguished laymen who grace the various walks of life. In conferring the degree of LL. D. upon our worthy President, she has given expression to her appreciation of his labors in the same fields from which she has garnered plentiful harvests; twenty-five years have now elapsed since he first entered the college halls, and during that long period, as teacher, Director of

Scholastics, Vice-President and President, he has labored devotedly, intelligently, earnestly and well for the education of our youth in all that goes to make the true gentleman and edifying member of Holy Church. His pupils have gone forth with his words of wisdom ringing in their ears, and their minds broadened, enlightened, and informed with sound principles by which they can square their actions in all the most difficult problems of life. They acknowledge that to his training they largely owe their success; they gratefully acknowledge their debt of gratitude, and they rejoice that his services in the cause of Catholic education have received substantial recognition from an institution of such glorious traditions and such high ideals as Mount St. Mary's College. The honor bestowed graces both the giver and the receiver.



Commencement Exercises.

From every point of view, the Commencement Exercises, held in the Bijou Theatre on June 22, deserve praise. The speeches were excellent; the music was well rendered, and the choruses were cordially applauded. Diplomas in the Commercial Department were awarded to J. A. Brennan, L. J. Brungs, J. Byers, J. A. Czarnowski, G. T. Darby, C. J. Dompka, J. R. Engemann, W. M. Gast, C. H. Guthoerl, E. J. Haley, N. C. Huckestein, L. J. Kelly, A. L. Krieger, J. E. Lew, D. E. McNicol, T. F. O'Connell, J. L. Pfahl, J. H. Wagner, and C. A. Zelt. The degree of B. Sc. was conferred on P. A. McCullough. Special certificates were awarded to J. J. Millard and J. N. Whalen. The degree of B. A. was conferred on G. J. Bullion, T. J. Dunn, R. V. Conway, J. T. McMahon, and C. A. Mayer. The degree of M. A. was conferred on W. O. Walker, B. A., '00, and J. J. Quinn, Ph. D. Silver medals for elocution were presented to J. R. Daly, A. L. Krieger, and C. J. Miller. J. J. O'Connell carried off the gold medal for Christian Doctrine; J. P. Egan, for Oratory; W. M. Gast, for Book-keeping; J. H. Wagner, for Commercial Arithmetic; J. A. Czarnowski, for English in the Commercial Department; C. A. Zelt, for Excellence in the Commercial Department; G. J. Bullion, for English and Modern Languages; R. V. Conway, for Mathematics and Sciences; T. J. Dunn, for

Classics; J. T. McMahon, for Philosophy; and C. A. Mayer, for General Excellence.

The Right Reverend Bishop presided, presented the diplomas and medals, and addressed the graduates.

In the morning a high Mass of thanksgiving was offered up, the Rev. P. A. McDermott delivered the baccalaureate address, and the graduates received Holy Communion. Later, the results of the final examinations were proclaimed in the college hall, and ninety-one certificates and fifty-three honor cards were awarded. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: T. J. Szulc, P. A. Lipinski, J. V. O'Connor, H. A. Rodgers, H. C. Mansmann, W. J. Conway, S. Adamczyk, D. J. McFarlin, W. A. Caveney, J. L. Irlbacher, J. H. McHattie, F. J. Mueller, L. A. McCrory, J. C. Arch, L. Schirra, L. Stemplewski and A. F. Reilly.

Thus was a successful year, replete with blessings, thanks to the goodness of God, brought to a happy termination.

Cauchois "Private Estate" Coffee

is the Standard "Guests Coffee"
everywhere.

F. A. CAUCHOIS & CO.

THE "FULTON MILLS"—Established 1851

NEW YORK

Fulton, Front and
Water

PITTSBURG

1104 Century Bldg

CHICAGO

43-50 Water

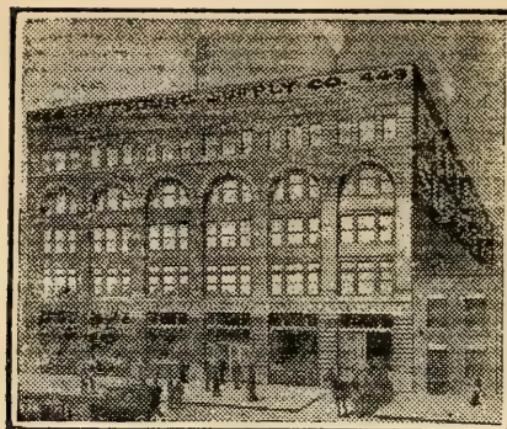
We furnish Coffee Urn Bags free to our customers

JOHN EHRLINGER,
PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA.

PITTSBURG SUPPLY COMPANY



Wrought and Cast Iron Pipe, Railway, Mill, Mine, Machinists', Engine Builders', Boiler Makers', Blacksmiths',

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters Tools and Supplies.

OFFICES :

439 to 449 WATER STREET
434 to 444 FIRST AVENUE

PITTSBURG, PA.

TO AND FROM
EUROPE and the CONTINENT
BY ALL STEAMSHIP LINES.

J. J. McCORMICK,
AGENT
506 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURG

Passports secured.

Passengers booked to Bermuda, Nassau, Cape Town, (South Africa), Australia San Francisco, Lake Ports and to Boston, via Merchants and Miners' Line, etc.

RAILROAD TICKETS sold and money sent almost everywhere as an official agent.

Bell, 177 R Grant

P. & A. 837 Main

FAHEY & CO.
PRINTERS

25 Shingiss Street

Pittsburg, Penn'a

OHIO AND PITTSBURG MILK CO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
MILK, CREAM and ICE CREAM.

Our wagons cover all parts of Allegheny County.

PHONES } P. & A. 1448 MAIN
} BELL 209 GRANT.

OLD AVE.
and
BOYD ST
PITTSBURG
PA.

